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A

NEW AND LARGE
COLLECTION

OF
HYMNS AND PSALMS,

SELECTED FROM MORE THAN
FORTY DIFFERENT AUTHORS:

THE
WHOLE BEING CLASSED AND ARRANGED ACCORDING TO
THEIR RESPECTIVE SUBJECTS.

BY
JOHN DEACON.

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AUTHORS OF THE FOLLOWING HYMNS.

ADDISON.	Francis.	Robinson, Robert.
Barbault, Mrs.	Gibbons, Dr.	Seagrave.
Beddome.	Gregg.	Scott, Mr.
Berridge.	Hart.	Scott, Miss.
Bradbury.	Higginbottom.	Steel, Miss.
Brown.	Hill's Collection.	Stennet, Dr.
Butcher.	Ken, Bp.	Stennet, Mr. J.
Cennick.	Madan's Collection.	Stogdon.
Cowper.	Medley.	Straphan.
Davies, President.	Merrick.	Turner.
Deacon, Samuel.	Needham.	Watts, Dr.
Doddridge.	Newton.	Wesley, John.
Elliot.	Oliver.	Wesley, Charles.
Fawcett.	Pope.	With several Ano-
Fellows.	Rippon's Collection.	nymous Hymns.

ORDER OF THE SUBJECTS.

- | | |
|----------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. HYMNS of Praise. | 12. Christian Character, Duty, |
| 2. The Perfections of God. | and Blessings. |
| 3. Creation. | 13. Church of Christ. |
| 4. Providence. | 14. Baptism. |
| 5. Worship. | 15. Lord's Supper. |
| 6. Scripture. | 16. Seasons. |
| 7. The Gospel. | 17. Funeral. |
| 8. Christ. | 18. Resurrection. |
| 9. The World. | 19. Judgment. |
| 10. Sinners. | 20. Heaven. |
| 11. Youth. | 21. Miscellaneous. |

ERRATA.

- Hymn 33, v. 1, l. 1, *for pow'r, read pow'rs.*
49, v. 2, line 1, *for valiant, read radiant.*
61, title, *for 19, read 319.*
92, v. 3, line 3, *read myst'ries.*
107, v. 228, *read 328.*
113, *for Psalm 129, read 139.*
120, *for O. B. 432, read 422.*
129, v. 2, line 6, *for endles, read endless.*
171, v. 5, line 4, *for my, read thy.*
175, *for O. B. 578, read O. B. 588.*
266, v. 4, line 3, *read, of all my.*
318, v. 2, line 4, *for you, read your.*
352, v. 4, line 3, *for Hagar's, read Agur's.*
372, v. 5, line 1, *for When, read Then.*
423, title, *for 16-18, read 6-8.*
444, *for 2 Cor. read 1 Cor.*
496, title, *for sf, read of.*
507, *for vii, read vi.*
514, title, *for council, read counsel.*
522, *for O. B. 527, read 227.*
536, v. 1, line 1, *for round, read around.*
542, *for Dr. read Mr. J. Stennet.*

PREFACE.

THE Editor, in selecting the following Hymns, has studied the edification of that body of christians at large, on whose account the work was principally undertaken. This he conceived to be his duty, rather than the gratification of individuals, or a select party. To attain so desirable an object, he has altered a few expressions, which might tend to interrupt lively and general devotion, and has substituted others, which he conceived to be less exceptionable. With respect to the quality of the Hymns, he presumes the greater part will recommend themselves, being principally the productions of the inimitable Dr. Watts. Indeed, this Collection includes most of the Doctor's Psalms and Hymns, which are adapted to christian worship. Many of the rest are taken from authors of repute, and have been repeatedly published in other collections. These possess different kinds and degrees of merit. Some, it must be confessed, possess no poetical excellence; but it is presumed, they have a claim to sentiment and piety, which will compensate for their simplicity. Several good hymns, also, may have been omitted through oversight, and not a few for want of room, or time and ability to perceive and determine their real worth.

In the arrangement, great care has been taken to class such hymns together which belong to the same subject. In each class, also, a regular method has been aimed at, that a proper connection might be maintained in the dependence of one branch of the subject upon another. This, it is hoped, will prove a great conveniency to ministers, and others, in finding almost any hymn without a reference, except to the general order. The subjects are so numerous and various, that few circumstances can occur where a suitable hymn may not be found. There will, therefore, be small probability of disappointment, except with those who have a taste for eccentricity and novelty, or for high seasoned opinions.

Many of the authors of these Hymns differed widely in their religious creeds; yet, here they are brought together, and unite in their songs of praise to the living and true God. Happy day! when the disciples of Jesus shall see "eye to eye!" How sweet and sacred the harmony, when all shall form one assembly, and unite their hearts and voices in hymns of never-ending praise!

J. DEACON.

Leicester,
Nov. 12, 1800.

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HYMNS, &c.

GENERAL PRAISE.

HYMN 1. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 491.)

A Translation of the 100th Psalm.

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men:
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name!
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs:
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command!
Vast as eternity thy love!
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move!

2. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 490.)

Praise to our Creator.

- 1 **Y**E nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sov'reign King:
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice;
With all your tongues his glory sing.
- 2 The Lord is God: 'tis He alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give:
We are his work, and not our own;
The sheep that on his pastures live.
- 3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ,
To pay your thanks and honours there.
- 4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure:
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

3. L. M. DR. S. STENNETT. (O. B. 4.)

Praise to God, from the whole Creation.

- 1 **T**O God the universal King
Let all mankind their tribute bring:
All that have breath, your voices raise,
In songs of never-ceasing praise.
- 2 The spacious earth on which we tread,
And wider heav'ns stretch'd o'er our head,
A large and solemn temple frame,
To celebrate its builder's fame.
- 3 Here the bright sun that rules the day,
As thro' the sky he makes his way,
To all the world proclaims aloud
The boundless sov'reignty of God.

- 4 When from his courts the sun retires,
And with the day his voice expires,
The moon and stars adopt the song,
And thro' the night his praise prolong.
- 5 The list'ning earth with rapture hears
Th' harmonious music of the spheres;
And all the tribes the notes repeat,
That God is wise, and good, and great.
- 6 But man, endow'd with nobler pow'rs,
His God in nobler strains adores:
His is the gift to know the song,
As well as sing with tuneful tongue.

4. L. M. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 27.)

Psalm cvii. 31.

- 1 **Y**E sons of men, with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord;
And let his power and goodness sound
Through all your tribes the earth around.
- 2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light;
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars, that glow from pole to pole.
- 3 Sing, earth, in verdant robes array'd,
Its herbs and flowers, its fruits and shade;
Peopled with life of various forms,
Of fish, and fowl, and beast, and worms.
- 4 View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns;
That band remotest nations joins,
And on each wave his goodness shines.
- 5 But O! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate love!
God's only Son, in flesh array'd,
For man a bleeding victim made.

5, 6, 7.

GENERAL PRAISE.

- 6 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar;
There in the land of praise adore;
The theme demands an angel's lay,
Demands an everlasting day.

5. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 506.)

Praise to God from all Nations. Psalm cxvii.

- 1 **O** All ye nations praise the Lord,
Each with a diff'rent tongue,
In ev'ry language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.
- 2 His mercy reigns through ev'ry land;
Proclaim his grace abroad;
For ever firm his truth shall stand;
Praise ye the faithful God.

6. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 507.)

Psalm cxvii.

- 1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
'Till suns shall rise and set no more.

7. S. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 508.)

Psalm cxvii.

- 1 **T**HY name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands:
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
Thy truth for ever stands:
- 2 Far be thine honour spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchange'd no more.

8. L. M. MR. ADDISON. (O. B. 104.)

Praise to God from the heavenly Bodies.

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
- 2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's pow'r display;
And publishes to ev'ry land,
The work of an almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth.
- 4 Whilst all the stars which round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though, nor real voice, nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found;
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

9. C. M. DR. WATTS,

Praise to God from all Creatures.

- 1 **T**HE glories of my Maker, God,
My joyful voice shall sing,
And call the nations to adore
Their Former and their King,

- 2 'Twas his right hand that shap'd our clay,
And wrought this human frame;
But from his own immediate breath
Our nobler spirits came.
- 3 We bring our mortal pow'rs to God,
And worship with our tongues;
We claim some kindred with the skies,
And join th' angelic songs.
- 4 Let grov'ling beasts of ev'ry shape,
And fowls of ev'ry wing,
And rocks and trees, and fires and seas,
Their various tribute bring.
- 5 Ye planets, to his honour shine,
And wheels of nature roll,
Praise him in your unwear'd course
Around the steady pole.
- 6 The brightness of our Maker's name
The wide creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heav'nly hills.

10. P. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 548.)

Psalm cxlviii.

- 1 YE tribes of Adam join
With heav'n, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise.
Ye holy throng of angels bright,
In worlds of light begin the song.
- 2 Thou sun with dazzling rays,
And moon that rules the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light.
His pow'r declare, ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly in empty air.

- 3 The shining worlds above
 In glorious order stand,
 Or in swift courses move
 By his supreme command.
 He spake the word, and all their frame
 From nothing came to praise the Lord.
- 4 He mov'd their mighty wheels
 In unknown ages past,
 And each his word fulfils
 While time and nature last.
 In diff'rent ways his works proclaim
 His wondrous name, and speak his praise.

11. (O. B. 549.)

The same continued.

- 1 **L**ET all the earth-born race,
 And monsters of the deep,
 The fish that cleave the seas,
 Or in their bosom sleep,
 From sea and shore their tribute pay,
 And still display their Maker's pow'r.
- 2 Ye vapours, hail and snow,
 Praise ye th'Almighty Lord,
 And stormy winds that blow,
 To execute his word:
 When light'nings shine, or thunders roar,
 Let earth adore his hand divine.
- 3 Ye mountains near the skies,
 With lofty cedars there,
 And trees of humbler size
 That fruit in plenty bear;
 Beasts wild and tame, birds, flies and worms,
 In various forms, exalt his name.

12.

GENERAL PRAISE.

- 4 Ye kings and judges fear
 The Lord, the sov'reign king;
 And while you rule us here,
 His heav'nly honours sing.
 Nor let the dream of pow'r and state,
 Make you forget his pow'r supreme.
- 5 Virgins and youth engage
 To sound his praise divine,
 While infancy and age
 Their feebl'r voices join.
 Wide as he reigns his name be sung
 By ev'ry tongue in endless strains.
- 6 Let all the nations fear
 The God that rules above;
 He brings his people near,
 And makes them taste his love.
 While earth and sky attempt his praise,
 His saints shall raise his honours high.

12. P. M. MR. MERRICK. (O. B. 632.)

A general Song of Praise.

- 1 **Y**E Works of God, on Him alone,
 In earth his footstool, heaven his throne,
 Be all your praise bestow'd;
 Whose hand, the beauteous fabric made,
 Whose eye the finish'd work survey'd,
 And saw that all was good.
- 2 Ye angels, that with loud acclaim,
 Admiring view'd the new-born frame,
 And hail'd th' eternal King;
 Again, proclaim your Maker's praise,
 Again, your thankful voices raise,
 And sacred Anthems sing.

- 3 Ye sons of men, his praise display,
 Who stamp'd his image on your clay,
 And gave it power to move;
 Ye that in *Judah's* confines dwell,
 From age to age successive tell
 The wonders of his love!
- 4 And you, your thankful voices join,
 That oft at *Salem's* sacred shrine
 Before his altars kneel:
 Where, thron'd in majesty, he dwells,
 And from the mystic cloud reveals
 The dictates of his will.
- 5 Ye spirits of the just and good,
 That, eager for the bless'd abode,
 To heavenly mansions soar;
 O let your songs his praise display,
 Till heaven itself shall melt away,
 And time shall be no more.
- 6 Praise Him, ye meek and humble train,
 Ye saints, whom his decrees ordain
 The boundless bliss to share;
 O praise Him till ye take your way
 To regions of eternal day,
 And reign for ever there!

13. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 469.)

Ps. lxxxvi. 8—15.

- 1 **A**MONG the princes, earthly gods,
 There's none hath pow'r divine;
 Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,
 Nor are their works like thine.
- 2 The nations thou hast made, shall bring
 Their off'rings round thy throne;
 For thou alone doth wondrous things,
 For thou art God alone.

14, 15.

GENERAL PRAISE.

- 3 Lord, I would walk with holy feet;
Teach me thine heav'nly ways;
And my poor scatter'd thoughts unite
In God my Father's praise.
- 4 Great is thy mercy, and my tongue
Shall those sweet wonders tell,
How by thy grace my sinking soul
Rose from the deeps of hell.

14. Sevens. MR. WESLEY. (O. B. 339.)

Praise.

- 1 **M**EET and right it is to sing
Glory to our God and King;
Meet in every time and place,
To rehearse his solemn praise.
- 2 Join, ye saints, with awe profound;
Angels, help the solemn sound;
Publish through the world abroad,
Glory to th' eternal God!
- 3 Praises here, to thee we give;
Gracious thou our thanks receive;
Holy Father, sov'reign Lord,
Ev'ry where be thou ador'd!

15. S. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 106.)

Sincere Praise.

- 1 **A**Lmighty Maker, God!
How wondrous is thy name!
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Through the creation's frame!
- 2 Nature in every dress
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t' express
Thine undissembled praise.

- 3 My soul would rise and sing
 To her Creator too,
 Fain would my tongue adore my King,
 And pay the homage due.
- 4 Let joy and worship spend
 The remnant of my days,
 And to my God, my soul ascend
 In grateful songs of praise.

16. (O. B. 114.)

Praise to the Creator.

- 1 **H**OW can we adore,
 Or worthily praise
 Thy mercy and power, -
 Thou God of all grace!
 With honour and blessing
 Before thee we fall,
 Most gladly confessing
 Thee Father of all!
- 2 The heavens and earth,
 And water and air,
 To thee owe their birth,
 Subsist by thy care.
 While angels are singing
 Thy praises above,
 We mortals are bringing
 Our tribute of love.

17. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 546.)

Praise for Creation, Providence and Grace. Psalm cxlvii.

1—5, 11.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord; 'tis good to raise
 Our hearts and voices in his praise;
 His nature and his works invite
 To make this duty our delight.

- 2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to his name:
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.
- 3 He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames;
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 4 Great is our Lord, and great his might:
And all his glories infinite;
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.
- 5 His saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight:
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves his image there.

18. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 550.)

Universal Praise to God. Psalm cxlviii.

- 1 **L** OUD hallelujahs to the Lord
From distant worlds where creatures
Let heav'n begin the solemn word, [dwell;
And sound it dreadful down to hell.
- 2 The Lord! how absolute he reigns!
Let ev'ry angel bend the knee;
Sing of his love in heav'nly strains,
And speak how fierce his terrors be!
- 3 Wide as his vast dominion lies
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.
- 4 Jehovah! 'tis a glorious word!
O may it dwell on ev'ry tongue!
But saints who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

- 5 Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on ev'ry chord;
From all below, and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord!

PRAISE FOR PROVIDENTIAL BLESSINGS.

19. MR. OLIVER. (O. B. 102.)

Praise to the God of Abraham.

- 1 THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of Love!
Jehovah, great I AM!
By earth and heaven confest,
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever bless'd.
- 2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command,
From earth I rise and seek the joys
At his right hand.
I'd all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power!
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.
- 3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all his ways;
He calls a worm his friend!
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesu's blood.

- 4 He by himself hath sworn;
 I on his oath depend,
 I shall on eagle's wings up-borne,
 To heaven ascend:
 I shall behold his face,
 I shall his pow'r adore;
 And sing the wonders of his grace
 For evermore.

20. (P. M.) MR. JOHN FAWCETT. (O. B. 103.)

The Sacrifice of Praise.

- 1 **L**ET ev'ry tuneful accent rise,
 To him that rules the earth and skies,
 The infinite unknown;
 His goodness shines around the sphere,
 And richly crowns the rolling year,
 With blessings from his throne.
- 2 'Tis he ordains the blooming spring,
 Her softest, sweetest charms to bring,
 And wear her lovely dress;
 'Tis he that clothes the fertile vale,
 Bids fragrance breathe in ev'ry gale,
 The rural scene to bless.
- 3 But he hath richer gifts in store,
 For which our grateful hearts adore
 The source of ev'ry good;
 He gives us rebels, lost in sin,
 Pardon, and peace, and life divine,
 Through a Redeemer's blood.
- 4 When destitute of help and hope,
 His sov'reign mercy rais'd us up,
 And snatcht us from despair;
 So free, so boundless is his love,
 He calls us to the realms above,
 And soon shall bring us there.

5. Our voices shall in concert join
 In songs of harmony divine;
 The theme is ever new:
 Let music all her graces bring,
 Awake, awake, each tuneful string,
 To pay the tribute due.

21. (C. M.) DR. WATTS. (O. B. 105.)

Praise for Creation and Providence.

- 1 **I** Sing th' almighty power of God,
 That bade the mountains rise;
 That spread the flowing seas abroad,
 And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
 The sun to rule the day;
 The moon shines full at his command,
 And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
 That fill'd the earth with food;
 He form'd the creatures with his word,
 And then pronounc'd them good.
- 4 Lord, how thy wonders are display'd,
 Where'er I turn mine eye;
 If I survey the ground I tread,
 Or gaze upon the sky!
- 5 Creatures (as num'rous as they be)
 Are subject to thy care:
 There's not a place where we can flee,
 But God is present there.
- 6 His hand is my perpetual guard;
 He keeps me with his eye;
 Why should I then forget the Lord,
 Who is for ever nigh?

22. SEVENS. MRS. BARBAULD. (O. B. 108.)

Praise to God for the Blessings of Providence.

- 1 **P**RAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of ev'ry joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.
- 2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the gen'rous olive's use:
- 3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain,
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,
Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse:
- 4 All that Spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land:
All that lib'ral Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:
- 5 These to thee, O God, we owe;
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise!

23. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 401.)

Praise for Protection, Grace, and Truth. Ps. lvii.

- 1 **B**E thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.
- 2 My heart is fix'd; my song shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name;
Awake, my tongue to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.
- 3 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

- 4 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

24. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 409.)

Praise to God for hearing Prayer. Psal. lxvi. 13-20.

- 1 **N**OW shall my solemn vows be paid
To that almighty Pow'r
That heard the long requests I made
In my distressful hour.
- 2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make his mercies known;
Come ye that fear my God and hear
The wonders he has done.
- 3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,
I sought his heav'nly aid:
He sav'd my sinking soul from hell,
And death's eternal shade.
- 4 If sin lay cover'd in my heart,
While pray'r employ'd my tongue
The Lord had shewn me no regard,
Nor I his praises sung.
- 5 But God (his name be ever blest)
Has set my spirit free;
Nor turn'd from him my poor request,
Nor turn'd his heart from me.

25. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 493.)

Blessing God for his Goodness to Soul and Body. Psalm ciii.

1—7.

- 1 **B**LESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad:
Let all the pow'rs within me join
In work and worship so divine.

- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favours claim thy highest praise:
Why should the wonders he hath wrought,
Be lost in silence and forgot.
- 3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.
- 4 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels,
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting life from threat'ning graves.
- 5 Our youth decay'd his pow'r repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years:
He satisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hopes with heav'nly food.
- 6 He sees th' oppressor and th' opprest,
And often gives the suff'ers rest;
But will his justice more display
In the last great rewarding day.
- 7 [His pow'r he shew'd by Moses' hands,
And gave to Isr'el his commands;
But sent his truth and mercy down
To all the nations by his Son.
- 8 Let the whole earth his pow'r confess;
Let the whole earth adore his grace:
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.]

26. S. M. DR WATTS. (O. B. 494.)

Praise for spiritual and temporal Mercies. Psalm ciii. 1—7.

- 1 **O** Bless the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join!
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.

- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul ;
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave ;
He that redeem'd my soul from hell,
Hath sov'reign pow'r to save.
- 5 He fills the poor with good ;
He gives the suff'ers rest ;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' opprest.
- 6 His wond'rous works and ways
He made by Moses known ;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son !

27. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 497.)

Praise to God, and Communion with Saints. Psalm cvi. 16.—

- 1 **T**O God the great, the ever-blest,
Let songs of honour be addrest ;
His mercy firm for ever stands ;
Give him the thanks his love demands.
- 2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways ?
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise ?
Blest are the souls that fear thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.
- 3 Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed ;
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

- 4 O may I see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice;
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Join'd to thy saints, and near to thee.

28. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 545.)

Praise to God for his Goodness and Truth. Psalm cxlv. 1.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, my heart shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine,
Now while the flesh is mine abode,
And when my soul ascends to God.
- 2 Praise shall employ my noblest pow'rs,
While immortality endures;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last.
- 3 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust:
Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour.
- 4 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Isr'el's God: he made the sky,
And earth and seas, with all their train,
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 5 His truth for ever stands secure:
He saves th' opprest, he feeds the poor;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.
- 6 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.
- 7 He loves his saints, he knows them well;
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

PRAISE FOR SPIRITUAL BLESSINGS.

29. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 487.)

Praise for the Gospel. Psalm xcvi. First Part.

- 1 **T**O our Almighty Maker, God,
New honours be address!
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations blest.
- 2 He spake the word to Abr'am first;
His truth fulfils the grace;
The Gentiles make his name their trust,
And learn his righteousness.
- 3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim
With all her diff'rent tongues;
And spread the honours of his name
In melody and songs.

30. DR. WATTS.

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 **P**LUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and O amazing love!
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 He spoil'd the pow'rs of darkness thus,
And broke our iron chains:
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

31, 32.

PRAISE FOR

5 O! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

6 Angels! assist our mighty Joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

31. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 566.)

The Song of Moses and the Lamb. Rev. xv. 3.

1 **W**E sing the glories of thy love,
We sound thy dreadful name:
The christian church unites the songs
Of Moses and the Lamb.

2 Great God, how wondrous are thy works,
Of vengeance and of grace!
Thou King of saints, Almighty Lord,
How just and true thy ways!

3 Who dares refuse to fear thy name,
Or worship at thy throne!
Thy judgments speak thine holiness
Through all the nations known.

32. C. M. (O. B. 335.)

Praise to Jesus Christ.

1 **C**OME let us all unite to praise
The Saviour of mankind;
Our thankful hearts in solemn lays,
Be with our voices join'd.

2 But how shall dust his worth declare
When angels try in vain?
Their faces veil when they appear
Before the Son of Man.

- 3 Silent, O Lord! we would not be,
By love we are constrain'd,
To offer our best thanks to thee,
Our Saviour and our Friend!
- 4 Though feeble are our best essays,
Thy love will not despise
Our grateful songs of humble praise,
Our well-meant-sacrifice.
- 5 Let every tongue thy goodness shew,
And spread abroad thy fame;
Let every heart with praise o'erflow
And bless thy sacred name.
- 6 Worship and honour, thanks and love,
Be to our Jesus giv'n!
By men below—by hosts above,
By all in earth and heav'n!

33. C. M. (O. B. 429.)

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 **M**Y soul, let all thy nobler pow'r
In harmony combine;
Awake and sing my Saviour's love,
So matchless, so divine!
- 2 Let all within me bless and praise
My high exalted King;
When he's the subject of the song,
Who can forbear to sing?
- 3 Holy and rev'rend is his name;
How glorious and how sweet!
All greatness and all goodness too
In our Redeemer meet.
- 4 The spotless Lamb resolves to fall
A bloody sacrifice,
To rescue rebels doom'd to death,
The Prince of Glory dies!

34, 35.

PRAISE FOR

- 5 So, conq'ring sin, and death, and hell,
Arose, and left the grave;
And to the highest heav'n ascends,
Completely there to save.
- 6 Thence in due time he will return;
With a celestial train
Of saints and angels, and amidst
Those shining troops shall reign!

34. Mr. ROWLAND HILL's Collection.
(O. B. 113.)

Praise to God and Jesus Christ.

- 1 YE servants of God, your master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name:
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save,
And still he is nigh; his presence we have:
The great congregation his triumph will sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.
- 3 Salvation to God who sits on the throne;
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son;
Our Jesus's praises all angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore, and give him his right,
All glory, and power, and wisdom, and might:
All honour and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never-ceasing for Jesus's love.

35. L. M. DR. S. STENNETT. (O. B. 101.)

Praise to God for renewing Grace.

- 1 TO God, my Saviour, and my King,
Fain would my soul her tribute bring!
Join me, ye saints, in songs of praise,
For ye have known and felt his grace.

- 2 Wretched and helpless once I lay,
Just breathing all my life away;
He saw me welt'ring in my blood,
And felt the pity of a God.
- 3 With speed he flew to my relief;
Bound up my wounds, and sooth'd my grief;
Pour'd joys divine into my heart,
And bade each anxious fear depart.
- 4 These proofs of love, my dearest Lord,
Deep in my breast I will record;
The life which I from thee receive,
To thee, behold, I freely give!
- 5 My heart and tongue shall tune thy praise
Through the remainder of my days;
And when I join the pow'rs above,
My soul shall better sing thy love.

36. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 320.)

Gratitude and Praise for Redemption. Psalm xl. 16.

- 1 **G**OD of salvation, we adore
Thy saving love, thy saving pow'r;
And to the utmost stretch of thought,
Hail the redemption thou hast wrought!
- 2 We love the stroke that breaks our chain,
The sword by which our sins are slain:
And while abas'd in dust we bow,
We sing the grace that lays us low.
- 3 Perish each thought of human pride:
Let God alone be magnify'd,
His glory let the heav'ns resound,
Shouted from earth's remotest bound.
- 4 Saints, who his full salvation know,
Saints, who but taste it here below,
Join every angel's voice to raise
Continu'd, never-ending, praise!

37. DR. WATTS.

Redemption and Protection from Spiritual Enemies.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, my joyful pow'rs;
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious Grace abroad.
- 2 He rais'd me from the deeps of sin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fix'd my standing more secure
Than 'twas before I fell.
- 3 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul he plac'd,
And on the rock of ages set
My slipp'ry footsteps fast.
- 4 The city of my bless'd abode
Is wall'd around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands
To shield the sacred place.
- 5 Satan may vent his sharpest spite
And all his legions roar;
Almighty mercy guards my life;
And bounds his raging pow'r.
- 6 Arise, my soul, awake, my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King!

38. MRS. BARBAULD. (O. B. 108.)

Confidence and Praise in Adversity. Hab. iii. 17, 18.

- 1 **S**HOULD the rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear,
Should the fig-trees blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit;
- 2 Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall;

- 3 Should thine alter'd hand restrain
Th' early and the latter rain,
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy;
- 4 Yet to thee our souls should raise
Grateful vows, and solemn praise;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love thee—for thyself alone.

39. C. M. MR. HIGGINBOTHAM. (O. B. 109.)

Praise to God in Life and Death.

- 1 **M**Y soul shall praise thee, O my God,
Through all my mortal days;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.
- 2 In every smiling happy hour,
Be this my sweet employ;
Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,
And heightens all my joy.
- 3 When gloomy care, and keen distress,
Afflict my throbbing breast,
My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,
And lull each pain to rest.
- 4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honours of my God;
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.
- 5 And when these lips shall cease to move,
When death shall close these eyes,
Then shall my soul to nobler heights
Of joy and transport rise.
- 6 Then shall her pow'rs in endless strains,
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

THE PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

40. L. M. BROWN. (O. B. 5.)

The Unity of God. Deut. vi. 4.

- 1 **E**TERNAL God! Almighty Cause
Of earth and seas, and worlds unknown;
All things are subject to thy laws;
All things depend on thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possest,
Controll'd by none are thy commands,
Thou for thyself alone art blest.
- 3 To Thee alone ourselves we owe;
Let heav'n and earth due homage pay;
All other Gods we disavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their way.
- 4 Spread thy great name through heathen lands;
Their idol-deities dethrone;
Give to all nations thy commands,
And reign, as thou art, God alone!

41. L. M. STEELE. (O. B. 6.)

The Eternity of God, and Man's Mortality. Psalm xc.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast been thy children's God,
All powerful, wise, and good and just,
In ev'ry age their safe abode,
Their hope, their refuge, and their trust.
- 2 Before thy word gave nature birth,
Or spread the starry heaven abroad,
Or form'd the various face of earth,
From everlasting thou art God.

- 3 Great Father of Eternity!
How short are ages in thy sight!
A thousand years, how swift they fly!
Like one short silent watch of night.
- 4 Uncertain life, how soon it flies!
Dream of an hour, how short our bloom!
Like spring's gay verdure now we rise,
Cut down ere night, to fill the tomb.
- 5 Teach us to count our short'ning days,
And with true diligence apply
Our hearts to wisdom's sacred ways,
That we may learn to live and die.
- 6 O make our sacred pleasures grow,
In sweet proportion to our pains,
Till all our tears shall cease to flow,
And sighs are lost in rapt'rous strains.

42. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 629.)

God's Eternity.

- 1 **R**ISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground;
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,
And rouse up ev'ry tuneful sound
To praise th' eternal God.
- 2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread,
Jehovah fill'd his throne,
Or Adam form'd, or angels made,
The Maker liv'd alone.
- 3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime;
Eternity's his dwelling-place,
And *ever* is his time.
- 4 While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
He fills his own immortal now,
And sees our ages waste.

43, 44. PERFECTIONS OF GOD,

- 5 The sea and sky must perish too,
 And vast destruction come!
 The creatures—look! how old they grow,
 And wait their fiery doom.
- 6 Well, let the sea shrink all away,
 And flame melt down the skies;
 My God shall live an endless day,
 When th' old creation dies!

43. Sevens. MR. B. FRANCIS, (O. B. 8.)

The Majesty of God.

- 1 **G**LORY to th' eternal King,
 Clad in majesty supreme!
 Let all heaven his praises sing,
 Let all worlds his pow'r proclaim.
- 2 Through eternity he reigns
 In unbounded realms of light;
 He the universe sustains,
 As an atom in his sight.
- 3 O let my transported soul
 Ever on his glories gaze,
 Ever yield to his controul,
 Ever sound his lofty praise!

44. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 410.)

Divine Majesty. Psalm-lxviii. 32—35.

- 1 **K**INGDOMS and thrones to God belong;
 Crown him, ye nations, in your song:
 His wond'rous names and pow'rs rehearse;
 His honours shall enrich your verse.
- 2 He shakes the heav'ns with loud alarms;
 How terrible is God in arms!
 In Isr'el are his mercies known,
 Isr'el is his peculiar throne.

MAJESTY, SOVEREIGNTY, GOODNESS. 45, 46.

- 3 Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest;
When terrors rise and nations faint,
God is the strength of ev'ry saint.

45. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 502.)

God sovereign and gracious. Psalm cxiii.

- 1 **Y**E servants of th' almighty King,
In ev'ry age his praises sing:
Where'er the sun shall rise or set,
The nations shall his praise repeat,
2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,
Stands his high throne of majesty;
Nor time nor place his pow'r restrain,
Nor bound his universal reign.
3 Which of the sons of Adam dare,
Or angels, with their God compare?
His glories how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light!
4 Behold his love, he stoops to view
What saints above and angels do;
And condescends yet more to know
The mean affairs of men below.
5 From dust and cottages obscure
His grace exalts the humble poor;
Gives them the honour of his sons,
And fits them for their heav'nly thrones.

46. S. M. DR. WATTS.

God's Sovereignty and Goodness. Psalm viii.

- 1 **O** Lord, our heav'nly King,
Thy name is all divine:
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heav'ns they shine.

- 2 When to thy works on high,
I raise my wond'ring eyes,
And see the moon complete in light,
Adorn the darksome skies:
- 3 When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms,
Lord, what is man! that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms?
- 4 Lord, what is worthless man!
That thou shouldst love him so?
Next to thine angels is he placed,
And Lord of all below.
- 5 Thine honours crown his head,
While beasts like slaves obey,
And birds that cut the air with wings,
And fish that cleave the sea.
- 6 How rich thy bounties are!
And wondrous are thy ways:
Of dust and worms thy pow'r can frame
A monument of praise.

47. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 541.)

The Greatness of God. Psalm cxliv.

- 1 **M**Y God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days:
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of ev'ry hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear:
And ev'ry setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.
- 3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

- 4 Thy works with sov'reign glory shine;
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let Britain round her shores proclaim
The sound and honour of thy name.
- 5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise:
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labour of their tongue.
- 6 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds!
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways!
Vast and immortal be thy praise!

48. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 542.)

Psalm cxlv. 1—17, 11—13.

- 1 **L**ONG as I live I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of Love;
My work and joy shall be the same,
In the bright world above.
- 2 Great is the Lord, his pow'r unknown,
And let his praise be great:
I'll sing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue!
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.
- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways:
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.
- 5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known;
Thine arm of pow'r, thy heav'nly state,
With public splendor shown.

49, 50.

PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

- 6 The world is manag'd by thy hands,
Thy saints are rul'd by love:
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

49. L. M. (O. B. 16.)

God the proper Object of Praise.

- 1 **Y**E sons of men, in sacred lays,
Attempt your great Creator's praise:
But O what tongue can speak his fame!
What mortal verse can reach the theme!
- 2 Enthron'd amid the valiant spheres,
He glory, like a garment, wears:
His boundless wisdom, pow'r, and grace,
Command our awe, invite our praise.
- 3 To God all nature owes its birth;
He form'd this pond'rous globe of earth,
He rais'd the glorious arch on high,
And measur'd out the azure sky.
- 4 In all our Maker's vast designs,
Omnipotence with wisdom shines;
His works, through all this wond'rous frame,
Bear the great impress of his name.
- 5 Rais'd on devotion's lofty wing,
Our souls his high perfections sing;
O let his praise employ our tongues,
And list'ning worlds approve the songs!

50. DR. WATTS.

God's awful Power and Goodness.

- 1 **O**H the almighty Lord!
How matchless is his pow'r!
Tremble, O earth, beneath his word,
While all the heav'ns adore.

- 2 Let proud imperious kings
Bow low before his throne !
Crouch to his feet, ye haughty things,
Or he shall tread you down.
- 3 Above the skies he reigns,
And with amazing blows
He deals insufferable pains
On his rebellious foes.
- Yet, everlasting God !
We love to speak thy praise ; -
Thy sceptre's equal to thy rod,
The sceptre of thy grace,
The arms of mighty love
Defend our Sion well,
And heav'nly mercy walls us round
From Babylon and hell.
- Salvation to the King
That sits enthron'd above :
Thus we adore the God of might,
And bless the God of love !

51. C. M. (O. B. 11.)

The Holiness of God. Isa. viii. 13.

HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King ;
Thrice holy Lord ! the angels cry,
Thrice holy ! let us sing.

Holy is he in all his works,
And truth is his delight ;
But sinners and their wicked ways
Shall perish from his sight.

The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God ;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

52, 53.

PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

- 4 With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thought can reach;
A broken heart shall please him more
Than the best forms of speech.
- 5 Thou holy God! preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

52. L. M. MR. BEDDOME. (O. B. 9.)

The Wisdom of God.

- 1 **W**AIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will,
Tumultuous passions, all be still,
Nor let a murm'ring thought arise,
His ways are just, his counsels wise.
- 2 He, in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
But though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees;
And by his saints it stands confest,
That what he does, is ever best.
- 4 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat;
And 'midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

53. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 532.)

The all-seeing God. Psalm cxxxix. 1—6.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast search'd and seen me
through;
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their pow'rs!

- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling pow'r I stand;
On ev'ry side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the pow'rs I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 'O may these thoughts possess my breast,
'Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
'Nor let my weaker passions dare
'Consent to sin, for God is there.'

54. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 534.)

Omniscience of God. Psalm cxxxix. 11, 12.

- 1 **T**HE veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes;
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
Through midnight shades, as blazing noon.
- 2 Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God, they're both alike to thee;
Not death can hide what God will spy,
And hell lies naked to his eye!
- 3 'O may these thoughts possess my breast,
'Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
'Nor let my weaker passions dare
'Consent to sin, for God is there.'

55. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 533.)

God every where present. Psalm cxxxix. 7—12.

- 1 **C**OULD I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?
- 2 If up to heav'n I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light;
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.
- 3 If, mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest the fugitive.
- 4 Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray
Would kindle darkness into day.
- 5 ' O may these thoughts possess my breast,
' Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
' Nor let my weaker passions dare
' Consent to sin, for God is there.

56. First Part. DR. WATTS. C. M.

Psalm cxxxix.

- 1 **I**N all my vast concerns with Thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord! or flee
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're form'd within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on ev'ry side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by sov'reign love.

57. DR. WATTS.

- 1 **L**ORD, where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heav'n thy glorious throne!
- 2 Should I suppress my vital breath,
To 'scape the wrath divine,
Thy voice would break the bars of death,
And make the grave resign.
- 3 If, wing'd with beams of morning-light,
I fly beyond the West,
Thy hand, which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.
- 4 If o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
Those flaming eyes that guard thy law
Would turn the shades to light.
- 5 The beams of noon, the midnight-hour,
Are both alike to thee;
O may I ne'er provoke that pow'r
From which I cannot flee.

58. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 7.)

The Immutability of God. Psalm cii. 25—28.

- 1 GREAT Former of this various frame!
Our souls adore thine awful name;
And bow and tremble while we praise
The Ancient of eternal Days.
- 2 Thou, Lord! with unsurpris'd survey,
Saw'st nature rising yesterday;
And as to-morrow, shall thine eye
See earth and stars in ruin lie.
- 3 Beyond an angel's vision bright,
Thou dwell'st in self-existent light;
Which shines with undiminish'd ray,
While suns and worlds in smoke decay.
- 4 Our days a transient period run,
And change with ev'ry circling sun;
And in the firmest state we boast,
A moth can crush us into dust.
- 5 But let the creatures fall around,
Let death consign us to the ground,
Let the last gen'ral flame arise
And melt the arches of the skies:
- 6 Calm as the summer's ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature see,
While grace secures us an abode
Unshaken as the throne of God!

59. L. M. MR. BEDDOME. (O. B. 12.)

The Justice and Goodness of God.

- 1 GREAT God, my maker, and my king!
Of thee I'll speak, of thee I'll sing;
All thou hast done, and all thou dost,
Declares thee good, proclaims thee just:

IMMUTABILITY, JUSTICE, AND GOODNESS. 60.

- 2 Thy ancient thoughts, and firm decrees,
Thy threatnings and thy promises,
The joys of heaven, the pains of hell,
What angels taste, what devils feel.
- 3 Thy terrors and thine acts of grace,
Thy threat'ning rod, and smiling face,
Thy wounding and thy healing word,
Sinners undone, by grace restor'd.
- 4 While these excite my fear and joy :
While these my tuneful lips employ ;
Accept, O Lord, the humble song,
The tribute of a trembling tongue.

60. MR. BERRIDGE. (O. B. 3.)

Divine Goodness.

- 1 **T**HY goodness, Lord, our souls confess,
Thy goodness we adore ;
A spring whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore !
- 2 Sun, moon, and stars, thy love attest
In ev'ry golden ray :
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love returns the day.
- 3 Thy bounty ev'ry season crowns
With all the bliss it yields ;
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strength'ning grain the fields.
- 4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen :
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.
- 5 Pardon, acceptance, peace and joy,
Through Jesus' name are given,
He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might reign in heaven.

61. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 19.)

The Goodness of God. Psalm xxxiv. 8, 9.

- 1 **T**RIUMPHANT Lord, thy goodness reigns
Through all the wide celestial plains;
And its full streams redundant flow
Down to th' abodes of men below.
- 2 Through nature's works its glories shine!
The cares of providence are thine:
And grace erects our ruin'd frame,
A fairer temple to thy name.
- 3 O give to every human heart,
To taste and feel how good thou art,
With grateful love and rev'rend fear,
To know how blest thy children are.
- 4 Let nature burst into a song?
Ye echoing hills, the notes prolong:
Earth, sea, and stars, your anthems raise,
All vocal with your Maker's praise.
- 5 Ye saints, with joy, the theme pursue;
Its sweetest notes belong to you;
Chose by this condescending King,
For ever round his throne to sing.

62. C. M. STEELE. (O. B. 10.)

The Goodness of God. Nahum i. 7.

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise,
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.
- 2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love!

- 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,
'Tis here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.
- 5 Great God to thy almighty love,
What honours shall we raise?
Not all the raptur'd souls above
Can render equal praise.

63. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 543.)

The Goodness of God. Psalm cxlv. 7, &c.

- 1 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heav'nly king;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And ev'ry want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food,
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouth with good.
- 4 How kind are thy compassions Lord,
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pard'ning word
To cheer the souls he loves.
- 5 Creatures with all their endless race,
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim,
But saints that taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

64. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 544.)

*Mercy to Sufferers; or, God hearing Prayer. Psalm cxlv.
14, 15, &c.*

- 1 **L**ET ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou, sov'reign Lord of all;
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.
- 2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distrest,
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.
- 3 The Lord supports our tott'ring days,
And guides our giddy youth;
Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.
- 4 He knows the pain his servants feel,
He hears his children cry,
And their best wishes to fulfil
His grace is ever nigh.
- 5 His mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
He saves the souls whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.
- 6 [My lips shall dwell upon his praise,
And spread his fame abroad;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God.]

65. (C. M.) DR. WATTS. (O. B. 536.)

The Mercies of God innumerable. Psalm cxxxix. 14, 17, 18.

- 1 **L**ORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,
They strike me with surprise,
Not all the sands that spread the shore
To equal numbers rise.

- 2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands
The product of thy skill,
And hourly blessings from thy hands
Thy thoughts of love reveal.
- 3 These on my heart by night I keep;
How kind, how dear to me!
O may the hour that ends my sleep,
Still find my thoughts with thee!

66. (L. M.) DR. WATTS. (O. B. 522.)

Pardoning Grace. Psalm cxxx.

- 1 FROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,
To thee, my God, I rais'd my cries!
If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.
- 2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy favours there,
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope, and love, as well as fear.
- 3 My trust is fix'd upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain:
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.
- 4 Great is his love, and large his grace,
Through the redemption of his son:
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

67. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 2.)

Goodness of God to his People. Phil. iv. 19, 20.

- 1 MY God, how cheerful is the sound!
How pleasant to repeat!
Well may that heart with pleasure bound,
Where God hath fix'd his seat,

- 2 What want shall not our God supply
From his abundant stores?
What streams of mercy from on high,
An arm almighty pours!
- 3 Through *Christ*, the ever-living Spring,
These ample blessings flow:
Prepare our lips his name to sing
Whose heart hath lov'd us so:
- 4 Now to our Father and our God,
Be endless glory giv'n,
Through all the realms of man's abode,
And through the highest heav'n.

68. (S. M.) DR. WATTS. (O. B. 495.)

Abounding Compassion of God; or, Mercy in the midst of Judgment. Psalm ciii. 8—18.

- 1 **M**Y Soul repeat his praise
Whose mercies are so great:
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 God will not always chide:
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.
- 3 High as the heav'ns are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 4 His pow'r subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the East is from the West,
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 5 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name
Is such as tender parents feel,
He knows our feeble frame.

- 6 He knows we are but dust,
Scatter'd with ev'ry breath;
His anger like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.
- 7 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flow'r:
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- 8 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

69. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 531.)

Restoring and preserving Grace. Psalm cxxxviii.

- 1 **W**ITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.
- 2 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,
I'll sing the wonders of thy word:
Not all thy works and names below
So much thy pow'r and glory show.
- 3 To God I cry'd when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdu'd my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffus'd through all my soul.
- 4 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand:
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive!

70. S. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 564.)

Preserving Grace. Jude 24, 25.

- 1 **T**O God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer-God
Wisdom and pow'r belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs!

71. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 575.)

God dwells with the humble. Isai. lvii. 15, 16.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the high and lofty One,
"I sit upon my holy throne;
"My name is God; I dwell on high;
"Dwell in my own eternity.
- 2 "But I descend to worlds below;
"On earth I have a mansion too;
"The humble spirit and contrite
"Is an abode of my delight.

- 3 "The humble soul my words revive;
 "I bid the mourning sinner live;
 "Heal all the broken hearts I find,
 "And ease the sorrows of the mind."

72. Ps. ciii. 8—18. Second Part. L. M.

God's gentle Chastisement: or, his tender Mercy to his People.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, how wond'rous are his ways!
 How firm his truth! how large his grace!
 He takes his mercy for his throne,
 And thence he makes his glories known.
- 2 Not half so high his pow'r hath spread
 The starry heav'ns above our head,
 As his rich love exceeds our praise,
 Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.
- 3 Not half so far hath Nature plac'd
 The rising morning from the West,
 As his forgiving grace removes
 The daily guilt of those he loves.
- 4 How slowly doth his wrath arise!
 On swifter wings salvation flies:
 And if he lets his anger burn,
 How soon his frowns to pity turn?
- 5 Amidst his wrath compassion shines;
 His strokes are lighter than our sins;
 And while his rod corrects his saints,
 His ear indulges their complaints.
- 6 So fathers their young sons chastise,
 With gentle hands and melting eyes;
 The children weep beneath the smart,
 And move the pity of their heart!

73. Ps. ciii. 13, 14. DR. WATTS.

God's tender Mercy to his People.

- 1 **T**HE mighty God, the wise and just,
Knows that our frame is feeble dust;
And will no heavy loads impose
Beyond the strength that he bestows.
- 2 He knows, how soon our nature dies,
Blasted by ev'ry wind that flies;
Like grass we spring, and die as soon,
Or morning flow'rs that fade at noon.
- 3 But his eternal love is sure
To all the saints, and shall endure;
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain!

74. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 356.)

The eternal God his People's Refuge. Deut. xxxiii. 27.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the great eternal God,
Spreads everlasting arms abroad,
And calls our souls to shelter there;
Wonders of mingled pow'r and grace,
To all his Israel he displays,
Guarded from danger, and from fear.
- 2 Thither my feeble soul shall fly,
When terrors press, and death is nigh;
And there will I delight to dwell:
On that high tow'r I rear my head
Serene, nor knows my heart to dread,
Amidst surrounding pow'rs of hell.

- 3 The shadow of th' Almighty's wings,
 Composure unmolested brings,
 While threat'ning horrors round me crowd.
 In vain the storms of rattling hail,
 The walls of this retreat assail,
 And the wild tempest roars aloud.
- 4 In louder strains my fearless tongue
 Shall warble its victorious song,
 My father's graces to proclaim;
 He bears his infant offspring on,
 To glory radiant as his throne,
 And joys eternal, as his name!

75. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 14.)

Abba; Father. Gal. iv. 6.

- 1 SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
 Allow my humble claim;
 Nor while a worm would raise its head,
 Disdain a Father's name.
- 2 My Father God! how sweet the sound!
 How tender and how dear!
 Not all the harmony of heav'n
 Could so delight the ear.
- 3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
 On my expanding heart;
 And shew, that in Jehovah's grace
 I share a filial part.
- 4 Cheer'd by a signal so divine,
 Unwavering I believe;
 And Abba, Father, humbly cry,
 Nor can the sign deceive.

76. DR. WATTS.

God our only Happiness. Psalm lxxiii. 25.

- 1 **M**Y God, my portion, and my love,
 My everlasting All,
 I've none but thee in heav'n above,
 Or on this earthly ball.
- 2 [What empty things are all the skies,
 And this inferior clod !
 There's nothing here deserves my joys,
 There's nothing like my God.]
- 3 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
 And health, and safe abode :
 Thanks to thy name for meaner things ;
 But they are not my God.
- 4 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
 If once compar'd to thee ?
 Or what's my safety or my health,
 Or all my friends to me ?
- 5 Were I possessor of the earth,
 And call'd the stars my own ;
 Without thy graces and thy self,
 I were a wretch undone.
- 6 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
 And grasp in all the shore ;
 Grant me the visits of thy face,
 And I desire no more.

77. P. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 483.)

The God of the Gentiles. Psalm xcvi.

- 1 **L**ET all the earth their voices raise
 To sing the choicest psalm of praise,
 To sing and bless Jehovah's name :
 His glory let the Heathens know,
 His wonders to the nations show,
 And all his saving works proclaim.

2 The Heathens know thy glory, Lord :
 The wond'ring nations read thy word ;
 In Britain is Jehovah known :
 Our worship shall no more be paid
 To Gods which mortal hands have made ;
 Our Maker is our God alone.

3 He fram'd the globe, he built the sky,
 He made the shining worlds on high,
 And reigns complete in glory there ;
 His beams are majesty and light ;
 His beauties how divinely bright !
 His temple how divinely fair !

4 Come the great day ! the glorious hour !
 When earth shall feel his saving pow'r,
 And barb'rous nations fear his name :
 Then shall the race of man confess
 The beauty of his holiness,
 And in his courts his grace proclaim.

78. C. M. DR. WATTS'S Lyric Poems.
 (O. B. 42.)

God transcendently glorious through the Medium of the Gospel.
 Isa. xliv. 23.

1 **F**ATHER, how wide thy glory shines !
 How high thy wonders rise !
 Known through the earth by thousand signs,
 By thousands through the skies.

2 But when we view the strange design
 To save rebellious worms,
 Where vengeance and compassion join,
 In their divinest forms ;

- 3 Our thoughts are lost in reverend awe,
We love and we adore ;
The first archangel never saw
So much of God before.
- 4 Here the whole deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.
- 5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heav'nly plains ;
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.
- 6 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song !
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

79. L. M. DR. WATTS's Lyric Poems.
(O. B. 13.)

God exalted above all Praise.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Power ! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God ;
Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.
- 2 The lowest step above thy seat
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet ;
In vain the tall arch-angel tries
To reach the height with wond'ring eyes.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?
We would adore our Maker too ;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The great, the holy, and the high !

- 4 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name;
But O, the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 5 God is in heaven, but man below,
Be short our tunes, our words be few:
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

CREATION, &c.

80. L. M. MR. NEEDHAM. (O. B. 25.)

A summary View of the Creation. Gen. i.

- 1 **L**OOK up, ye saints, direct your eyes
To him who dwells above the skies;
With your glad notes his praise rehearse,
Who form'd the mighty universe.
- 2 He spake, and from the womb of night
At once sprang up the cheering light;
Him, discord heard, and at his nod
Beauty awoke, and spoke the God.
- 3 The word he gave, th' obedient sun
Began his glorious race to run;
Nor silver moon, nor stars delay,
To glide along th' ethereal way.
- 4 Teeming with life, air, earth, and sea,
Obey th' Almighty's high decree;
To every tribe he gives their food,
Then speaks the whole divinely good.
- 5 But, to complete the wond'rous plan,
From earth and dust he fashions man;
In man the last, in him the best,
The Maker's image stands confest.

- 6 Lord, while thy glorious works I view,
 Form thou my heart and soul anew;
 Here, bid thy purest light to shine,
 And beauty glow with charms divine.

81. C. M. DR. WATTS's Lyric Poems.
 (O. B. 26.)

Creating Wisdom.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Wisdom! thee we praise,
 Thee the creation sings:
 With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, and seas,
 And heaven's high palace rings.
- 2 Thy hand how wide it spread the sky!
 How glorious to behold!
 Ting'd with a blue of heavenly dye,
 And starr'd with sparkling gold.
- 3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
 And strike the gazing sight,
 Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
 With terror and delight!
- 4 Infinite strength and equal skill
 Shine through the worlds abroad;
 Our souls with vast amazement fill,
 And speak the builder God.
- 5 But still the wonders of thy grace
 Our softer passions move;
 Pity divine in Jesu's face
 We see, adore, and love!

82. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 625.)

The Creation, Preservation, Dissolution, and Restoration of this World.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord that built the skies,
The Lord that rear'd this stately frame ;
Let all the nations sound his praise,
And lands unknown repeat his name.
- 2 He form'd the seas, and form'd the hills,
Made ev'ry drop and ev'ry dust,
Nature and time, with all their wheels,
And push'd them into motion first.
- 3 Now from his high imperial throne
He looks far down upon the spheres ;
He bids the shining orbs roll on,
And round he turns the hasty years.
- 4 Thus shall this moving engine last
Till all his saints are gather'd in ;
Then for the trumpet's dreadful blast,
To shake it all to dust again !
- 5 Yet, when the sound shall tear the skies,
And light'ning burn the globe below,
Saints, you may lift your joyful eyes,
There's a new heav'n and earth for you !

83. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 529.)

God's Wonders of Creation, Providence, and Redemption.
Psalm cxxxvi.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God the sov'reign Lord ;
His mercies still endure ;
And be the King of Kings ador'd,
His truth is ever sure.
- 2 What wonders hath his wisdom done !
How mighty is his hand !
Heav'n, earth, and sea, he fram'd alone ;
How wide is his command !

- 3 The sun supplies the day with light :
How bright his counsels shine ;
The moon and stars adorn the night :
His works are all divine.
- 4 He saw the nations dead in sin :
He felt his pity move :
How sad the state the world was in !
How boundless was his love !
- 5 He sent to save us from our woe ;
His goodness never fails ;
From death and hell, and ev'ry foe :
And still his grace prevails.
- 6 Give thanks to God the heav'nly king :
His mercies still endure,
Let the whole earth his praises sing ;
His truth is ever sure.

84. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 530.)

Psalm cxxxvi.

- 1 **G**IVE to our God immortal praise ;
Mercy and truth are all his ways ;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more,
- 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high :
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 4 He fills the sun with morning light
He bids the moon direct the night,
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

- 5 He sent his Son with pow'r to save
 From guilt and darkness, and the grave :
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 6 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
 And leads us to his heav'nly seat ;
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When this vain world shall be no more !

85. L. M. STEELE. (O. B. 28.)

Creation and Providence.

- 1 **L**ORD, when our raptur'd thought surveys
 Creation's beauties o'er,
 All nature joins to teach thy praise,
 And bid our souls adore.
- 2 Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,
 Thy radiant footsteps shine ;
 Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
 And speak their source divine.
- 3 The living tribes of countless forms
 In earth, and sea, and air,
 The meanest flies, the smallest worms,
 Almighty pow'r declare.
- 4 Thy wisdom, pow'r, and goodness, Lord,
 In all thy works appear :
 And O ! let man thy praise record—
 Man, thy distinguish'd care !
- 5 From thee the breath of life he drew,
 That breath thy pow'r maintains ;
 Thy tender mercy ever new,
 His brittle frame sustains.
- 6 On us, thy Providence has shone
 With gentle smiling rays ;
 O ! may our lips and lives make known
 Thy goodness and thy praise.

PROVIDENCE.

86. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 411.)

Praise for common and special Mercies. Psalm lxxiii.
Third Part.

- 1 **W**E bless the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food;
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.
- 2 He sends the sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruit, to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds, with plenteous rain,
Refresh the thirsty earth again.
- 3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death:
Safety and health to God belong;
He heals the weak, and guards the strong.
- 4 He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love;
But the wide diff'rence that remains
Is endless joy, or endless pains.
- 5 The Lord that bruis'd the serpent's head,
On all the serpent's seed shall tread;
The stubborn sinner's hope confound,
And smite him with a lasting wound.
- 6 But his right hand his saints shall raise
From the deep earth, or deeper seas;
And bring them to his courts above,
There shall they taste his special love!

87. C. M. STEELE. (O. B. 33.)

Praise for the Blessings of Providence and Grace.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord!
Kind guardian of my days,
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.
- 2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant pray'r.
- 3 Each rolling year new favours brought
From thy exhaustless store;
But ah! in vain my lab'ring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.
- 4 While sweet reflection, through my days,
Thy bounteous hand would trace;
Still dearer blessings claim thy praise,
The blessings of thy grace.
- 5 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord,
For favours more divine;
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.
- 6 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.
- 7 Then shall my joyful pow'rs unite,
In more exalted lays,
And join the happy sons of light
In everlasting praise!

88. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 372.)

General Providence and special Grace. Psalm xxxvi. 5—9.

- 1 **H**IGH in the heav'ns, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs !
- 2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep ;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands ;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share ;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.
- 4 My God ! how excellent thy grace ;
Whence all my hope and comfort springs ;
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
- 5 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast ;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.
- 6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord ;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in thy word !

89. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 407.)

*The Providence of God in successive Seasons. Psalm lxxv.
Second Part.*

- 1 **'T**IS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal pow'r !
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

- 2 Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring ;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flow'rs adorn the spring.
- 3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heav'n, earth, and air, are thine ;
When clouds distil in fruitful show'rs,
The author is divine.
- 4 Those wand'ring cisterns of the sky,
Borne by the wind around,
With wat'ry treasures well supply,
The furrows of the ground.
- 5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear ;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year !

90. L. M. (O. B. 29.)

Providence equitable and kind. Psalm cvii.

- 1 **T**HROUGH all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God ! conducts unseen
The beautiful vicissitude.
- 2 Thou givest with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
And 'tis the necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.
- 3 Trust we to youth, or friends, or pow'r ?
Fix we on this terrestrial ball ?
When most secure, the coming hour,
If thou seest fit, may blast them all.
- 4 When lowest sunk with grief and shame,
Fill'd with affliction's bitter cup,
Lost to relations, friends, and fame,
Thy powerful hand can raise us up.

- 5 All things on earth, and all in heav'n,
 On thy eternal will depend ;
 And all for greater good were giv'n,
 And all shall in thy glory end !
- 6 This be my care, to all beside
 Indiff'rent let my wishes be,
 Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
 And fix'd, O God ! my soul on thee.

91. C. M. COWPER. (O. B. 30.)

The Mysteries of Providence.

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head !
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace,
 Behind a frowning providence,
 He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour :
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flow'r.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain ;
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

92. C. M. MR. BEDDOME. (O. B. 31.)

Mysteries of Providence to be explained hereafter. John xliii. 7.

- 1 GREAT God of Providence! thy ways
Are hid from mortal sight;
Wrapt in impenetrable shades!
Or cloth'd with dazzling light.
- 2 The wond'rous methods of thy grace
Evade the human eye;
The nearer we attempt t'approach,
The farther off they fly.
- 3 But in the world of bliss above
Where thou dost ever reign,
These mysteries shall be all unveil'd,
And not a doubt remain.
- 4 The Sun of Righteousness shall there
His brightest beams display,
And not a hovering cloud obscure
That never ending day!

93. C. M. MR. ADDISON. (O. B. 32.)

Providence amidst Dangers.

- 1 HOW are thy servants bless'd, O Lord,
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne,
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

- 4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will:
The sea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.
- 5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore,
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shalt be:
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

94. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 370.)

Deliverance and Protection. Psalm xxxiv.

- 1 I'LL bless the Lord from day to day;
How good are all his ways!
Ye humble souls that us'd to pray,
Come, help my lips to praise.
- 2 Sing to the honour of his name,
How a poor sufferer cry'd,
Nor was his hope expos'd to shame,
Nor was his suit deny'd.
- 3 [O sinners, come and taste his love,
Come, learn his pleasant ways,
And let your own experience prove
The sweetness of his grace.
- 4 He bids his angels pitch their tents
Round where his children dwell;
What ills their heav'nly care prevents
No earthly tongue can tell.]
- 5 [O love the Lord, ye saints of his!
His eye regards the just!
How richly bless'd their portion is
Who make the Lord their trust!

- 6 Young lions, pinch'd with hunger, roar,
 And famish in the wood :
 But God supplies his holy poor
 With ev'ry needful good.]

95. MR. ADDISON. (O. B. 38.)

Confidence in Divine Providence. Psalm xxiii.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye;
 My noon day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
 To fertile vales and dewy meads,
 My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow
 Amid the verdant landskip flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord ! art with me still;
 Thy friendly hand shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade
- 4 Though in a bare and rugged way;
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile :
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

96. S. M. MR. SCOTT. (O. B. 181.)

Worldly Anxiety reprov'd, or Confidence in Providence.

- 1 **W**HY do I thus perplex
My breath of life and air,
With fears of distant ills, and vex
My heart with fruitless care!
- 2 Can thought and toil increase
My days appointed sum?
Why waste I then my time, my peace,
To hoard for years to come?
- 3 These covetous desires,
These restless cares I leave
To them whose hope at death expires,
And who in chance believe.
- 4 Will he whose bounty gave
My life; its food deny?
Who form'd my nature apt to crave,
Its cravings not supply.
- 5 Behold the flowers that grow,
That for the furnace stand;
With what rich dyes their garments glow
Without the lab'ring hand!
- 6 The tribes that wing the sky,
That neither sow nor reap,
Send up to God their daily cry,
Who gives them food and sleep.
- 7 Then let to-morrow's cares
Until to-morrow stay;
The trouble which the day prepares,
Suffices for to-day.
- 8 To nobler work applied,
My soul shall upwards climb;
And trust my father to provide
The needful things of time.

97. L.M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 359.)

Psalm xxiii.

- 1 **M**Y Shepherd is the living Lord:
Now shall my wants be well supply'd;
His providence and holy word,
Become my safety and my guide.
- 2 In pastures where salvation grows,
He makes me feed, he makes me rest;
There living water gently flows,
And all the food's divinely blest.
- 3 My wand'ring feet his ways mistake,
But he restores my soul to peace,
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In the fair paths of righteousness.
- 4 Though I walk through the gloomy vale,
Where death and all its terrors are,
My heart and hope shall never fail,
For God my Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 Amidst the darkness and the deeps,
Thou art my comfort! Thou my stay!
Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.
- 6 Surely the mercies of the Lord
Attend his household all their days;
There will I dwell to hear his word,
To seek his face, and sing his praise.

98. C.M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 360.)

Psalm xxiii.

- 1 **M**Y Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name:
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

- 2 He brings my wand'ring spirit back,
When I forsake his ways:
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.
- 3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath,
Drives all my fears away.
- 4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows;
Thine oil anoints my head.
- 5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
O may thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise!
- 6 There would I find a settled rest,
(While others go and come)
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

99. S. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 361.)

Psalm xxiii.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supply'd:
Since he is mine and I am his,
What can I want beside?
- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heav'nly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

- 4 While he affords his aid,
 I cannot yield to fear;
 Though I should walk through death's dark
 My Shepherd's with me there. [shade,
- 5 In sight of all my foes
 Thou dost my table spread,
 My cup with blessings overflows,
 And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of thy love
 Shall crown my following days;
 Nor from thy house will I remove,
 Nor cease to speak thy praise.

100. C.M. MR. BROWN. (C.B. 39.)

Confidence in God our Father.

- 1 **O** God, on Thee we all depend
 On thy paternal care:
 Thou wilt the Father and the Friend
 In every act appear!
- 2 With open hand, and lib'ral heart,
 Thou wilt our wants supply;
 The needful blessings still impart,
 And no good thing deny.
- 3 Our Father knows what's good and fit,
 And wisdom guides his love:
 To thine appointments we submit,
 And ev'ry choice approve.
- 4 In thy paternal love and care,
 With cheerful hearts we trust;
 Thy tender mercies boundless are,
 And all thy thoughts are just.
- 5 We cannot want while God provides;
 What he ordains is best;
 And heav'n whate'er we want besides,
 Will give eternal rest.

101. S. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 477.)

Protection from Death. Psalm xci. 9—16.

- 1 **Y**E sons of men, a feeble race
Expos'd to ev'ry snare;
Come make the Lord your dwelling place,
And try and trust his care.
- 2 No ill shall enter where you dwell;
Or if the plague come nigh,
And sweep the wicked down to hell,
'Twill raise his saints on high.
- 3 He'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all your ways;
To watch your pillows while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.
- 4 Their hands shall bear you, lest you fall,
And dash against the stones;
Are they not servants at his call,
And sent t'attend his sons?
- 5 ' Because on me they set their love,
' Ill save them (saith the Lord);
' I'll bear their joyful souls above
' Destruction and the sword!
- 6 ' My grace shall answer when they call;
' In trouble I'll be nigh:
' My pow'r shall help them when they fall,
' And raise them when they die!

102. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 573.)

Afflictions and Death subject to Providence. Job v. 6—8.

- 1 **N**OT from the dust affliction grows,
Nor troubles rise by chance;
Yet we are born to cares and woes;
A sad inheritance!

- 2 As sparks break out from burning coals,
And still are upward borne;
So grief is rooted in our souls,
And man grows up to mourn.
- 3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,
And trust his promis'd grace:
He rules me by his well known laws
Of love and righteousness.
- 4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore
Shall spoil my future peace:
For death and hell can do no more
Than what my Father please.

103. S. M. MR. JOHN FAWCETT. (O. B. 34.)

Providence extends to Ravens. Luke xii. 24.

- 1 DISMISS your anxious care,
O all ye sons of need!
Consider how the *ravens* are
By heav'nly bounty fed.
- 2 Jehovah will provide
Your clothing and your food:
Think how the *ravens* are supply'd;
And trust a faithful God.
- 3 You have no present store
Laid up for future needs;
Yet *He* will not forget the *poor*,
Who hungry *ravens* feeds.
- 4 Your Father will bestow
On you your daily bread;
The *ravens* neither reap nor sow,
And yet are richly fed.
- 5 How mean these creatures are!
Yet God supplies their wants;
And he that doth for *ravens* care,
Will not forget his saints.

- 6 For you the Saviour died ;
 Heav'n is prepar'd for you :
 He that for *ravens* doth provide,
 Will feed his children too.
- 7 If *Satan* should suggest,
 God will not hear your cry,
 He hears young *ravens* in their nest,
 And answers from the sky.
- 8 His gracious word believe,
 Forget your long complaint ;
 If God doth food to *ravens* give,
 His children shall not want.

104. L. M. MR. JOHN FAWCETT. (O. B. 35.)

Miraculous Providence. 1 Kings xvii. 6.

- 1 **W**HEN God's own people stand in need,
 His goodness will provide supplies ;
 Thus when *Elijah* faints for bread,
 A raven to his succour flies.
- 2 At God's command, with speedy wings,
 The hungry bird resigns its prey,
 And to the rev'rend prophet brings
 The needful portion day by day.
- 3 This method may be counted strange ;
 But happy was *Elijah's* lot ;
 For nature's course shall sooner change
 Than God's dear children be forgot.
- 4 This wonder has been oft renew'd,
 And saints, by sweet experience, find
 Their evils over-rul'd for good,
 Their *foes* to friendly deeds inclin'd.
- 5 Who shall distrust that mighty hand
 Which rules with universal sway,
 Which nature's laws can countermand,
 Or feed us by a bird of prey?

105. L. M. (O. B. 37.)

The Universality of divine Providence.

- 1 **T**HE earth and all the heavenly frame,
Their great Creator's love proclaim :
He gives the sun his genial pow'r,
And sends the soft refreshing show'r.
- 2 The ground with plenty blooms again,
And yields her various fruits to men ;
To men who from thy bounteous hand,
Receive the gifts of ev'ry land.
- 3 Nor to the human race alone,
Is his paternal goodness shown ;
The tribes of earth, and sea, and air,
Enjoy his universal care.
- 4 Not ev'n a sparrow yields its breath,
Till God permit the stroke of death ;
He hears the ravens when they call,
The father and the friend of all.

106. C. M. MR. ADDISON. (O. B. 343.)

Gratitude for continued Providence.

- 1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My happy soul surveys ;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest ;
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.
- 3 Unnumber'd comforts, Lord of all,
Thy tender care bestow'd ;
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd,

- 4 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran ;
Thy arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me on to man.
- 5 When worn by sickness oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face ;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- 6 Thy bounteous hand, with various good
Hath made my cup run o'er ;
And in thy Son, my dearest friend,
Hath doubled all my store.
- 7 Through ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
- 8 Through all eternity, my God,
A joyful song I'll raise :
But oh ! eternity's too short,
To utter all thy praise.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

107. C. M. (O. B. 228.)

At the Opening of Worship.

- 1 **N**OW may the Spirit's holy fire,
Descending from above,
His waiting family inspire,
With joy, and peace, and love !

- 2 Wake heav'nly wind, arise and come,
Blow on the drooping field;
Our spices then shall breathe perfume,
And fragrant incense yield.
- 3 Touch with a living coal the lip,
That shall proclaim thy word,
And bid each awful hearer keep
Attention to the Lord.

108. (O. B. 329.)

Another.

- 1 **O**NCE more we come before our God,
Once more his blessing ask;
O may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task!
- 2 Father, thy quick'ning spirit send,
From heaven in Jesu's name,
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.
- 3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
Hoard up the precious treasure there,
And never with it part!
- 4 To seek thee all our hearts dispose,
To each thy blessing suit!
And let the seed thy servant sows,
Produce abundant fruit.
- 5 Bid the refreshing north-wind wake,
Say to the south-wind blow;
Let every plant the pow'r partake,
And all the garden grow.
- 6 Revive the parch'd with heav'nly showers,
The cold with warmth divine;
And as the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory thine!

109. DR. WATTS.

The Benefit of public Ordinances.

- 1 **A**WAY from every mortal care!
 Away from earth our souls retreat!
 We leave this worthless world afar,
 And wait and worship near thy seat.
- 2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace
 We see thy feet, and we adore;
 We gaze upon thy lovely face,
 And learn the wonders of thy pow'r!
- 3 While here our various wants we mourn,
 United groans ascend on high;
 And prayer bears a quick return
 Of blessings in variety.
- 4 [If Satan rage and sin grows strong,
 Here we receive some cheering word;
 We gird the gospel-armour on,
 To fight the battles of the Lord.
- 5 Or if our spirit faints and dies,
 (Our conscience gall'd with inward stings)
 Here doth the righteous sun arise
 With healing beams beneath his wings.]
- 6 Father, my soul would still abide
 Within thy temple, near thy side;
 But if my feet must hence depart,
 Still keep thy dwelling in my heart!

110. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 505.)

Public Thanks for private Deliverances. Psalm cxvi. 12, &c.

- 1 **W**HAT shall I render to my God
 For all his kindness shown?
 My feet shall visit thine abode,
 My songs address thy throne.

- 2 Among the saints that fill thine house
 My off'rings shall be paid;
 There shall my zeal perform the vows
 My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How much is mercy thy delight,
 Thou ever blessed God!
 How dear thy servants in thy sight!
 How precious is their blood!
- 4 How happy all thy servants are,
 How great thy grace to me!
 My life, which thou hast made thy care,
 Lord, I devote to thee.

111. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 406.)

Public Prayer and Praise. Psalm lxx. First Part.

- 1 **T**HE praise of Sion waits for thee,
 My God; and praise becomes thy house:
 There shall thy saints thy glory see,
 And there perform their public vows.
- 2 O Thou, whose mercy bends the skies
 To save, when humble sinners pray;
 All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
 And islands of the northern sea.
- 3 Against my will my sins prevail,
 But grace shall purge away their stain;
 The blood of Christ will never fail
 To wash my garments white again.
- 4 Blest is the man whom thou shalt choose,
 And give him kind access to thee;
 Give him a place within thy house,
 To taste thy love divinely free.

112. DR. WATTS.

God's Condescension to our Worship.

- 1 **T**HY favours, Lord, surprise our souls!
Will the Eternal dwell with us?
What canst thou find beneath the poles
To tempt thy chariot downward thus!
- 2 Still might he fill his starry throne,
And please his ears with Gabriel's songs;
But th' heav'nly Majesty comes down,
And hows to hearken to our tongues.
- 3 Great God! what poor returns we pay
For love so infinite as thine!
Words are but air, and tongues but clay;
But thy compassion's all divine.

113. DR. WATTS.

*Sincerity and Hypocrisy: or, Formality in Worship, John iv. 24.
Psalm cxxix. 23, 24.*

- 1 **G**OD is a Spirit, just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heav'n we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honour can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known
Thro' the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bended knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice,
Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Lord, search my thoughts and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

114. DR. WATTS.

Fervency of Devotion desired.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours!
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys:
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys!
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate;
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

115. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 519.)

Going to public Worship. Psalm cxxii.

- 1 **H**OW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
"And keep the solemn day!"
- 2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church adorn'd with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God
To shew his milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts with joys unknown
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

- 4 He hears our praises and complaints!
 And while his awful voice
 Divides the sinners from the saints,
 We tremble and rejoice.
- 5 Peace be within this sacred place,
 And joy a constant guest!
 With holy gifts and heav'nly grace
 Be her attendants blest.
- 6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
 While life or breath remains;
 There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
 There God my Saviour reigns!

116. SEVENTS. MR. D. TURNER. (O. B. 158.)

The Excellency of public Worship.

- 1 **L**ORD of hosts, how lovely fair,
 E'en on earth thy temples are;
 Here thy waiting people see
 Much of heaven, much of thee!
- 2 From thy gracious presence flows,
 Bliss that softens all our woes;
 While thy Spirit's holy fire
 Warms our hearts with pure desire.
- 3 Here we supplicate thy throne,
 Here thou mak'st thy glories known,
 Here we learn thy righteous ways,
 Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.
- 4 Thus, with festive songs of joy,
 We our happy lives employ;
 Love, and long to love thee more,
 'Till from earth to heav'n we soar.

117. S. M. DR. S. STENNETT. (O. B. 157.)

The Pleasures of social Worship.

- 1 **H**OW charming is the place,
 Where my Redeemer God
 Unveils the beauties of his face,
 And sheds his love abroad,

- 2 Not the fair palaces
 To which the great resort,
 Are once to be compar'd with this,
 Where Jesus holds his court.
- 3 Here on the mercy-seat,
 With radiant glory crown'd,
 Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
 And smile on all around.
- 4 To him their prayers and cries
 Each humble soul presents;
 He listens to their broken sighs,
 And grants them all their wants.
- 5 To them his sov'reign will
 He graciously imparts,
 And, in return, accepts with smiles
 The tribute of their hearts.
- 6 Give me, O Lord, a place
 Within thy blest abode,
 Among the children of thy grace,
 The servants of my God!

118. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 420.)

The Pleasure of public Worship. Psalm lxxxiv. First Part.

- 1 **H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,
 O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
 With long desire, my spirit faints
 To meet the assemblies of thy saints.
- 2 My flesh should rest in thine abode,
 My panting heart cries out for God;
 My God! my King! why should I be
 So far from all my joys and thee?
- 3 Blest are the saints who sit on high
 Around the throne of majesty;
 Thy brightest glories shine above,
 And all their work is praise and love.

- 4 Blest are the souls that find a place
 Within the temple of thy grace;
 There they behold thy gentler rays,
 And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
- 5 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
 To find the way to Zion's gate;
 God is their strength, and through the road,
 They lean upon their helper, God.
- 6 Cheerful they walk with growing strength;
 Till all shall meet in heav'n at length.
 Till all before thy face appear,
 And join in nobler worship there.

119. L. M. DR. WATTS. (*O. B. 421.*)

Psalm lxxxiv. Second Part.

- 1 **G**REAT God attend, while Zion sings
 The joy that from thy presence springs;
 To spend one day with thee on earth,
 Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
 Within thy house, O God of grace;
 Not tents of ease, nor thrones of pow'r,
 Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
- 3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
 God is our shield, he guards our way
 From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
 From foes without, and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,
 And crown that grace with glory too;
 He gives us all things, and withholds
 No real good from upright souls.
- 5 O God, our King, whose sov'reign sway
 The glorious hosts of heav'n obey,
 And devils at thy presence flee;
 Blest is the man that trusts in thee!

120. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 432.)

Delight in Ordinances of Worship. Psalm lxxxiv.

- 1 **M**Y soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts;
'Tis heav'n to see his smiling face
Though in his earthly courts.
- 2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving pow'r displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quick'ning rays.
- 3 With his rich gifts the heav'nly Dove
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wond'rous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.
- 4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.
- 5 Could I command the spacious land,
And the more boundless sea,
For one blest hour at thy right hand,
I'd give them both away!

121. P. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 423.)

Longing for the House of God. Psalm lxxxiv.

- 1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

- 2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there;
They praise thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.
- 3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heav'n appears;
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

122. P. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 424.)

Psalm lxxiv.

- 1 **T**O spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts
I love it more
To keep the door
Than shine in courts.
- 2 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence;
He shall bestow
On Jacob's race
Peculiar grace
And glory too.

- 3 The Lord his people loves,
 His hand no good withholds
 From those his heart approves,
 From pure and pious souls.
 Thrice happy he,
 O God of hosts,
 Whose spirit trusts
 Alone in thee!

123. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 404.)

The Morning of a Lord's Day. Psalm lxxiii. First Part.

- 1 **E**ARLY, my God, without delay,
 I haste to seek thy face:
 My thirsty spirit faints away,
 Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
 Beneath a burning sky,
 Long for a cooling stream at hand,
 And they must drink or die.
- 3 I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r
 Through all thy temple shine;
 My God, repeat that heav'nly hour,
 That vision so divine!
- 4 Not all the blessings of a feast
 Can please my soul so well,
 As when thy richer grace I taste,
 And in thy presence dwell.
- 5 Not life itself with all her joys,
 Can my best passions move,
 Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
 As thy forgiving love.
- 6 Thus, till my last expiring day,
 I'll bless my God and King;
 Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
 And tune my lips to sing!

124. DR. WATTS.

For the Lord's-Day Morning.

- 1 **L**ORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To Thee will I direct my pray'r,
To Thee lift up mine eye.
- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.
- 5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make ev'ry path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

125. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 511.)

The Lord's Day; or Christ's Resurrection, and our Salvation.
Psalm cxviii. 24—26.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread
And all his wonders tell.

- 3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heav'ns in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praise.

126. P. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 478.)

A Psalm for the Lord's Day. Psalm xcii. 1.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To shew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!
- 4 But O, what triumphs shall I raise
To thy dear name through endless days!
When in the realms of joy I see
Thy face in full felicity!

127, 128.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 5 Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more:
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.
- 6 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desir'd or wish'd below;
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy!

127. S. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 626.)

The Lord's Day; or Delight in Ordinances.

- 1 **W**ELCOME sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!
- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss!

128. L. M. J STENNETT.

The Sabbath.

- 1 **A**NOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my Soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has bless'd.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.

- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none, but he that feels it, knows.
- 4 This heavenly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 5 With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In various scenes, both old and new;
With praise, we think on mercies past,
With hope, we future pleasures taste.
- 6 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

BEFORE SERMON.

129. (O. B. 330.)

Reading or hearing the Scriptures.

- 1 **O** God of wisdom, God of might,
Great ruler in the realms of light;
Whose truths are hid from prudent eyes,
But make the babe and suckling wise;
Help thy unknowing servants, Lord,
To understand thy sacred word!
- 2 Reveal the scriptures to our mind,
Here let us heav'nly treasure find;
To us the sacred leaves unfold,
Let us thy richest grace behold;
O let thy Spirit lead us forth,
And teach us all its endles worth!

- 3 Direct us lest we judge amiss,
 Lest error cloud the hidden bliss:
 We would th' ingrafted word receive,
 And back to thee the glory give;
 O make us know, O make us hear,
 The glorious tidings treasur'd there!

130. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 480.)

Attention to the Word of God pressed on Hearers. Psalm xcv.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
 And in his strength rejoice:
 When his salvation is our theme,
 Exalted be our voice.
- 2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
 And psalms of honour sing;
 The Lord's a God of boundless might,
 The whole creation's King.
- 3 Let princes hear, let angels know
 How mean their natures seem;
 Those Gods on high, and Gods below,
 When once compar'd with him.
- 4 Earth with its caverns dark and deep,
 Lies in his spacious hand;
 He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,
 And where the hills must stand.
- 5 Come, and with humble souls adore:
 Come, bow before his face:
 O may the creatures of his pow'r
 Be children of his grace!
- 6 Now is the time he bends his ear,
 And waits for your request:
 Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,
 "Ye shall not see my rest."

131. S. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 481.)

Importance of Attention. Psalm xcv.

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
The universal King.
- 2 He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.
- 5 But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race;
- 6 The Lord, in vengeance drest,
Will lift his hand and swear,
"You that despise my promis'd rest,
"Shall have no portion there."

132. MR. S. DEACON.

The House of God.

- 1 THIS is the house of God, and here
I come to meet the Lord:
O how shall I my heart prepare,
And treasure up his word?

- 2 I'll put my carnal thoughts away,
 And strict attention give,
 To what the God of truth shall say,
 That I may hear and live.

133. MR. S. DEACON.

Longing to serve God acceptably. Psalm xix. 14.

- 1 **N**OW to Jehovah I approach,
 The Monarch of the skies;
 O may my words and thoughts be such
 As he will not despise!
- 2 Hypocrisy is what he hates,
 And I detest it too:
 Lord, I would bring within thy gates,
 A heart devout and true.
- 3 My great Redeemer, and my strength,
 'Tis my desire to be,
 Throughout my life, (whate'er the length,)
 Acceptable to thee.

134. MR. S. DEACON.

Psalm xciii. 5.

- 1 **H**OLINESS becomes thy house,
 O my God, for evermore;
 I would put it to that use;
 Worship in it and adore.
- 2 Once it was a den of thieves,
 Who had rather trade than pray:
 Holy God, my spirit grieves—
 Let it not be so to-day.
- 3 May I give attention here,
 To thy ever blessed word;
 And at last through grace appear,
 In the palace of my Lord.

135. MR. S. DEACON.

Liberty of Access.

- 1 **I**S this thy tabernacle, Lord,
And art thou here to-day?
And may I come to hear thy word,
To sing thy praise and pray?
- 2 May I approach thy mercy-seat,
And be accepted there;
And lay my sorrows at thy feet,
In confidence and pray'r?
- 3 What grace, what condescending grace,
Dost thou afford to me:
With gratitude, with thankfulness,
Lord I approach to thee!

136. MR. S. DEACON.

The Privilege of Public Worship.

- 1 **B**LEST be the Lord, that he once more
Enables us to meet;
To praise his name, and humbly pour
Our sorrows at his feet.
- 2 Might but the souls in hell enjoy,
A privilege like this;
How would they all with ardour fly,
To seize the offer'd bliss!
- 3 But we the privilege enjoy,
Those wretches can't obtain;
But who can say, that you, or I,
Shall this enjoy again?
- 4 Then let us cheerfully embrace,
The favour God bestows;
That we through his abounding grace,
May shun eternal woes.

137, 138.

BEFORE SERMON.

- 5 And at the last triumphant rise,
To happy realms above;
And all the bliss above the skies,
In full fruition prove.

137. MR. S. DEACON:

Call for Attention.

- 1 **N**OW let us all our hearts prepare,
To hear God's holy word;
And well remember, while we're here,
We're present with the Lord.
- 2 Let no perplexing worldly care,
Attract the busy mind,
Nor prejudice our hearts ensnare,
Or understanding blind.
- 3 But while our moments pass away,
Devout attention give;
The great Jehovah calls to-day—
'Hear, and your souls shall live.'

138. MR. S. DEACON.

The Great Feast. Luke xiv. 17.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH has a feast prepar'd,
And sends in urgent haste,
He calls, invites, demands you all
To this delightful feast.
- 2 Come, hungry, poor, and starving souls,
And you will find it true;
Behold, the Lamb of God is slain,
To make a feast for you!
- 3 Trifle no longer with the Lord,
But now, directly come,
And prove his rich and boundless love,
While Jesus says, 'there's room.'

139. MR. S. DEACON.

Another.

- 1 **A**ND doth the Lord of Glory say,
'Compel them to come in?'
Then let us cheerfully obey
A mandate so divine.
- 2 Let all who hear the Saviour's word,
Their vanities forsake;
And humbly press around the board,
And of his grace partake.
- 3 The God of heav'n would not invite,
And urge you to come in,
If it were his supreme delight,
That you should die in sin.

140. MR. S. DEACON.

Hear ye him. Matt. xvii. 5.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour calls, let ev'ry ear
Be all attention, swift to hear;
He can a world of bliss bestow,
Or plunge us in a world of woe.
- 2 Faith comes by hearing; let us then
So hear, that we may faith obtain;
That at the last we may be found,
With life, and peace, and glory crown'd.

141. MR. S. DEACON.

Yet there is Room. Luke xiv. 22.

- 1 **'Y**ET there is room,' the Saviour says,
And well the Saviour knew;
Fly to the arms of sov'reign grace,
And you shall find it true.

- 2 Let oxen, farms, and merchandise,
 Enjoy a rest to-day;
 While you the blessed Saviour's voice
 With gratitude obey.

142. MR. S. DEACON.

Take heed how ye hear. Luke viii. 18.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour speaks, let ev'ry ear
 Devout attention give;
 Take heed how you the Gospel hear,
 That you may learn and live.
- 2 Soon will the Saviour come again
 In terrible array;
 We all must hear his accents then,
 And then we must obey.
- 3 How will you stand before his face,
 If you the gospel slight?
 O! hear it, and the truth embrace,
 Then meet him with delight.

143. MR. S. DEACON.

Divine Mercy in continued Privileges.

- 1 **A**ND are we once again
 Permitted to appear?
 And will the Saviour entertain
 Unworthy sinners here?
- 2 'Tis wondrous grace indeed
 Which keeps us out of hell,
 And gives us liberty to read
 Our heav'nly Father's will.
- 3 Then lend a willing ear
 To what the Saviour saith,
 And see the blessed truths you hear,
 Are intermix'd with faith.

4 Then from the sacred word,
 A blessing you'll obtain :
 For none shall ever seek the Lord
 In earnest and in vain.

144. C. M. Dr. WATTS. (O. B. 383.)

*Desertion and Hope ; or Complaint of Absence from Public Wor-
 ship. Psalm xlii. 1—5.*

- 1 **W**ITH earnest longings of the mind,
 My God, to thee I look ;
 So pants the hunted hart to find
 And taste the cooling brook.
- 2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,
 And meet my God again ?
 So long an absence from thy face,
 My heart endures with pain.
- 3 Temptations vex my weary soul,
 And tears are my repast ;
 The foe insults without controul,
 ' And where's your God at last ?'
- 4 'Tis with a mournful pleasure now,
 I think on ancient days ;
 Then to thy house did numbers go,
 And all our work was praise.
- 5 But why's my soul sunk down so far
 Beneath this heavy load ?
 Why do my thoughts indulge despair,
 And sin against my God ?
- 6 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
 Can all thy woes remove ;
 For I shall yet before him stand,
 And sing restoring love.

145. L. M. Dr. WATTS's Sermons. (O. B. 444.)

Appearance before God here and hereafter, or Delight in Worship.
Psalm xlii. 2.

- 1 **W**HILE I am banish'd from thy house,
I mourn in secret, Lord :
' When shall I come and pay my vows,
' And hear thy holy word ?'
- 2 So while I dwell in bonds of clay,
Methinks my soul should groan :
' When shall I wing my heav'nly way,
' And stand before thy throne ?'
- 3 I love to see my Lord below,
His church displays his grace :
But upper worlds his glory know,
And view him face to face.
- 4 I love to worship at his feet,
Though sin attack me there :
But saints exalted near his seat,
Have no assaults to fear.
- 5 I'm pleas'd to meet him in his courts,
And taste his heav'nly love :
But still I think his visits short,
Or I too soon remove.
- 6 He shines, and gives my soul delight,
And takes away my pain ;
When shall I see the realms of light,
And with my Saviour reign ?

146. C.M. Mr. WESLEY. (O. B. 334.)

Looking to God through Christ.

1 **L**O! to the hills I lift my eyes,
 Thy promis'd help I claim;
 Father of mercies, glorify
 Thy fav'rite Jesu's name.

2 Salvation in that name is found,
 Balm of my grief and care;
 A med'cine for my ev'ry wound,
 All, all I want is there.

147. DR. WATTS.

Sinai and Sion. Heb. xii. 18, &c.

1 **N**OT to the terrors of the Lord,
 The tempest, fire, and smoke;
 Not to the thunder of that word
 Which God on Sinai spoke;

2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
 The city of our God,
 Where milder words declare his will,
 And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable host
 Of angels, cloth'd in light!
 Behold the spirits of the just,
 Whose faith is turn'd to sight!

4 Behold the bless'd assembly there,
 Whose names are writ in heav'n!
 And God, the judge of all, declares
 Their vilest sins forgiv'n.

5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
 But one communion make;
 All join in Christ, their living head,
 And of his grace partake.

148, 149. BEFORE SERMON.

- 6 In such society as this,
My weary soul would rest :
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be for ever blest.

148. DR. RIPPON.

Lord's Day Evening.

- 1 **F**REQUENT the day of God returns
To shed its quick'ning beams :
And yet how slow devotion burns !
How languid are its flames !
- 2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive ;
We would be like thy saints above,
And praise thee while we live.
- 3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The sabbath ne'er shall end ;
- 4 Where we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine ;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine ;
- 5 Where we, in high seraphic strains,
Shall all our powers employ ;
Delighted range the ethereal plains,
And take our fill of joy !

149. DR. WATTS.

Lamenting Unfruitfulness and Ignorance under divine Ordinances.

- 1 **L**ONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord ;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word ?

2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain;
How small a portion of thy grace
My mem'ry can retain!

3 [My dear Almighty, and my God,
How little art thou known
By all the judgments of thy rod,
And blessings of thy throne!]

4 [How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!]

5 Great God! thy sov'reign pow'r impart
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

Shew my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.]

150. L. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 219.)

The eternal Sabbath.

L ORD of the sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thine house;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy temples rise.

Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire
With cheerful hope, and strong desire.

- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which dwell upon immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms of angry foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, nor clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon!
- 5 O long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of pain and sin;
Our souls would leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

151. S. M. (O. B. 331.)

After Sermon.

- 1 **W**ITH heart and voice unfeign'd,
We praise thee for thy word;
We bless thee for the joyful news
Of our redeeming Lord.
- 2 Like as the kindly rain
Returns not back to heaven,
But cheers and fruitful makes the earth,
The end for which 'twas given.
- 3 Water thy sacred seed,
And give it large increase!
Let neither fowls, nor rocks, nor thorns,
Hinder the fruits of peace.

152. DR. RIPPON.

At Dismission.

- 1 **L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us!
Travelling thro' this wilderness.

- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound,
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound :
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found !
- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
 Us from earth to call away ;
 Borne on Angel's wings to heaven,
 Glad to leave our cumb'rous clay,
 May we ready,
 Rise and reign in endless day !

153. -

- 1 **L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Bid us now depart in peace :
 Still on gospel manna feeding,
 Pure seraphic love increase.
- 2 Fill each breast with consolation,
 While to thee our songs we raise :
 When we reach the blissful station,
 We will give thee nobler praise.

Chorus.—And sing hallelujah
 To God and the Lamb,
 For ever and ever.
 Hallelujah! Amen.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

154. (O. B. 166.)

Going to a new Habitation.

- 1 GREAT God, where'er we pitch our tent,
Let us an altar raise;
And there, with humble frame, present
Our sacrifice of praise.
- 2 To thee we give our health and strength,
While health and strength shall last,
For future mercies humbly trust,
Nor e'er forget the past.

155. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 165.)

Family Devotion.

- 1 FATHER of men, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our family with peace:
From thee they spring, and, by thy hand,
Their root and branches are sustain'd.
- 2 To God, most worthy to be prais'd;
Be our domestic altars rais'd;
Who, Lord of heav'n, scorns not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell!
- 3 To thee let each united house,
Morning and night, present its vows;
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts and thy grace.
- 4 O may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name;
While, pleas'd and thankful, we remove
To join the family above!

156. S. M. (O. B. 167.)

Prayer for Infants; or Children, day by day, given to God.

1 GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend
To thy victorious grace.

2 O, what a vast delight
Their happiness to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.

3 Dear Lord, thy spirit pour
Upon our infant seed,
O bring the long'd for happy hour
That makes them thine indeed!

4 May they receive thy word,
Confess the Saviour's name,
Then follow their despised Lord
Through the baptismal stream.

5 Then let our favour'd race
Surround thy sacred board,
There to adore thy sov'reign grace,
And sing their dying Lord.

157. C. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 168.)

Christ's Regard to little Children. Mark x. 14.

1 SEE Israel's gentle shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms:
Hark how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 'Permit them to approach,' he cries,
'Nor scorn their humble name,
'For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
'The Lord of angels came.'

- 3 We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be!
- 4 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

158. C.M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 418.)

Pious Education and Instruction of Children. Psalm lxxviii.
First Part.

- 1 **L**ET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God perform'd of old;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.
- 2 He bids us make his glories known;
His works of pow'r and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through ev'ry rising race.
- 3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs;
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.
- 4 Thus they shall learn in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands!

SCRIPTURE.

159. L. M. DR. WATTS.

*The Book of Nature and of Scripture compared; or, the Glory
and Success of the Gospel. Psalm xix.*

- 1 **T**HE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord;
In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth begun its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till thro' the world thy truth has run:
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness arise,
Bless the dark world with heav'nly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd, and sins forgiv'n:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heav'n.

160. S. M.

The Book of Nature and Scripture. Psalm xix.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the lofty sky
Declares its maker God,
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his pow'r abroad.
- 2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.
- 3 In ev'ry diff'rent land
Their gen'ral voice is known;
They shew the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.
- 4 Ye British lands rejoice;
Here he reveals his word:
We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.
- 5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes;
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.
- 6 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit;
His promises for ever sure,
And his rewards are great.
- 7 [Not honey to the taste
Affords so much delight;
Nor gold that has the furnace past
So much allures the sight,
- 8 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praise, my God, my king,
In my Redeemer's name.]

161. S. M.

God's Word most excellent. Psalm xix.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams thro' all the nations run,
And life and light convey.
But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light,
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just:
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.
- 4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions giv'n!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heav'n.

162. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 565.)

The Holy Scriptures a great Blessing. Heb. i. 1, 2. Tim. iii. 15, 16. Psalm cxlvii. 19, 20.

- 1 **G**OD, who in various methods told
His mind and will to saints of old,
Sent his own Son with truth and grace,
To teach us in these latter days.
- 2 Our nation reads the written word,
That book of life, that sure record:
The bright inheritance of heav'n
Is by the sweet conveyance giv'n.
- 3 God's kindest thoughts are here express'd,
Able to make us wise and bless'd;
The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof and comfort too.

- 4 Ye British isles, who read his love
In long epistles from above,
(He hath not sent his sacred word
To ev'ry land) praise ye the Lord.

163. L.M. MR. BEDDOME. (O. B. 19.)

The Usefulness of the Scriptures. Psalm xix.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel through the desert pass'd,
A fiery pillar went before,
To guide them through the dreary waste,
And lessen the fatigues they bore.
- 2 Such is thy glorious word, O God,
'Tis for our light and guidance given;
It sheds a lustre all abroad,
And points the path to bliss and heaven.
- 3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
And quickens its inactive powers,
It sets our wand'ring footsteps right,
Displays thy love, and kindles ours.
- 4 Its promises rejoice our hearts,
Its doctrines are divinely true;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts,
It comforts and instructs us too.
- 5 Ye British isles who have this word,
Ye saints, who feel its saving power,
Unite your tongues to praise the Lord,
And his distinguish'd grace adore!

164. Mr. FELLOWS. (O. B. 21.)

P. M.

- 1 **T**HE law of the Lord is worthy our songs;
It is to his word our safety belongs:
For to its perfection all wisdom we owe,
And by its direction we're guided below.

- 2 The simple may learn where happiness lies,
 Their errors discern, and quickly grow wise,
 The saints from this fountain refreshment may
 gain,
 And firm as a mountain their faith shall remain.

165. C. M. STEELE. (O. B. 22.)

The Excellency and Sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy word
 What endless glory shines!
 For ever be thy name ador'd
 For these celestial lines!
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
 Exhaustless riches find;
 Riches above what earth can grant,
 And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
 And yields a free repast,
 Sublimier sweets than nature knows,
 Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
 Spreads heav'nly peace around;
 And life and everlasting joys
 Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 O may these heavenly pages be
 Our ever dear delight!
 And still new beauties may we see
 And still increasing light!
- 6 Divine instructor, gracious Lord!
 Be thou for ever near,
 Teach us to love thy sacred word
 And view our Saviour there!

166. C. M. DR. WATTS. - (O. B. 515.)

Instruction from Scripture. Psalm cxix.

Ver. 9.

- 1 **H**OW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

Ver. 130.

- 2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

Ver. 105.

- 3 'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light,
That guides us all the day:
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

Ver. 99, 100.

- 4 The men that keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

Ver. 89, 90, 91.

- 5 [The starry heav'ns thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place,
And these thy servants, night and day,
Thy skill and pow'r express.
- 6 But still thy law and gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine:
Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.]

Ver. 162, 140, 9, 16.

- 7 Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

167. C. M. DR. WATTS.

The Sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures.

- 1 **L**ADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord!
And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.
- 2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in ev'ry page.
- 3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes that pearl his own.
- 4 Here consecrated water flows
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair Tree of Knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.
- 5 This is the judge that ends the strife
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life
Thro' all this gloomy vale.
- 6 O, may thy counsels, mighty God!
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand!

168. S. M. DR. WATTS.

The Law and Gospel joined in Scripture.

- 1 **T**HE Lord declares his will,
And keeps the world in awe!
Amidst the smoke on Sinai's hill,
Breaks out his fiery law !
- 2 The Lord reveals his face,
And smiling from above,
Sends down the gospel of his grace,
Th' epistles of his love.
- 3 These sacred words impart
Our Maker's just commands;
The pity of his melting heart,
And vengeance of his hands,
- 4 [Hence we awake our fear,
We draw our comfort hence,
The arms of grace are treasur'd here,
And armour of defence.
- 5 We learn Christ crucified,
And here behold his blood ;
All arts and knowledges beside
Will do us little good.]
- 6 We read the heav'nly word,
We take the offer'd grace,
Obey the statutes of the Lord,
And trust his promises.
- 7 In vain shall Satan rage
Against a book divine,
Where wrath and lightning guard the page,
Where beams of mercy shine.

169. L. M. MR. BEDDOME. (O. B. 23.)

Scripture Discoveries and Efficacy.

1 **G**OD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known :
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners of an humble frame
May taste his grace, and learn his name;
'Tis writ in characters of blood,
Severely just, immensely good.

3 Here Jesus, in ten thousand ways,
His soul attracting charms displays,
Recounts his poverty and pains,
And tells his love in melting strains.

4 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
Its influence makes the sinner live,
It bids the drooping saint revive.

5 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.

6 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye,
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage!

170. C. M. MR. FAWCETT. (O. B. 18.)

The Scripture a Source of Knowledge and Comfort.

Psalm cxix. 105.

HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

171.

SCRIPTURE.

- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears:
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day!

171. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 517.)

*Benefit of Afflictions, and Support under them from the Word of
God. Pl. cxix. 153, 81, 82.*

- 1 **C**ONSIDER, all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliv'rance send;
My soul for thy salvation faints,
When will my troubles end!

Ver. 17.

- 2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.

Ver. 50.

- 3 This is the comfort I enjoy,
When new distress begins!
I read thy word, I run thy way,
And hate my former sins.

Ver. 92.

- 4 Had not thy word been my delight,
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul, oppress'd with sorrow's weight;
Had sunk among the dead.

Ver. 75.

- 5 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
 Though they may seem severe;
 The sharpest suff'rings I endure
 Flow from my faithful care.

Ver. 67.

- 6 Before I knew thy chast'ning rod
 My feet were apt to stray;
 But now I learn to keep thy word,
 Nor wander from thy way.

172. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 516.)

The Word of God is the Saint's Portion; or, the Excellency and Variety of Scripture. Ps. cxix. lxxi.

- 1 **L**ORD, I have made thy word my choice,
 My lasting heritage;
 There shall my noblest pow'rs rejoice,
 My warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,
 And keep thy laws in sight,
 While through the promises I rove
 With ever fresh delight.
- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
 Where springs of life arise,
 Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
 And hidden glory lies.
- 4 The best relief that mourners have,
 It makes our sorrows blest;
 Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
 And our eternal rest.

GOSPEL.

173. C. M. (O. B. 336.)

Salvation.

1 **S**ALVATION! O the joyful sound!
 What pleasure to our ears!
 A sov'reign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
 At hell's dark door we lay;
 But we arise by grace divine,
 To see a heav'nly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

4 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
 To thee the praise belongs;
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.

174. S. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 427.)

Salvation by Grace. Eph. ii. 5.

1 **G**RACE! 'tis a charming sound:
 Harmonious to my ear;
 Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
 And God rejoice to hear.

2 Grace first contriv'd the way
 To save rebellious man;
 And all the steps that grace display,
 Which drew the wond'rous plan.

- 3 Grace taught my wand'ring feet,
To tread the heav'nly road;
And new supplies I hourly meet,
While pressing home to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

175. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 578.)

Salvation by Grace. Titus iii. 3—7.

- 1 [L ORD, we confess our num'rous faults,
How great our guilt has been;
Foolish, and vain, were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.
- 2 But, O my soul! for ever praise,
For ever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.]
- 3 [Tis not by works of righteousness,
Which our own hands have done;
But we are sav'd by sov'reign grace
Abounding through his Son.]
- 4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the water and the blood,
Our souls are wash'd from sin.
- 5 'Tis through the purchase of his death,
Who hung upon the tree,
The spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.
- 6 Rais'd from the dead, we live anew;
And, justify'd by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our father's face.

176. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 1.)

God's Love to the World, in sending Christ for its Redemption.
John iii. 16.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord a new melodious song:
 Assist the choir, ye tribes of ev'ry tongue:
 Wide as the world his sov'reign mercy reigns:
 Wide as the world resound the rapt'rous strains,
 Ye angels, join the joyful acclamation,
 And sing the love that brings to men salvation!
- 2 His gracious eye beheld in full survey,
 Where Adam's race in mingled ruin lay:
 No human aid the danger could avert,
 No angel's hand could soothe the raging smart;
 In his own breast divine compassion rises,
 And the grand scheme the court of heav'n sur-
 prises.
- 3 God's only Son with peerless glories bright,
 His Father's fairest image and delight,
 Justice and grace the victim have decreed,
 To wear our flesh, and in that flesh to bleed.
 Prostrate in dust, ye sinners, all adore him,
 And tremble while your hearts rejoice before
 him!
- 4 The wond'rous work is done; the cov'nant stood,
 And Jesus expiates human guilt with blood;
 Nail'd to the tree, he bows his sacred head,
 A mangled corpse, he sojourns with the dead;
 Rising, he sends his word through ev'ry nation;
 Sinners believe, and gain complete salvation.
- 5 Father of grace, accept our humble praise!
 O let it run through everlasting days!
 And thou, blest Saviour, spotless Lamb of God,
 Accept the souls dear ransom'd with thy blood!
 And to those songs form all our feeble voices,
 In which the choir round thy bright throne re-
 joices.

177. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 579.)

The Love of God in sending his Son. John iii. 16, 17.

- 1 **N**OT to condemn the sons of men,
 Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;
 No weapons in his hands are seen,
 No flaming sword, nor thunder there.
- 2 Such was the pity of our God,
 He lov'd the race of men so well,
 He sent his Son to bear our load
 Of sins, and save our souls from hell.
- 3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,
 Trust in his mighty name and live;
 A thousand joys his lips afford,
 His hands a thousand blessings give.

178. L. M. DR. WATTS.

Angels punished, and Men saved.

- 1 **F**ROM heav'n the sinning angels fell,
 And wrath, and darkness, chain'd them
 But man, vile man, forsook his bliss, [down;
 And mercy lifts him to a crown.
- 2 Amazing work of sov'reign grace,
 That could distinguish rebels so!
 Our guilty treasons call'd aloud
 For everlasting fetters too.
- 3 To thee, to thee, almighty love!
 Our souls, ourselves, our all we pay:
 Millions of tongues shall sound thy praise
 On the bright hills of heav'nly day.

179. PRESIDENT DAVIES. (O. B. 50.)

The Pardoning God. Micah vii. 18.

- 1 GREAT God of wonders! all thy ways
Are matchless, godlike, and divine;
But the fair glories of thy grace
More godlike, and unrivall'd, shine;
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 2 Crimes of such horror to forgive,
Such guilty daring worms to spare,
This is thy grand prerogative,
And none shall in the honour share.
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 3 Angels and men resign your claim
To pity, mercy, love, and grace,
These glories crown Jehovah's name
With an incomparable blaze.
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 4 In wonder lost, with trembling joy,
We take the pardon of our God,
Pardon for crimes of deepest die,
A pardon seal'd with Jesu's blood.
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 5 O may this strange, this matchless grace,
This god-like miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,
And all th' angelic choirs above!
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

180. L. M. DR. GIBBONS. (O. B. 51.)

Divine Forgiveness. Luke vii. 47.

- 1 **F**ORGIVENESS! 'tis a joyful sound
 To malefactors doom'd to die;
 Publish the bliss the world around;
 Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky!
- 2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine,
 'Tis full, out-measuring ev'ry crime;
 Unclouded shall its glories shine,
 And feel no change by changing time.
- 3 O'er sins unnumber'd as the sand,
 And like the mountains for their size,
 The seas of sov'reign grace expand,
 The seas of sov'reign grace arise.
- 4 For this stupendous love of heav'n,
 What grateful honours shall we shew?
 Where much transgression is forgiv'n,
 Let love in equal ardour glow.
- 5 By this inspir'd, let all our days
 With various holiness be crown'd;
 Let truth and goodness, pray'r and praise,
 In all abide, in all abound.

181. L. M. MR. STODDON. (O. B. 52.)

God ready to forgive, or Despair sinful.

- 1 **W**HAT mean these jealousies and fears?
 As if the Lord was loth to save,
 Or lov'd to see us drench'd in tears,
 And sink with sorrow to the grave.
- 2 Does he want slaves to grace his throne,
 Or rules he by an iron rod?
 Loves he the deep despairing groan?
 Is he a tyrant, or a God?

- 3 Not all the sins which we have wrought,
 So much his tender bowels grieve,
 As this unkind injurious thought,
 That he's unwilling to forgive.
- 4 What, though our crimes are black as night,
 Or glowing like the crimson morn?
 Immanuel's blood will make them white,
 As snow through the pure ether borne.
- 5 Lord, 'tis amazing grace we own,
 And well may rebel worms surprise;
 But was not thy incarnate Son
 A most amazing sacrifice?
- 6 'I've found a ransom,' saith the Lord,
 'No humble penitent shall die;
 Lord! we would now believe thy word,
 And thy unbounded mercy try!

182. C.M. DR. WATTS.

Sufficiency of Pardon.

- 1 **W**HY does your face, ye humble souls,
 Those mournful colours wear?
 What doubts are these that waste your faith,
 And nourish your despair?
- 2 What tho' your num'rous sins exceed
 The stars that fill the skies,
 And aiming at th' eternal throne,
 Like pointed mountains rise.
- 3 What tho' your mighty guilt beyond
 The wide creation swell,
 And has its curs'd foundations laid
 Low as the deeps of hell.
- 4 See here an endless ocean flows
 Of never-failing grace!
 Behold a dying Saviour's veins
 The sacred flood increase!

- 5 It rises high, and drowns the hills,
Has neither shore nor bound:
Now, if we search to find our sins,
Our sins can ne'er be found.
- 6 Awake, our hearts, adore the grace
That buries all our faults,
And pard'ning blood, that swells above
Our follies and our thoughts!

183. Sevens. (O. B. 49.)

Redeeming Love.

- 1 **N**OW begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesu's name:
Ye, who his salvation prove
Triumph in redeeming love!
- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love!
- 3 Mourning souls dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love!
- 4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin.
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love!

184. (O. B. 49.)

The same continued.

WELCOME all by sin opprest,
Welcome to eternal rest;
Would you dwell in heaven above,
Now behold redeeming love!

- 2 When his spirit leads us home;
 When we to his glory come,
 We shall all the fulness prove,
 Of our Lord's redeeming love.
- 3 He subdu'd th' infernal powers,
 Those tremendous foes of ours,
 From their cursed empire drove;
 Mighty in redeeming love.
- 4 Hither, then, your music bring,
 Strike aloud each cheerful string.
 Mortals join the host above,
 Join to praise redeeming love!

185. L. M. DR. WATTS.

The Law and Gospel distinguished.

- 1 **T**HE law commands and makes us know
 What duties to our God we owe;
 But 'tis the gospel must reveal,
 Where lies our strength to do his will.
- 2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
 And shews how vile our hearts have been,
 Only the gospel can express
 Forgiving love and cleansing grace.
- 3 What curses doth the law denounce
 Against the man that fails but once?
 But in the gospel Christ appears,
 Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.
- 4 My soul, no more attempt to draw
 Thy life and comfort from the law;
 Fly to the hope the gospel gives,
 The man that trusts the promise lives,

186. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 578.)

Justification by Faith, not by Works. Rom. iii. 19—22.

1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
 On their own works have built:
 Their hearts by nature all unclean,
 And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
 Without a murm'ring word,
 And the whole race of Adam stand
 Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
 To justify us now,
 Since to convince, and to condemn,
 Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
 When in thy name we trust,
 Our faith receives a righteousness
 That makes the sinner just.

187. C. M. DR. WATTS'S Sermons. (O. B. 445.)

A rational Defence of the Gospel. Rom. i. 16.

1 SHALL Atheists dare t' insult the cross
 Of our Redeemer-God?
 Shall Infidels reproach his laws,
 Or trample on his blood?

2 What if he chuse mysterious ways
 To take away our faults?
 May not the works of sov'reign grace
 Transcend our feeble thoughts?

3 What if his gospel bid us fight
 With flesh, and sense, and sin?
 The prize is most divinely bright,
 That we are call'd to win.

- 4 What if the foolish and the poor,
His glorious grace partake?
This but confirms the truth the more,
For so the prophets spake.
- 5 Do some that own his sacred name,
Indulge themselves in sin?
Jesus shall never bear the blame;
His laws are pure and clean.
- 6 Then let our faith grow firm and strong;
Our lips profess his word:
Nor blush, nor fear to walk among
The men that love the Lord.

188. L. M. DR. WATTS'S Sermons. (O. B. 446.)

The Gospel the Power of God to Salvation. Rom. i. 16.

- 1 **W**HAT shall the dying sinner do,
That seeks relief from all his woe?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of his mind?
- 2 How shall we get our sins forgiv'n?
Or form our natures meet for heav'n?
Can souls all o'er defil'd with sin
Make their own pow'rs or passions clean?
- 3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
'Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh:
'Tis there such pow'r and glory dwell,
As saves rebellious souls from hell.
- 4 This is the pillar of our hope,
This bears our fainting spirits up:
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.
- 5 Let men or angels dig the mines
Where nature's golden treasure shines!
Brought near the doctrine of the cross,
All nature's gold appears but dross.

- 6 Should vile blasphemers with disdain,
Pronounce the truths of Jesus vain;
I'll meet the scandal and the shame,
And sing and triumph in his name.

189. C. M. DR. WATTS'S Sermons. (O. B. 447.)

None excluded from Hope, Rom. i. 16.

- JESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak:
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And heal the dying Greek.
- 2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
Doth thy salvation flow:
'Tis not confin'd to sex or age,
The lofty, or the low.
- 3 While grace is offer'd to the prince,
The poor may take his share:
No mortal hath a just pretence
To perish in despair.
- 4 Be wise, ye men of strength and wit,
Nor boast your native pow'rs!
But to his sov'reign grace submit,
And glory shall be yours.
- 5 Come, all ye vilest sinners, come,
He'll form your souls anew!
His gospel, and his heart, have room
For rebels such as you.
- 6 His doctrine is almighty love!
There's virtue in his name,
To turn the raven to a dove,
The lion to a lamb.

190. C. M. DR. WATTS.

God glorified in the Gospel.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, descending from above,
Invites his children near;
While pow'r and truth, and boundless love
Display their glories here.
- 2 Here, in thy gospel's wond'rous frame,
Fresh wisdom we pursue;
A thousand angels learn thy name,
Beyond whate'er they knew.
- 3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines,
Thy wonders here we trace:
Wisdom thro' all the myst'ry shines,
And shines in Jesu's face.
- 4 Here the sweet lustre of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs,
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

191. L. M. DR. WATTS.

The Excellency of the Christian Religion.

- 1 **L**ET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour, and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.
- 2 [What if we trace the globe around,
And search from Britain to Japan,
There shall be no religion found
So just to God, so safe to Man.]
- 3 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

- 4 How well thy blessed truths agree!
 How wise and holy thy commands!
 Thy promises, how firm they be!
 How firm our hope and comfort stands!
- 5 [Not the feign'd fields of heath'nish bliss
 Could raise such pleasure in the mind;
 Nor does the Turkish paradise
 Pretend to joys so well refin'd.]
- 6 Should all the forms that men devise,
 Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
 I'd call them vanity and lies,
 And bind the gospel to my heart.

192. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 596.)

The Apostle's Commission. Mark xvi. 15, &c. Matt. xxviii.
 18, &c.

- 1 'GO, preach my gospel,' saith the Lord;
 'Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
 'He shall be sav'd that trusts my word;
 'He shall be damn'd that won't believe.
- 2 'Teach all the nations my commands:
 'I'm with you till the world shall end;
 'All pow'r is trusted in my hands,
 'I can destroy, and can defend.'
- 3 He spake, and light shone round his head;
 On a bright cloud to heav'n he rode:
 They to the farthest nations spread
 The grace of their ascended God!

193. S. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 574.)

Proclamation of the Gospel. Isa. xlv. 21—25.

- 1 THE Lord on high proclaims
 His godhead from his throne;
 'Mercy and justice are the names
 'By which I will be known.

- 2 'Ye dying souls that sit
 ' In darkness and distress,
 ' Look from the borders of the pit
 ' To my recov'ring grace.'
- 3 Sinners shall hear the sound;
 Their thankful tongues shall own,
 ' Our righteousness and strength is found
 ' In thee, the Lord, alone.'
- 4 In thee shall Isr'el trust,
 And see their guilt forgiv'n:
 God will pronounce the sinners just,
 And take the saints to heav'n.

194. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 555.)

The Invitation of the Gospel. Isa. lv. 1, &c.

- 1 **L**ET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
 And ev'ry heart rejoice;
 The trumpet of the gospel sounds
 With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho! all ye hungry starving souls
 That feed upon the wind,
 And vainly strive with earthly toys
 To fill an empty mind.
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
 A soul-reviving feast,
 And bids your longing appetites
 The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
 And pine away and die;
 Here you may quench your raging thirst
 With springs that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here
 In a rich ocean join;
 Salvation in abundance flows
 Like floods of milk and wine.

- 6 Dear God! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
And boundless as our sins!
- 7 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day:
Come, sinners, here receive supplies,
And drive your wants away!

195. L. M. STEELE. (O. B. 43.)

Weary Souls invited to rest. Matt. xi. 28.

- 1 COME, weary souls, with sin distress,
Come and accept the promis'd rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
O come, and spread your woes abroad!
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.
- 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt, and ease your woes;
Pardon and life, and endless peace!
How rich the gift! how free the grace!
- 4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy pow'ful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
And sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest!

196. C. M. STEELE. (O. B. 45.)

The Saviour's Invitation. John vii. 37.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour calls—let ev'ry ear
Attend the heav'nly sound;
Ye doubting souls dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For ev'ry thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss impart
To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Ye sinners come, 'tis mercy's voice
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heav'nly joys—
And can you yet delay?
- 4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,
To thee let sinners fly;
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

197. MR. ROWLAND HILL'S Collection.
(O. B. 46.)*The Gospel Trumpet.*

- 1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow;
The joyful solemn sound,
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come:
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home!
- 2 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heav'nly grace;
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee, &c.

- 3 Jesus, our great high priest,
 A sacrifice was made:
 Ye weary spirits rest,
 Ye mourning souls be glad;
 The year of jubilee, &c.
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive:
 Secure in Jesus dwell,
 And on his fulness live;
 The year of jubilee, &c.
- 5 Extol the Lamb of God,
 The great atoning Lamb:
 Redemption in his blood
 Throughout the world proclaim;
 The year of jubilee, &c.

198. MR. ROWLAND HILL's Collection.
 (O. B. 47.)

Good Tidings.

1 O JESUS, our Lord,
 Thy name be ador'd,
 For all the rich blessings convey'd through thy word,
 The Ancient of Days
 His glory displays,
 And shines on his servants with cherishing rays!

2 The trumpet of God
 Is sounding abroad
 The language of mercy, salvation through blood.
 Thrice happy are they
 Who hear and obey,
 And share in the blessings of this gospel day!

3 This blessing be mine,
 Through favour divine;
 But, O my Redeemer, the glory be thine!
 The work is of grace,
 Thine, thine be the praise,
 And mine to adore thee, and tell of thy ways.

199. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 41.)

The Gospel Jubilee. Psalm lxxxix. 15.

- 1 **L** OUD let the tuneful trumpet sound,
 And spread the joyful tidings round,
 Let every soul with transport hear,
 And hail the Lord's accepted year.
- 2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to know,
 That you ten thousand talents owe,
 When humble at his feet you fall,
 Your gracious Lord forgives them all.
- 3 Slaves that have borne the heavy chain
 Of sin and hell's tyrannic reign,
 To liberty assert your claim,
 And urge the great Redeemer's name.
- 4 The rich inheritance of heav'n,
 Through Jesus Christ, is freely giv'n:
 Fair-Salem your arrival waits,
 With golden streets and pearly gates.
- 5 Her blest inhabitants no more,
 Bondage and poverty deplore;
 No debt, but love immensely great,
 And joy still rises with the debt.
- 6 O happy souls that know the sound!
 Celestial light their steps surround!
 And shew that jubilee begun,
 Which through eternal years shall run.

200. MR. WESLEY. (O. B. 354.)

Salvation for the Chief of Sinners through Faith. 1 Tim. i. 15.

Acts xvi. 31.

- 1 **H**OW cheering is the gospel sound!
 Salvation free in Jesu's name!
 In Jesu's blood redemption found!
 Look, sinners, to the slaughter'd Lamb!
 Look to his all-atoning death!
 Look and be sav'd from endless wrath!
- 2 Come, O my guilty brethren, come,
 Groaning beneath your load of sin;
 His bleeding heart shall make you room;
 His open'd arms shall take you in.
 He calls you now, invites you home;
 Come, O my guilty brethren, come!
- 3 For you the purple current flow'd,
 From his dear wounds, and bleeding side:
 Languish'd for you the Son of God,
 For you the Prince of Glory dy'd.
 Believe; and all your sin's forgiv'n,
 Believe, and you are heirs of heav'n.

201. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 348.)

God beseeching Sinners to be reconciled to Him. 2 Cor. v. 20.

- 1 **H**ARK how the gospel-trumpet sounds!
 'Tis a delightful voice:
 'Pris'ners of death, no longer groan;
 'Ye broken hearts, rejoice'
- 2 Pardon to sinners is proclaim'd,
 By their affronted God;
 'Tis God beseeches to accept,
 Peace made by Jesu's blood.

- 3 What answer, Lord, shall we return
To this stupendous grace?
Shall the most high, t'eternal bliss,
Beseech a ruin'd race?
- 4 When vengeance might have crush'd to death,
The poor rebellious worms,
The God of Love proposes peace
In most alluring forms.
- 5 What heart such kindness can resist,
Or spurn such wond'rous grace?
Come, sinners, hear your Maker's voice,
And take, in heaven, your place!

202. (O. B. 44.)

Room at the Gospel Feast. Luke xiv. 22.

- 1 YE dying sons of men,
Immerg'd in sin and woe,
The gospel's voice attend,
While Jesus sends to you:
Ye perishing and guilty, come
In Jesus' arms, there yet is room!
- 2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame;
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame;
All things are ready, sinners, come,
For every trembling soul there's room.
- 3 Believe the heav'nly word
His messengers proclaim;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name:
Backsliding souls, return and come,
Cast off despair, there yet is room!

- 4 Compell'd by bleeding love,
 Ye wand'ring sheep, draw near,
 Christ calls you from above,
 His charming accents hear !
 Let whosoever will now come,
 In mercy's breast there still is room.

203. C. M. STEELE. (O. B. 240.)

An Invitation to the Gospel Feast. Luke xiv. 22.

- 1 **Y**E naked, wretched, hungry, poor,
 Behold a royal feast !
 Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
 For every humble guest.
- 2 See Jesus stands with open arms,
 He calls, he bids you come;
 Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
 But see, there yet is room.—
- 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart :
 There love and pity meet;
 Nor will he bid the soul depart
 That trembles at his feet.
- 4 O come, and, with his children, taste
 The blessings of his love;
 While hope attends the sweet repast
 Of nobler joy above.
- 5 There, with united heart and voice,
 Before th' eternal throne,
 Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
 In ecstasies unknown.
- 6 And yet ten thousand thousand more,
 Are welcome still to come:
 Ye longing souls, the grace adore;
 Approach, there yet is room !

204. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 57.)

Room at the Gospel Feast. Luke xiv. 22.

- 1 **T**HE King of Heaven his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board;
Not paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.
- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life, are giv'n,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise the soul to heav'n.
- 3 Ye hungry poor, that long have stray'd
In sin's dark mazes, come;
Come from the hedges and highways,
And grace shall find you room!
- 4 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.
- 5 Yet is his house and heart so large,
That millions more may come,
Nor could the whole assembl'd world
O'er fill the spacious room.
- 6 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame:
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the founder's name!

205. (O. B. 40.)

Divine Mercy exhibited in the Gospel.

- 1 **T**HY faithfulness, Lord, each moment we
find,
So true to thy word, so loving and kind;
Thy mercy so tender to all the lost race,
The foulest offender may turn and find grace.

- 2 The mercy I feel, to others I shew:
 I set to my seal, that Jesus is true:
 Ye all may find favour, who come at his call,
 O come to my Saviour, his grace is for all!
- 3 To save what was lost, from heav'n he came:
 Come, sinners, and trust in Jesus's name!
 He offers you pardon, he bids you be free!
 "If sin is your burden, O come unto me!"

206. (O. B. 55.)

Entreaty and Expostulation.

- 1 **W**HAT could your Redeemer do
 More than he hath done for you?
 To procure you peace with God,
 Could he more than shed his blood?
 After all his waste of love,
 All his drawings from above,
 Why will ye your Lord deny?
 Why will you resolve to die?

- 2 Turn, he cries, ye sinners, turn:
 By his life, your God hath sworn,
 He would have you turn and live,
 He would all the world receive,
 If your death were his delight;
 Would he you to love invite?
 Would he ask, obtest, and cry,
 'Why will you resolve to die?'

- 3 Sinners turn, while God is near:
 Dare not think him insincere.
 Now, ev'n now, your Saviour stands,
 All day long he spreads his hands,
 Cries—ye will not happy be;
 No, ye will not come to me!
 Me, who life to none deny;
 'Why will you resolve to die?'

- 4 Can ye doubt if God is love?
 If to all his bowels move?
 Will ye not his word receive?
 Will ye not his oath believe?
 See your suff'ring Lord appears!
 Jesus weeps;—believe his tears!
 Mingled with his blood, they cry,
 “Why will you resolve to die?”

207. S. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 556.)

The Blessedness of Gospel-Times; or, the Revelation of Christ to Jews and Gentiles. Isa. lii. 7—10. Matt. xiii. 16, 17.

- 1 **H**OW beauteous are their feet
 Who stand on Zion's hill!
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,
 And words of peace reveal!
- 2 How charming is their voice!
 How sweet the tidings are!
 ‘Zion, behold thy Saviour-King,
 ‘He reigns and triumphs here.’
- 3 How happy are our ears
 That hear this joyful sound,
 Which kings and prophets waited for
 And sought, but never found.
- 4 How blessed are our eyes
 That see this heav'nly light;
 Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
 But dy'd without the sight!
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
 And tuneful notes employ;
 Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
 And desarts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm
 Through all the earth abroad;
 Let ev'ry nation now behold
 Their Saviour and their God!

208. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 344.)

*The Happiness of those who obey the Gospel. Psalm lxxxix.
15, 16.*

- 1 **B**LEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound!
Peace shall attend the paths they go,
And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name:
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.
- 3 The Lord our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives:
Israel thy king for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

209. S. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 590.)

Moses and Christ; or, the Regard due to the Gospel.

John i. 17. Heb. iii. 3, 5, 6. x. 28, 29.

- 1 **T**HE law by Moses came,
But peace, and truth, and love,
Were brought by Christ (a nobler name)
Descending from above,
- 2 Amidst the house of God
Their diff'rent works were done;
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.
- 3 Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid!
O'er all his Father's house he stands,
The sov'reign and the head.
- 4 The man that durst despise
The law that Moses brought,
Behold! how terribly he dies
For his presumptuous fault.

- 5 But sorer vengeance falls
 On that rebellious race,
 Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
 And dare resist his grace.

210. DR. RIPPON'S Collection. altered by
 J. DEACON.

Longing for the universal Spread of the Gospel.

- 1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
 See the bright, the morning star,
 Publishing to all the nations
 Light and glory from afar.
 Blessed herald!
 Usher in eternal day!
- 2 Kingdoms wide in bondage lying,
 Gall'd with massy iron chains!
 See, O Lord! the wretches dying,
 And no friend to soothe their pains!
 Blow the trumpet!
 And the jubilee proclaim!
 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
 Let the rude barbarian see,
 That divine and signal conquest
 Once obtain'd on Calvary;
 Let redemption
 Echo all the world around!
- 4 May the glorious day approaching,
 Now begin its cheerful dawn!
 Now the sun, the mountains touching,
 Gilding now, the spacious lawn.
 Happy nations!
 Rise and celebrate the day!
- 5 Heavenly dove! stretch forth thy pinions,
 Give to all the nations peace!
 Jesus, may thy wide dominions
 Hence for evermore increase!
 Hallelujah!
 Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!

CHRIST.

211. L. M. MR. JOHN FAWCETT. (O. B. 203.)

The Song of Angels. Luke ii. 8—14.

- 1 THE heav'nly hosts descend to tell
 The birth of our Immanuel;
 'Ye swains,' they cry, 'to you we bring
 'The tidings of the new-born King.'
- 2 'Glory to God,' aloud they cry;
 Glory to God, let men reply;
 Let saints below, and saints above,
 Give glory to the God of love.
- 3 The humble swains enraptur'd stand
 To hear the sweet angelic band
 Proclaim at our Redeemer's birth,
 'Glory to God, and peace on earth.'
- 4 Let every grateful bosom glow,
 And praise in lofty numbers flow;
 In sweetest strains of music, sing
 The honours of th' eternal King.
- 5 Let ardent praise, like incense, rise,
 And fill the wide extended skies!
 Since peace divine, through Christ descends,
 To bless the earth's remotest ends.

212. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 198.)

The Angel's Song at Christ's Birth. Luke ii. 13, 14.

- 1 HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
 And join th' angelic throng;
 For angels no such love have known,
 T' awake a cheerful song.

- 2 Good will to sinful men is shewn,
And peace on earth is giv'n;
For lo, th' incarnate Saviour comes
With messages from heav'n.
- 3 Justice and grace, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn;
Let heav'n and earth in concert join,
Now such a child is born.
- 4 Glory to God in highest strains,
In highest worlds be paid;
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd.
- 5 When shall we reach those blissful realms -
Where Christ immortal reigns,
And learn of the celestial choir
Their own immortal strains?

213. L. M. MR. R. ELLIOT. (O. B. 196.)

Christ's Nativity.

- A**RRIVES the long-expected morn:
Welcome, thou holy one of God;
Thanks to his name, the Saviour's born,
Born to redeem us by his blood.
- 2 He's come to do his Father's will,
He's come his people to redeem;
And ev'ry heart with gladness fill,
That trusts in God, and waits for him.
- 3 Freely he left his Father's throne,
High seat of majesty above;
And heav'n and earth shall see and own
To men, the greatness of his love.
- 4 Happy the soul that can submit
To him that cometh from above,
To bow with Mary at his feet,
And taste the sweetness of his love.

- 5 Ye happy souls that know his name,
 Who love and serve the living God;
 Gladly to all the world proclaim
 The Saviour, and his pard'ning blood.

214. C. M. MR. MEDLEY. (O. B. 205.)

The Birth of Christ. Luke ii. 14.

- 1 **M**ORTALS, awake, with angels join,
 And chant the solemn lay;
 Joy, love, and gratitude combine
 To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 In heav'n the rapt'rous song began,
 And sweet seraphic fire
 Through all the shining legions ran,
 And strung and tun'd the lyre.
- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
 And loud the echo roll'd;
 The theme, the song, the joy was new,
 'Twas more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down, through the portals of the sky,
 Th' impetuous torrent ran;
 And angels flew with eager joy
 To hear the news to man.
- 5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
 And glory leads the song;
 Good will and peace are heard throughout
 Th' harmonious heav'nly throng.
- 6 Hail, Prince of Life, for ever hail!
 Redeemer—brother—friend!
 Though life, and earth, and time should fail,
 Thy praise shall never end.

215. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 485.)

Christ's Incarnation. Psalm xcvi. 6—8.

- 1 **T**HE Lord is come; the heav'ns proclaim
 His birth; the nations learn his name;
 An unknown star directs the road
 Of eastern sages to their God.
- 2 All ye bright armies of the skies,
 Go worship where the Saviour lies;
 Angels and kings before him bow,
 Those Gods on high, and Gods below.
- 3 Let idols totter to the ground,
 And their own worshippers confound;
 But Judah shout, but Zion sing,
 And earth confess her sov'reign King.

216. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 64.)

The Redeemer's Mission. Luke iv. 18, 19.

- 1 **H**ARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promis'd long!
 Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
 And ev'ry voice a song,
- 2 On him the Spirit largely pour'd,
 Exerts its sacred fire;
 Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
 His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes the pris'ners to release,
 In Satan's bondage held,
 The gates of brass before him burst,
 The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes from thickest films of vice,
 To clear the mental ray;
 And on the eyes, oppress'd with night,
 To pour celestial day.

- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure;
 And, with the treasures of his grace,
 T' enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad *Hosannas*, Prince of Peace!
 Thy welcome shall proclaim;
 And heav'n's eternal arches ring
 With thy beloved name.

217. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 488.)

The Messiah's Coming and Kingdom. Psalm xcvi.

Second Part.

- 1 JOY to the world: the Lord is come;
 Let earth receive her King;
 Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
 And heav'n and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns;
 Let men their songs employ:
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
 Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground;
 He comes to make his blessings flow,
 Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace;
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.

218. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 624.)

Christ the Substance of the Levitical Priesthood.

- 1 THE true Messiah now appears,
 The types are all withdrawn;
 So fly the shadows and the stars
 Before the rising dawn.

- 2 No smoking sweets, nor bleeding lambs
Nor kid, nor bullock slain,
Incense and spice of costly names,
Would all be burnt in vain.
- 3 Aaron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest,
When Christ himself comes down to be
The off'ring and the priest.
- 4 He took our mortal flesh to show
The wonders of his love;
For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.
- 5 ' Father (he cries) forgive their sins,
' For I myself have died;'
And then he shews his open'd veins,
And pleads his wounded side.

219 C. M. DR. WATTS.

Christ's Commission, John iii. 16, 17.

- 1 COME, happy souls, approach your God
With new melodious songs;
Come, tender to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.
- 2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pity'd dying men,
The Father sent his first-born Son
To give them life again.
- 3 Thy hands, dear Jesus! were not arm'd
With a revenging rod,
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.
- 4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

- 5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.
- 6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offer'd grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

220. S. M. DR. WATTS.

The Same.

- 1 **R**AISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow,
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.
- 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.
- 6 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

221. MR. WESLEY. (O. B. 353.)

Christ the Friend of Sinners.

- 1 **W**HERE shall my wond'ring soul begin?
 How shall I all to heav'n aspire?
 A slave redeem'd from death and sin,
 A brand pluck'd from eternal fire?
 How shall I equal triumphs raise,
 And sing my great deliverer's praise?
- 2 O how shall I thy goodness tell,
 Father, which thou to me hast shew'd?
 That I, a child of wrath and hell,
 I should be call'd a child of God!
 Should know my every sin forgiv'n;
 Blest with the antepast of heav'n.
- 3 And shall I slight my father's love?
 Or basely fear his gifts to own,
 Unmindful of his favours prove?
 Shall I, the hallow'd cross to shun,
 Refuse to tell how good thou art,
 Or hide thy blessings in my heart.
- 4 No; though the ancient dragon rage,
 And call forth all his hosts to war,
 Though all the sons of men engage,
 Imbolden'd by thy love, I dare
 Jesus, the sinner's friend, proclaim;
 Jesus, to sinners still the same.
- 5 Let all attend the Saviour's word:
 Sinners, the gift divine receive:
 Attend the message from the Lord,
 Lift up your down-cast eyes, and live.
 Look unto Christ, and happy be,
 In time and to eternity.

222. C. M. MR. WESLEY. (O. B. 338.)

Christ worthy of Praise.

1 **O** FOR a thousand tongues to sing
 My dear Redeemer's praise!
 The glories of my God and king,
 The triumphs of his grace.

2 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 He breaks the pow'r of cancell'd sin;
 He sets the pris'ners free;
 His blood can make the foulest clean,
 His blood avail'd for me.

4 Look unto him, ye nations, own
 Your God, ye fallen race:
 Look and be sav'd thro' faith alone,
 Be justify'd by grace.

223. L. M. STEELE. (O. B. 84.)

The only Saviour. Acts iv. 12.

1 **J**ESUS, the spring of joy divine,
 Whence all our hopes and comforts flow:
 Jesus, no other name but thine
 Can save us from eternal woe.

2 In vain would boasting reason find
 The way to happiness and God;
 Here weak directions leave the mind
 Bewilder'd in a dubious road.

3 No other name will heav'n approve;
 Thou art the true, the living way,
 Ordain'd by everlasting love,
 To the bright realms of endless day.

- 4 Safe lead us through this world of night,
 And bring us to the blissful plains,
 The regions of unclouded light,
 Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

224. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 563.)

Christ superior to Moses, or, the Works of Moses and the Lamb,
 Rev. xv. 3.

- 1 **H**OW strong thine arm is, mighty God!
 Who would not fear thy name!
 Jesus, how sweet thy graces are!
 Who would not love the Lamb!
- 2 He has done more than Moses did,
 Our Prophet and our King;
 From bonds of hell he freed our souls,
 And taught our lips to sing.
- 3 In the Red Sea, by Moses' hand,
 Th' Egyptian host was drown'd;
 But his own blood hides all our sins,
 And guilt no more is found.
- 4 When through the desert Israel went,
 With manna they were fed;
 Our Lord invites us to his flesh,
 And calls it living bread.
- 5 Moses beheld the promis'd land,
 Yet never reach'd the place!
 But Christ shall bring his followers home
 To see his Father's face.
- 6 Then will our love and joy be full,
 And feel a warmer flame;
 And sweeter voices tune the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb.

225. L. M. DR. WATTS.

Glory and Grace in the Person of Christ.

- 1 **N**OW to the Lord a noble song!
 Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue:
 Hosanna to th' eternal name,
 And all his boundless love proclaim!
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
 The brightest image of his grace;
 God, in the person of his Son,
 Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood,
 Proclaim the wise and pow'rful God;
 And thy rich glories from afar,
 Sparkle in ev'ry rolling star.
- 4 But in his looks a glory stands,
 The noblest labour of thine hands:
 The pleasing lustre of his eyes
 Outshines the wonders of the skies.
- 5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
 My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name!
 Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
 Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!
- 6 Oh, may I live to reach the place
 Where he unveils his lovely face!
 Where all his beauties you behold,
 And sing his name to harps of gold!

226. C. M. DR. WATTS's Sermons. (O. B. 457.)

The Sacrifice of Christ.

- 1 **H**OW is our nature spoil'd by sin!
 Yet nature ne'er hath found
 The way to make the conscience clean,
 Or heal the painful wound.

- 2 In vain we seek for peace with God,
By methods of our own:
Jesus, there's nothing but thy blood
Can bring us near thy throne.
- 3 The threat'nings of the broken law
Impress our souls with dread:
If God his sword of vengeance draw,
It strikes our spirits dead.
- 4 But thy illustrious sacrifice
Hath answer'd these demands;
And peace and pardon from the skies
Come down by Jesus' hands.
- 5 Here all the ancient types agree,
The altar and the lamb;
And prophets, in their visions, see
Salvation through his name.
- 6 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord;
'Tis on thy cross we rest:
For ever be thy love ador'd,
Thy name for ever blest.

227. C.M. DR. WATTS'S Sermons. (O.B. 458.)

- 1 **W**HERE shall the guilty conscience go
To find a sure relief?
Can bleeding bulls or goats bestow
A balm to ease my grief?
- 2 Will popish rites and penances
Release my soul from sin?
What insufficient things are these
To calm the wrath divine!
- 3 God, the great God, who rules the skies,
The gracious and the just,
Makes his own Son a sacrifice,
And there lies all our trust.

- 4 O never let my thoughts renounce
The gospel of my God!
Where vilest crimes are cleans'd at once
In Christ's atoning blood.
- 5 Here rest my faith, and ne'er remove;
Here let repentance rise;
While I behold his bleeding love,
His dying agonies.
- 6 With shame and sorrow here I own
How great my guilt has been:
This is my way t' approach the throne,
And God forgives my sin.

228. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 381.)

Christ our Sacrifice. Psalm xl. 5—10.

- 1 **T**HE wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought,
Exceed our praise, surmount our thought;
Should I attempt the long detail,
My speech would faint, my numbers fail.
- 2 No blood of beasts on altars spilt,
Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt;
But thou hast set before our eyes
An all-sufficient sacrifice.
- 3 Lo! thy beloved Son appears!
To thy designs he bows his ears:
Assumes a body well prepar'd,
And well performs a work so hard.
- 4 "Behold, I come," (the Saviour cries,
With love and duty in his eyes)
"I come to bear the heavy load
"Of sins, and do thy will my God!"
- 5 "'Tis written in thy great decree,
"Tis in thy book foretold of me,
"I must fulfil the Saviour's part;
"And lo! thy law is in my heart.

229, 230.

CHRIST.

- 6 "The spirit shall descend and show
"What thou hast done, and what I do;
"The wond'ring world shall learn thy grace,
"Thy wisdom, and thy righteousness."

229. S. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 342.)

Faith in Christ our Sacrifice.

- 1 **N**OT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And sees her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing redeeming love.

230. MR. ROWLAND HILL'S Collection.
(O. B. 91.)

Christ the Sinner's Sacrifice.

- 1 **A**LL ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh,
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?
Our ransom and peace,
Our surety he is,
Come see if there ever was sorrow like his.

- 2 The Lord in the day
Of mercy did lay
Our sins on the Lamb, and he bore them away;
He died to atone
For sins not his own;
The Father hath punish'd for us his dear Son.
- 3 Come, lift up your eyes
At Jesus's cries,
Behold how he suffers! how patient he dies!
For sinners like me
He dies on the tree,
His death is accepted, believers are free.
- 4 With joy we approve
This wonderful love!
O wonder to all both below and above!
Love mov'd him to die,
This therefore we cry,
Our Jesus hath lov'd us, we cannot say why.
- 5 But this we can tell,
He lov'd us so well,
By losing his life, he redeem'd us from hell:
He ransom'd our race;
O how shall we praise,
Or worthily sing his unspeakable grace!

231. L. M. DR. WATTS.

The Sacrifice of Christ.

- 1 **B**LOOD has a voice to pierce the skies;
Revenge, the blood of Abel cries:
But the dear stream, when Christ was slain,
Speaks peace as loud from ev'ry vein.
- 2 Pardon and peace from God on high;
Behold, he lays his vengeance by;
And rebels that deserve his sword,
Become the fav'rites of the Lord.

- 3 To Jesus let our praises rise,
 Who gave his life a sacrifice;
 Now he appears before his God,
 And, for our pardon, pleads his blood.

232. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 412.)

Christ's Obedience and Death; or, God glorified, and Sinners saved. Psalm lxi. Third Part.

- 1 **F**ATHER, I sing thy wond'rous grace,
 I'll bless my Saviour's name,
 He brought salvation to the poor,
 And bore the sinner's shame.
- 2 His deep distress has rais'd us high,
 His duty and his zeal
 Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke,
 And finish'd all thy will.
- 3 His dying groans, his living songs,
 Shall better please my God,
 Than harp or trumpet's solemn sound,
 Than goats' or bullocks' blood.
- 4 This shall his humble followers see,
 And set their hearts at rest;
 They, by his death, draw near to thee,
 And live for ever blest.
- 5 Let heav'n, and all that dwell on high,
 To God their voices raise,
 While lands and seas assist the sky,
 And join t' advance his praise.
- 6 Zion is thine, most holy God!
 Thy Son shall bless her gates,
 And glory promis'd through his blood,
 For thy own Isr'el waits.

233. C. M. (O. B. 430.)

The Condescension and Sufferings of Jesus, and the Benefits thence arising. Isa. liii. 5. 1 Pet. ii. 24.

- 1 **G**RACIOUS Redeemer, how divine,
How wond'rous is thy love!
The subject of th' eternal songs
Of happy souls above.
- 2 Join the sacred harmony,
Ye happy saints below;
And praise the Lamb who on the tree
His sacred head did bow.
- 3 He left his crown, he left his throne,
By his great Father's side;
Wore thorns, sustain'd a heavy cross,
Was scourg'd and crucify'd.
- 4 His was the torment, his the curse,
Though all the guilt was ours:
To cleanse us from our vilest sins,
His vital blood he pours.
- 5 Behold how ev'ry wound of his
A precious balm distils,
Which heals the hurts that sin had caus'd,
With joy the sinner fills.
- 6 We see thy great salvation, Lord,
By faith, with great delight:
O how refin'd the joys will be,
When faith is turn'd to sight!

234. C. M. MR. WESLEY. (O. B. 355.)

On the Crucifixion of Christ.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed, and die for me!

- 2 Hark how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple vail asunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done, the precious ransom's paid;
'Receive my soul,' he cries;
See, where he bows his sacred head,
He bows his head, and dies!
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine;
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

235. (O. B. 58.)

Christ crucified.

- 1 **O** LOVE, divine! what hast thou done?
The Lamb of God hath died for me!
The Father's well-beloved Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree;
The Lamb of God for me hath died,
My Lord, my love, is crucify'd.
- 2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of Life and Peace!
Come see, ye worms, your Saviour die,
And say, Was ever grief like his!
He for the vilest sinner died;
My Lord, my love, is crucify'd.
- 3 Is crucify'd for me and you,
To bring us, rebels, back to God;
Believe, believe, the record true,
We all are bought with Jesu's blood;
Pardon and peace flow from his side;
My Lord, my love, is crucify'd.

- 4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
 And gladly catch the healing stream;
 All things for him account but loss,
 And give up all our hearts to him;
 Of nothing speak or think beside,
 My Lord, my love, is crucify'd.

236. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 59.)

Christ's Love, in giving himself a Sacrifice.

- 1 **N**OW be that sacrifice survey'd,
 That ransom which the Saviour paid;
 That sight familiar to my view,
 Yet always wond'rous, always new!
- 2 The Lamb of God that groan'd and bled,
 And gently bow'd his dying head:
 While love to sinners fir'd his heart,
 And conquer'd all the killing smart!
- 3 Blest Jesus, while thy grace I sing,
 What grateful tribute shall I bring,
 Let all my pow'rs and passions be
 Engag'd for him who died for me.

237. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 358.)

Christ's Sufferings and Exaltation. Psalm xxii.

- 1 **N**OW let our mourning songs record
 The dying sorrows of our Lord,
 When he complain'd in tears and blood,
 As one forsaken of his God.
- 2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
 And shake their heads, and laugh in scorn:
 "He rescu'd others from the grave;
 "Now let him try himself to save.

- 3 "This is the man did once pretend
 "God was his father and his friend;
 "If God the blessed lov'd him so,
 "Why doth he fail to help him now?"
- 4 Barbarous people! cruel priests!
 How they stood round like savage beasts;
 Like lions gaping to devour,
 When God had left him in their pow'r.
- 5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
 Till streams of blood each other meet;
 By lot his garments they divide,
 And mock the pangs in which he died.
- 6 But God his Father heard his cry;
 Rais'd from the dead, he reigns on high;
 The nations learn his righteousness,
 And humble sinners taste his grace.

238. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 88.)

Submission to the Will of God.

- 1 "FATHER divine," (the Saviour cry'd,
 While horrors press'd on ev'ry side,
 And prostrate on the ground he lay)
 "Remove this bitter cup away."
- 2 But if these pangs must still be borne,
 Or helpless man be left forlorn,
 I bow my soul before thy throne,
 And say, "Thy will, not mine, be done."
- 3 Thus our submissive souls would bow,
 And, taught by Jesus, lie as low;
 Our hearts, and not our lips alone,
 Would say,—"Thy will, not ours, be done."
- 4 Then though, like him, in dust we lie,
 We'll view the blissful moment nigh,
 Which, from our portion in his pains,
 Calls to the joy in which he reigns.

239. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 568.)

Christ's Humiliation and Exaltation, Rev. v. 12.

- 1 **W**HAT equal honours shall we bring
To Jesus Christ the heavenly Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to his name?
- 2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace that groan'd and dy'd,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his Almighty Father's side.
- 3 Pow'r and dominion are his due,
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar;
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Though he was charg'd with madness here.
- 4 All riches are his native right,
Yet he sustain'd amazing loss;
To him ascribe eternal might,
Who left his weakness on the cross.
- 5 Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.
- 6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men;
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say,—Amen.

240. L. M. DR. WATTS'S Lyric Poems.
(O. B. 241.)

Christ dying, rising, and reigning.

- 1 **H**E dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood!
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus the dead revives again!
The rising God forsakes the tomb!
Up to his Father's courts he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns!
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains!
Say, "Live for ever, wond'rous King,
"Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?
"And where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

241. L. M. (O. B. 431.)

Christ's Humiliation and Glory.

- 1 **L**ET all who love the Saviour's name,
The Saviour full of truth and grace;
In songs of triumph spread his fame,
In ev'ry age, in ev'ry place.

- 2 He kindly laid aside his crown,
And robes of awful majesty,
And came to take a servant's form,
To bear our sins, and for us die.
- 3 By dying Jesus pluck'd the sting
Of death—and rising from the grave,
He triumphed o'er the mighty king
Of terrors, as his captive slave.
- 4 Then to his heav'nly throne arose,
Whence he'll descend again to be
Throughout the world ador'd and prais'd
By ev'ry tongue, and ev'ry knee.
- 5 All glory to his sacred name;
Let ev'ry tongue exalt his praise:
And heav'n and earth aloud proclaim
His sov'reign, saving, boundless grace.

242. C. M. DR. WATTS.

Christ's Death, Victory, and Dominion.

- 1 **I** SING my Saviour's wond'rous death,
He conquer'd when he fell;
'Tis finish'd, said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.
- 2 'Tis finish'd, our Immanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done;
Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.
- 3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When through the regions of the dead
He pass'd to reach the crown.
- 4 Exalted at his Father's side,
Sits our victorious Lord;
To heav'n and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.

- 5 The saints from his propitious eye
 Await their several crowns,
 And all the sons of darkness fly
 The terror of his frowns.

243. C. M. DR. WATTS.

Christ's Victory over Satan.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to our conqu'ring King!
 The prince of darkness flies,
 His troops rush headlong down to hell,
 Like lightning from the skies.
- 2 There, bound in chains, the lions roar,
 And fright the rescu'd sheep;
 But heavy bars confine their pow'r
 And malice to the deep.
- 3 Hosanna to our conqu'ring King!
 All hail, incarnate love!
 Ten thousand songs and glories wait
 To crown thy head above.
- 4 Thy vict'ries and thy deathless fame
 Thro' the wide world shall run,
 And everlasting ages sing
 The triumph thou hast won.

244. Sevens. (O. B. 66.)

Resurrection of Christ, 1 Cor. xv. 20, 55.

- 1 **C**HRIST, the Lord, is risen to day,
 Sons of men and angels say,
 Raise your joys and triumphs high,
 Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
 Fought the fight, the battle won:
 Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er,
 Lo! he sets in blood no more.

- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
 Death in vain forbids his rise,
 Christ hath open'd paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious king,
 Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
 Once he died our souls to save;—
 Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

245. C. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 68.)

The Resurrection of Jesus, Matt. xxviii. 5, 6.

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, that seek the Lord,
 Chase all your fears away;
 And bow with pleasure down to see
 The place where Jesus lay.
- 2 Thus low the Lord of Life was brought;
 Such wonders love can do;
 Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
 Which throb'd and bled for you.
- 3 But raise your eyes, and tune your songs,
 The Saviour lives again;
 Not all the bolts and bars of death
 The conqueror could detain.
- 4 With joy like his shall ev'ry saint
 His empty tomb survey;
 Then rise, with his ascending Lord,
 To realms of endless day.

246. Sevens. (O. B. 67.)

The Resurrection and Ascension.

- 1 **A**NGELS, roll the rock away,
 Death, yield up thy mighty prey:
 See! he rises from the tomb,
 Glowing with immortal bloom. Hallelujah.

- 2 'Tis the Saviour! angels, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound. Hallelujah.
- 3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes,
Now to glory see him-rise!
In long triumph up the sky,
Up to waiting worlds on high. Hallelujah.
- 4 Heaven displays her portals wide;
Glorious hero, through them ride;
King of Glory, mount thy throne,
Thy great Father's, and thy own. Hallelujah.
- 5 Praise him, all ye heav'nly choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres;
Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong. Hallelujah.
- 6 Ev'ry note with wonder swell.
Sin o'erthrown, and captiv'd hell;
Where is hell's once dreaded king?
Where, O death, thy mortal sting! Hallelujah.

247. L. M. MR. WESLEY'S Collection.
(O. B. 69.)

Christ's Ascension. Psalm xxiv. 7.

- 1 **O**UR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphant chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right,
Receive the King of Glory in.
- 4 Who is the King of Glory? Who?
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the conqu'ror's name.
- 5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 6 Who is the King of Glory? Who?
The Lord of boundless pow'r possess,
The King of Saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest.

248. L. M. DR. WATTS.

Resurrection and Ascension. Psalm xxiv.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the King of Glory nigh!
Who can this King of Glory be?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.
- 2 Ye heav'nly gates, your leaves display,
To make the Lord the Saviour way:
Laden with spoils from earth and hell
The conqu'ror comes, with God to dwell.
- 3 Rais'd from the dead, he goes before,
He opens heav'n's eternal door,
To give his saints a blest abode,
Near their Redeemer, and their God.

249. C. M. DR. WATTS.

The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the Prince of Light,
Who once was cloth'd in clay,
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.
- 2 Death is no more the King of Dread,
Since our Immanuel rose ;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.
- 3 See how the conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honour in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.
- 4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down ;
While seraphs praise in lofty strains
Around th' eternal throne.
- 5 [Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his bless'd abode ;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our eternal God.
- 6 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise !
Let heav'n and all created things
Sound our Immanuel's praise.]

250. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 389.)

Christ ascending and reigning. Psalm xlvii.

- 1 **O** FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God the sov'reign King !
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

- 2 Jesus, our Lord, ascends on high!
His heav'nly guards around
Attend him, rising through the sky
With trumpets' joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honour sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound,
Upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 5 In Isr'el stood his ancient throne,
He lov'd that chosen race:
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.

251. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 385.)

*The Glory of Christ, and Power of his Gospel. Psalm xlv.
First Part.*

- 1 **N**OW be my heart inspir'd to sing
The glories of my Saviour King,
Jesus the Lord; how heav'nly fair
His form! How bright his beauties are!
- 2 O'er all the sons of human race
He shines with a superior grace;
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.
- 3 Dress thee in arms, most mighty Lord!
Gird on the terror of thy sword;
In majesty and glory ride,
With truth and meekness at thy side.

- 4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart;
Or words of mercy, kind and sweet,
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.
- 5 Thy throne, O God! for ever stands;
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are just and right;
Justice and grace are thy delight.
- 6 God, thine own God, has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head,
And with his sacred spirit blest
His first-born Son above the rest.

252. L. M. DR. WATTS.

A Vision of the Lamb. Rev. v. 6—9.

- 1 **A**LL mortal vanities be gone,
Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears?
Behold amidst th' eternal throne
A vision of the Lamb appears.
- 2 All the assembling saints around
Fall worshipping before the Lamb,
And in new songs of gospel-sound,
Address their honours to his name.
- 3 [The joy, the shout, the harmony,
Flies o'er the everlasting hills;
"Worthy art thou alone," they cry,
"To read the book, to loose the seals."]
- 4 Our voices join the heav'nly strain,
And with transporting pleasure sing,
"Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
"To be our teacher and our King!"
- 5 His words of prophecy reveal
Eternal counsels, deep designs;
His grace and vengeance shall fulfil
The peaceful and the dreadful lines.

6 Thou hast redeem'd our souls from hell
 With thine invaluable blood ;
 And wretches that did once rebel,
 Are now made fav'rites of their God.

7 Worthy for ever is the Lord,
 Who dy'd for treasons not his own,
 By ev'ry tongue to be ador'd,
 And dwell upon his Father's throne.

253. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 567.)

Christ Jesus the Lamb of God, worshipped by all the Creation.
 Rev. v. 11—13.

1 COME let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne ;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that dy'd," they cry,
 "To be exalted thus :"
 "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
 "For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and pow'r divine ;
 And blessings more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
 And air, and earth, and seas,
 Conspire to lift thy glories high,
 And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

254. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 482.)

Christ's first and second Coming. Psalm xcvi.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue;
His new-discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.
- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns;
God's own almighty Son;
His pow'r the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.
- 3 Behold! he comes, he comes to bless
The nations as their God;
To shew the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.
- 4 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear!

255. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 484.)

Christ reigning in Heaven, and coming to Judgment. Psalm xcvi. 1—5.

- 1 **H**E reigns; the Lord, the Saviour reigns!
Praise him in evangelic strains:
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.
- 2 Deep are his counsels, and unknown;
But grace and truth support his throne,
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.
- 3 In robes of judgment, lo, he comes,
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs:
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

- 4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day;
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

256. P. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 321.)

The Triumph of Christ. Psalm xlv. 3, 4.

- 1 **L** OUD to the Prince of heav'n
Your cheerful voices raise;
To him your vows be giv'n,
And fill his courts with praise.
With conscious worth,
All clad in arms,
All bright in charms,
He sallies forth.

- 2 Gird on thy conqu'ring sword,
Ascend thy shining car,
And march, almighty Lord,
To wage thy holy war.
Before his wheels,
In glad surprise,
Ye vallies rise,
And sink, ye hills.

- 3 Fair truth, and smiling love,
And injur'd righteousness,
In thy retinue move,
And seek from thee redress;
Thou in their cause
Shalt prosp'rous ride,
And far and wide
Dispense thy laws.

4 Before thine awful face
 Millions of foes shall fall,
 The captives of thy grace,
 That grace which conquers all.
 The world shall know,
 Great King of Kings,
 What wond'rous things
 Thine arm can do.

5 Here, to my willing soul,
 Bend thy triumphant way,
 Here every foe controul,
 And all thy pow'r display.
 My heart thy throne,
 Blest Jesus see,
 Bows low to thee,
 To thee alone.

257. L. M. STEELE. (O. B. 70.)

The exalted Saviour.

- 1 **N**OW let us raise our cheerful strains,
 And join the blissful choir above:
 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
 And there they sing his wond'rous love.
- 2 While seraphs tune the immortal song,
 O may we feel the sacred flame:
 And ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue
 Adore the Saviour's glorious name.
- 3 Jesus, who once upon the tree,
 In agonizing pains expir'd;
 Who died for rebels—yes, 'tis he!
 How bright! how lovely! how admir'd!
- 4 Jesus, who died that we might live,
 Died in the wretched traitor's place:
 O what returns can mortals give,
 For such immeasurable grace?

- 5 Were universal nature ours,
 And art with all her boasted store;
 Nature and art, with all their pow'rs,
 Would still confess the offer poor.
- 6 Yet though for bounty so divine!
 We ne'er can equal honours raise;
 Jesus, may all our hearts be thine,
 And all our tongues proclaim thy praise.

258. L. M. MR. JOHN FAWCETT. (O. B. 63.)

The Kingdom of Jesus Christ.

- 1 **L**ET men on earth, and angels bring
 Their honours to the Saviour King:
 Let sinners own his sov'reign sway,
 And ev'ry land his will obey.
- 2 O'er worlds below and worlds above,
 He rules by wisdom, pow'r, and love;
 He curbs his foes, and guards his friends;
 His wide dominion never ends.
- 3 In Zion he maintains his throne,
 And makes his kingly glory known:
 Nor hell, nor death, can e'er withstand
 The pow'r of his almighty hand.
- 4 The saints shall reign with Christ their head,
 When gloomy death himself is dead;
 There shall they shine in bliss complete,
 And cast their crowns at Jesu's feet.

259. MR. MADAN's Collection. (O. B. 71.)

The Kingdom of Christ. Phil. iv. 4.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, the Lord is King,
 Your God and King adore;
 Mortals, give thanks and sing,
 In triumph evermore!
 Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
 Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

- 2 Rejoice, the Saviour reigns,
The Lord of truth and love;
When he had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up the heart, &c.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up the heart, &c.
- 4 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And ev'ry bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up the heart, &c.
- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus, the judge, shall come
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear th' Archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice!

260. S. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 489.)

Christ's Kingdom and Majesty. Psalm xcix.

- 1 **J**ESUS the Saviour reigns,
Let all the nations fear!
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns;
Let earth adore its Lord!
Bright cherubs his attendants stand
Swift to fulfil his word.

- 3 In Zion is his throne,
 His honours are divine:
 His church shall make his wonders known,
 For there his glories shine.
- 4 How holy is his name!
 How terrible his praise!
 Justice and truth, and judgment join,
 In all his works of grace.

261. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 499.)

Christ's Kingdom and Priesthood. Psalm cx.

- 1 JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
 And near thy Father sit,
 In Zion shall thy pow'r be known,
 And make thy foes submit.
- 2 What wonders shall thy gospel do!
 Thy converts shall surpass
 The num'rous drops of morning dew,
 And own thy sov'reign grace.
- 3 God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
 Nor changes what he swore;
 "Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
 "When Aaron is no more.
- 4 "Melchisedec, that wond'rous priest,
 "That king of high degree,
 "That holy man who Abra'm blest,
 "Was but a type of thee."
- 5 Jesus our priest for ever lives
 To plead for us above:
 Jesus our King for ever gives
 The blessings of his love.
- 6 God shall exalt his glorious head,
 And his high throne maintain;
 Shall strike the pow'rs and princes dead
 Who dare oppose his reign.

262. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 570.)

The Kingdom of Christ triumphant. Rev. xi. 15.

- 1 **L**ET the seventh angel sound on high,
Let shouts be heard through all the sky!
Kings of the earth, with glad accord,
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.
- 2 Almighty God! thy power assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come:
Jesus, the Lamb who once was slain,
For ever live, for ever reign!
- 3 The angry nations fret and roar,
That they can slay the saints no more;
On wings of vengeance flies our God,
To pay the long arrears of blood.
- 4 Now must the rising dead appear;
Now the decisive sentence hear;
Now the dear martyrs of the Lord
Receive an infinite reward.

263. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 86.)

*Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption in Christ.
1 Cor. i. 30, 31.*

- 1 **M**Y God, assist me, while I raise
An anthem of harmonious praise!
My heart thy wonders shall proclaim,
And spread its banners to thy name.
- 2 In Christ I view a store divine:
My father, all that store is thine;
By thee prepar'd, by thee bestow'd;
Hail to my Saviour, and my God!

- 3 Condemn'd, thy criminal I stood,
And awful Justice ask'd my blood;
That welcome Saviour, from thy throne
Brought righteousness and pardon down.
- 4 My soul was all o'erspread with sin,
And lo! his grace hath made me clean;
He rescues from th' infernal foe,
And full redemption will bestow.
- 5 Ye saints, assist my grateful tongue:
Ye angels, warble back my song:
For love like this demands the praise
Of heav'nly harps, and endless days.

264. P. M. MR. JOHN FAWCETT. (O. B. 62.)

Peace in Jesus Christ. John xvi. 33.

- 1 **H**OW sweet is the voice of Jesus our Lord!
Come, let us rejoice, believing his word;
While sinners shall ever be toss'd like the seas,
Believers shall never want comfort and peace.
- 2 Afflictions attend your pilgrimage here,
But I am your friend, then what should you fear?
The world may distress you, and Satan may teaze,
But still I will bless you with comfort and peace.
- 3 Your peace to obtain, my blood has been shed;
I suffered pain and death in your stead;
By bleeding and dying, I gain'd your release,
And on me relying, your souls shall have peace.
- 4 My gospel reveals the gift I impart;
The Comforter seals the truth in your heart;
The word I have spoken your conscience shall
ease,
I give you my token, *that ye might have peace.*

- 5 Take heed of the snares of mischief and strife,
 Distractions and cares respecting this life;
 Be constantly trying your Maker to please,
 And, living or dying, *in me you have peace.*

265. C.M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 593.)

Christ's Compassion to the Weak and Tempted.
 Heb. iv. 15, 16. and v. 7. Matt. xii. 20.

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
 Of our High-Priest above;
 His heart is made of tenderness,
 His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
 He knows our feeble frame;
 He knows what sore temptations mean,
 For he has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
 The great Redeemer stood,
 While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
 And did resist to blood.
- 4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
 Pour'd out his cries and tears,
 And in his measure feels afresh
 What ev'ry member bears.
- 5 [He'll never quench the smoking flax,
 But raise it to a flame;
 The bruised reed he never breaks,
 Nor scorns the meanest name.]
- 6 Then let our humble faith address
 His mercy and his pow'r,
 We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
 In the distressing hour.

266. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 60.)

Christ precious to the Believer. I Pet. ii. 7.

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,
 'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
 That all the earth might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
 My transport, and my trust :
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
 And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious pow'rs can wish
 In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
 Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
 And sheds its fragrance there :
The noblest balm of my wounds,
 The cordial of my fear. *all*
- 5 I'll speak the honours of thy name
 With my last lab'ring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp thee in my arms,
 My joy in life and death.

267. C.M. (O. B. 76.)

Desire of all Nations. Hag. ii 7.

- 1 **I**NFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou lovely Prince of Grace!
For thy unrivall'd beauties shine
With never-fading rays.
- 2 Sinners from earth's remotest end
Come bending at thy feet;
To thee their songs and vows ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.
- 3 Thy name, as precious ointment shed,
Delights the church around,
Sweetly the sacred odours spread,
Through all Immanuel's ground.
- 4 Thou art their triumph and their joy,
They find their all in thee;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
To all eternity.

268. C.M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 595.)

*Christ's Invitation to Sinners; or, Humility and Pride. Matt.
xi. 28—30.*

- 1 " **C**OME hither, all ye weary souls,
" Ye heavy laden sinners come!
" I'll give you rest from all your toils,
" And raise you to my heav'nly home.
- 2 " They shall find rest that learn of me;
" I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
" But passion rages like the sea,
" And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 " Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take
" My yoke, and bear it with delight;
" My yoke is easy to his neck,
" My grace shall make the burden light."

- 4 Jesus, we come at thy command;
 With faith and hope, and humble zeal,
 Resign our spirits to thy hand;
 To mould and guide us at thy will.

269. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 577.)

Christ, or Wisdom, obeyed or resisted. Prov. viii. 34—36.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the wisdom of the Lord,
 "Blest is the man that hears my word:
 "Keeps daily watch before my gates,
 "And at my feet for mercy waits.
- 2 "The soul that seeks me shall obtain
 "Immortal wealth and heav'nly gain;
 "Immortal life is his reward,
 "Life, and the favour of the Lord.
- 3 "But the vile wretch that flies from me,
 "Doth his own soul an injury;
 "Fools that against my grace rebel,
 "Seek death, and love the road to hell."

270. L. M. STEELE. (O. B. 77.)

Our Example. John xiii. 15.

- 1 **A**ND is the gospel peace and love!
 Such let our conversation be;
 The serpent blending with the dove,
 Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 When'er the angry passions rise,
 And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife
 To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
 Bright pattern of the christian life!
- 3 O how benevolent and kind!
 How mild! how ready to forgive!
 Be this the temper of our mind,
 And these the rules by which we live.

- 4 To do his heav'nly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight:
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright!
- 5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love;
O! if we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move!
- 6 Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be;
Make us, by thy transforming grace,
Dear Saviour, daily more like thee!

271. L. M. DR. WATTS.

The Example of Christ.

- 1 **M**Y dear Redeemer and my Lord!
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervour of thy pray'r;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God the judge shall own my name
Amongst the follow'rs of the Lamb.

FIGURATIVE REPRESENTATIONS

OF

JESUS CHRIST.

272. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 510.)

Christ the Foundation of the Church. Psalm cxviii. 22, 23.

1 **B**EHOLD the sure foundation stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise !

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribes, and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis thy own work, Almighty God !
And wond'rous in our eyes.

273. S M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 512.)

*The same, or an Hosanna for the Lord's Day.**Psalm cxviii. 22—27.*

SEE what a living stone
The builders did refuse!
Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.

- 2 The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only son;
Yet on this rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner-stone.
- 3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes!
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.
- 4 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,
Let all the church be glad!
- 5 Hosanna to the King,
Of David's royal blood!
Bless him, ye saints; he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.
- 6 We bless thine holy word
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

274. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 513.)

Another.

- 1 **L**O! what a glorious corner-stone
The Jewish builders did refuse;
But God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envy and the Jews.
- 2 Great God, the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes;
This is the day that proves it thine,
The day that saw our Saviour rise.
- 3 Sinners rejoice, and saints be glad;
Hosanna, let his name be blest,
A thousand honours on his head,
With peace, and light, and glory rest!

- 4 In God's own name he comes to bring
 Salvation to our dying race;
 Let the whole church address their King
 With hearts of joy, and songs of praise!

275. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 75.)

Corner Stone. 1 Pet. ii. 6. Isa. xxviii. 16, 17.

- 1 **L**ORD, dost thou shew a corner stone
 For us to build our hopes upon,
 That the fair edifice may rise
 Sublime in light beyond the skies?
- 2 We own the work of sov'reign love;
 Nor death nor hell these hopes shall move,
 Which, fix'd on this foundation, stand,
 Laid by thine own almighty hand.
- 3 Thy people long this stone have tried,
 And all the pow'rs of hell defy'd;
 Floods of temptation beat in vain;
 Well doth this rock the house sustain.
- 4 When storms of wrath around prevail,
 Whirlwind and thunder, fire and hail,
 'Tis here our trembling souls shall hide,
 And here securely they abide.
- 5 While they that scorn this precious stone,
 Fond of some quicksand of their own,
 Borne down by weighty vengeance, die,
 And, buried deep, in ruin lie.

276. L. M. MR. JOHN FAWCETT. (O. B. 72.)

Bread of Life. John vi. 35, 48.

- 1 **D**EPRAVED minds on ashes feed,
 Nor love, nor seek for heav'nly bread;
 They chuse the husks which swines do eat,
 Or meanly crave the serpent's meat.

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- 2 Jesus, thou art the living bread,
By which our needy souls are fed:
In thee alone thy children find
Enough to fill the empty mind.
- 3 Without this bread I starve and die;
No other can my need supply:
But this will suit my wretched ease,
Abroad, at home, in ev'ry place.
- 4 'Tis this relieves the hungry poor,
Who ask for bread at mercy's door:
This living food descends from heav'n,
As manna to the Jews were giv'n.
- 5 This precious fruit my heart revives,
What strength, what nourishment it gives!
O let me evermore be fed
With this divine celestial bread!

277. MR. HART. (O. B. 78.)

Fountain opened for Sinners. Zec. xiii. 1.

- 1 **T**HE fountain of Christ, Lord, help us to sing,
The blood of our priest, our crucify'd King;
The fountain that cleanses from sin and from filth,
And richly dispenses salvation and health.
- 2 This fountain from guilt not only makes pure,
But gives, soon as felt, infallible cure;
But if guilt removed, return and remain,
Its pow'r may be proved again and again.
- 3 This fountain unseal'd, stands open for all
Who long to be heal'd, the great and the small:
Here's strength for the weakly that hither are led:
Here's health for the sickly, and life for the dead.

- 4 This fountain, though rich, from charge is quite
The poorer the wretch, the welcomer here: [clear
Come needy and guilty, come loathsome and bare;
Though leprous and filthy, come just as you are.
- 5 This fountain in vain has never been try'd,
It takes out all stain whenever apply'd,
The fountain flows sweetly with virtue divine,
To cleanse souls completely, though lep'rous as
mine.

278. L.M. STEELE.

Christ the Physician of Souls. Jer. viii. 22.

- 1 **D**EEP are the wounds which sin has made,
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is nature's aid,
The work exceeds all nature's power.
- 2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns
With fatal strength in every part;
The dire contagion fills the veins,
And spreads its poison to the heart.
- 3 And can no sovereign balm be found?
And is no kind physician nigh
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
E'er life and hope for ever fly?
- 4 There is a great physician near,
Look up, O fainting soul, and live!
See, in his heavenly smiles appear
Such ease as nature cannot give!
- 5 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow!
'Tis only this dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain and heal thy woe.

279, 280. FIGURATIVE REPRESENTATIONS

- 6 Sin throws in vain its pointed dart,
For here a sov'reign cure is found;
A cordial for the fainting heart,
A balm for every painful wound.

279. L. M. Miss SCOTT.

Christ the Great Physician.

- 1 **W**HY droops my soul with grief oppress?
Whence these wild tumults in my breast?
Is there no balm to heal my wound,
No kind physician to be found?
- 2 Raise to the cross thy tearful eyes;
Behold the Prince of Glory dies!
He dies, extended on the tree,
Thence sheds a sov'reign balm for me.
- 3 Dear Saviour, at thy feet I lie,
Here to receive a cure, or die:
But grace forbids that painful fear,
Infinite grace, which triumphs here!
- 4 Thou wilt extract the poison'd dart,
Bind up and heal the wounded heart;
With blooming health my face adorn,
And change the gloomy night to morn.
- 5 Now give a loose, my soul, to joy,
Hosannas be thy blest employ;
Salvation thy eternal theme,
And swell the song with Jesu's name.

280. L. M. MR. ROBERT SEAGRAVE. (O.B. 61.)

The Brazen Serpent.

- 1 **W**ITH fiery serpents greatly pain'd,
When Israel's grieving tribes complain'd,
A serpent strait the prophet made,
Of molten brass, to view display'd.

- 2 Around the fainting crowds attend,
To heav'n their mournful sighs ascend!
They hope, they look, while from the pole
A pow'r descends, and makes them whole.
- 3 But oh, what healing to the heart
Doth our Redeemer's cross impart!
What life, by faith, our souls receive,
What pleasures do his sorrows give!
- 4 Still may I view the bloody cross,
And other objects count but loss;
Here still he fix'd my feasted eyes,
Viewing with joy the sacrifice.
- 5 Jesus the Saviour, balmy name!
Thy worth my tongue would now proclaim!
By thy atoning blood set free,
My life, my hope, is all from thee.

281. L. M. Mr. BEDDOME. (O. B. 73.)

Bright and Morning Star. Rev. xxii. 16.

- 1 YE worlds of light, that roll so near
The Saviour's throne of shining bliss,
O tell how mean your glories are,
How faint and few, compar'd with his.
- 2 We sing the bright and morning star
(Jesus the spring of light and love),
See how its rays diffus'd from far,
Conduct us to the realms above.
- 3 Its cheering beams, spread wide abroad,
Point out the puzzl'd christian's way;
Still as he goes he finds the road
Enlighten'd with a constant ray.

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- 4 Thus when the eastern Magi brought
Their royal gifts, a star appears,
Directs them to the babe they sought,
And guides their steps, and calms their fears.
- 5 When shall we reach the world of light,
Where this bright star will brightest shine;
Leave far behind these scenes of night,
And view a lustre so divine?

282. L. M. DR. S. STENNETT. (O. B. 85.)

Sun. Psalm lxxxiv. 11.

- 1 GREAT God, amid the darksome night,
Thy glories dart upon my sight!
While, wrapt in wonder, I behold
The silver moon, and stars of gold.
- 2 But when I see the sun arise,
And pour his glories o'er the skies,
In more stupendous forms I view
Thy greatness and thy goodness too.
- 3 Thou sun of suns, whose dazzling light
Tries and confounds an angel's sight,
How shall I glance my eyes at thee,
In all thy vast immensity?
- 4 In ev'ry work thy hands have made,
Thy pow'r and wisdom are display'd:
But O what glories all divine
In my incarnate Saviour shine.
- 5 He is my sun, beneath his wings,
My soul securely sits and sings;
And there enjoys, like those above,
The balmy influence of thy love.
- 6 O may the vital strength and heat
His cheering beams communicate,
Enable me my course to run,
With the same vigour as the sun!

283. C. M. STEELE. (O. B. 83.)

Pearl of great Price. Matt. xiii. 46.

- 1 YE glitt'ring toys of earth adieu,
 A nobler choice be mine:
 A real prize attracts my view;
 A treasure all divine.
- 2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
 Ye specious baits of sense;—
 Inestimable worth appears
 The Pearl of Price immense!
- 3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,
 O name divinely sweet!
 Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
 Wealth, honour, pleasure meet.
- 4 Should both the Indies, at my call,
 Their boasted stores resign;
 With joy I would renounce them all,
 For leave to call thee mine.
- 5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
 Of this dear gift possess'd,
 I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
 And be for ever bless'd.

284. C. M. MR. S. DEACON.

A Friend. Prov. xviii. 24. Matt. xi. 19.

- 1 O! for a true and lasting friend!
 But where shall he be found?
 This is a fruit which seldom grows
 On this poor barren ground.
- 2 Jesus, in thee, our eyes behold
 This miracle divine;
 When other friendships all grow cold,
 There still is warmth in thine.

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- 3 [Thy firm attachment to mankind
Is evermore the same:
Celestial ardour fills thy mind
With an immortal flame.
- 4 How many times, how many ways,
Have I thy friendship try'd!
Yet all my wants ten thousand days,
Thy friendship has supply'd.]
- 5 Yea, when I was thine enemy,
And trampled on thy grace;
My Saviour was a friend to me,
And suffer'd in my place.
- 6 O! may I still thy friendship feel,
And on thy love depend:
And never, never lift my heel
Against my blessed friend.

285. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 609.)

*Various Characters of Christ borrowed from inanimate Things
in Scripture.*

- 1 **G**O worship at Immanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet!
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.
- 2 [The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord;
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.]
- 3 [Is he compar'd with wine or bread?
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed:
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heav'nly wine.]
- 4 [Is he a tree? The world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves:
That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,
Is David's root and offspring too.]

- 5 [Is he a rose? Not Sharon yields
Such fragrantcy in all her fields;
Or if the lily he assume,
The vallies bless the rich perfume.]
- 6 [Is he a vine? His heav'nly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit;
O let a lasting union join
My soul to Christ the living vine!]

286. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 610.)

Characters of Christ continued.

- 1 [Is Christ a head? Each member lives,
And owns the vital pow'rs he gives;
The saints below and saints above,
Join'd by his spirit and his love.]
- 2 [Is he a fountain? There I bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death:
These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.]
- 3 [Is he a fire? He'll purge my dross:
But the true gold sustains no loss:
Like a refiner shall he sit,
And tread the refuse with his feet.]
- 4 [Is he a rock? How firm he proves!
The rock of ages never moves;
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow,
Attend us all the desert through.]
- 5 [Is he a way? He leads to God;
The path is drawn in lines of blood;
There would I walk with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Zion's hill.]
- 6 [Is he a door? I'll enter in:
Behold the pastures large and green!
A paradise divinely fair,
None but the sheep have freedom there.]

287. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 611.)

Characters of Christ continued.

- 1 [I S Christ design'd the corner-stone,
For men to build their hopes upon?
I'll make him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.]
- 2 [Is he a temple? I adore
Th' indwelling majesty and pow'r;
And still to his most holy place,
Whene'er I pray, I'll turn my face.]
- 3 [Is he a star? He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light;
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright, the morning star.]
- 4 Is he a sun? His beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness:
Nations rejoice when he appears
To chase their clouds, and dry their tears.
- 5 O let me try those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise!
There he displays his pow'rs abroad,
And shines and reigns th' incarnate God.]
- 6 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heav'n, his full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

288. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 612.)

The Names and Titles of Christ from several Scriptures.

- 1 [T IS from the treasures of his word
I borrow titles for my Lord;
Nor art nor nature can supply
Sufficient forms of majesty.

- 2 Bright image of the Father's face,
Shining with undiminish'd rays;
Th' eternal God's beloved Son,
The heir and partner of his throne.]
- 3 The King of Kings, the Lord most high,
Writes his own name upon his thigh;
He wears a garment dipp'd in blood,
And breaks the nations with his rod.
- 4 Where grace can neither melt nor move,
The Lamb resents his injur'd love,
Awakes his wrath without delay,
And Judah's lion tears the prey.
- 5 But when for works of peace he comes,
What winning titles he assumes!
'Light of the world, and life of men;'
Nor bears those characters in vain.
- 6 With tender pity in his heart,
He acts the mediator's part;
A friend and brother he appears,
And well fulfils the names he wears.
- 7 At length the judge his throne ascends,
Divides the rebels from his friends,
And saints in full fruition prove
His rich variety of love.

289. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 613.)

The Offices of Christ from several Scriptures.

- 1 JOIN all the names of love and pow'r
That ever men or angels bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Or set Immanuel's glory forth.
- 2 But O what condescending ways
He takes to teach his heav'nly grace!
My eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for me.

290. FIGURATIVE REPRESENTATIONS

- 3 [The 'Angel of the Cov'nant' stands
With his commission in his hands,
Sent from his Father's milder throne,
To make his great salvation known.]
- 4 [Great Prophet, let me bless thy name;
By thee the joyful tidings came,
Of wrath appeas'd, of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.]
- 5 My bright Example and my guide,
I would be walking near thy side;
O let me never run astray!
Nor follow the forbidden way!
- 6 I love my Shepherd, he shall keep
My wand'ring soul amongst his sheep,
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
And in his bosom bears the lambs.]

290. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 614.)

Offices of Christ continued.

- 1 [MY Surety undertakes my cause,
Answ'ring his Father's broken laws;
Behold my soul at freedom set;
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.]
- 2 Jesus, my great High Priest, has dy'd,
I seek no sacrifice beside;
His blood did once for all atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.
- 3 My Advocate appears on high,
The Father lays his thunder by:
Not all that earth or hell can say,
Shall turn my Father's heart away.
- 4 My Lord, my Conqu'ror, and my King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword I sing;
Thine is the vict'ry, and I sit
A joyful subject at thy feet.

- 5 Aspire, my soul, to glorious deeds,
The ' Captain of salvation ' leads;
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.
- 6 Should death and hell, and pow'rs unknown,
Put all their forms of mischief on,
I shall be safe; for Christ displays
Salvation in more sov'reign ways.)

291. P. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 615.)

Offices of Christ.

- 1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore.
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set the Saviour forth.
- 2 But, O what gentle terms,
What condescending ways
Doth our Redeemer use
To teach his heav'nly grace!
Mine eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for me.
- 3 [Array'd in mortal flesh,
He like an angel stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands!
Commission'd from his Father's throne
To make his grace to mortals known.]
- 4 [Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came:
The joyful news of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.]

- 5 [Be thou my counsellor,
 My pattern, and my guide;
 And through this desert land
 Still keep me near thy side!
 O let my feet ne'er run astray,
 Nor rove nor seek the crooked way!]

292. P. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 616.)

Offices and Characters of Christ continued.

- 1 [I LOVE my Shepherd's voice,
 His watchful eyes shall keep
 My wand'ring soul among
 The thousands of his sheep;
 He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
 His bosom bears the tender lambs.]
- 2 To this dear Surety's hand
 Will I commit my cause;
 He answers and fulfils
 His Father's broken laws.
 Behold my soul at freedom set;
 My Surety paid the dreadful debt!
- 3 Jesus my great High Priest,
 Offer'd his blood and dy'd;
 My guilty conscience seeks
 No sacrifice beside.
 His pow'rful blood did once atone,
 And now it pleads before the throne.
- 4 My Advocate appears
 For my defence on high;
 The Father bows his ears,
 And lays his thunder by.
 Not all that hell or sin can say,
 Shall turn his heart, his love away.

293. P. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 617.)

The Same continued.

- 1 [MY dear almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy sceptre, and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing,
Thine is the pow'r; behold I sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.]
- 2 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down;
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown.
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.
- 3 Should all the hosts of death,
And pow'rs of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on,
I shall be safe: for Christ displays
Superior pow'r and guardian grace.

294. C. M. STEEL.

The Heavenly Guest. Rev. iii. 20.

- 1 AND will the Lord thus condescend
To visit sinful worms?
Thus at the door shall mercy stand
In all her winning forms?
- 2 Surprising grace!—and shall my heart
Unmov'd and cold remain?
Has this hard rock no tender part?
Must mercy plead in vain?

295. FIGURATIVE REPRESENTATIONS

- 3 Shall Jesus for admission sue,
His charming voice unheard?
And this vile heart, his rightful due,
Remain for ever barr'd?
- 4 'Tis sin, alas! with tyrant power
The lodging has possest;
And crowds of traitors bar the door
Against the heavenly guest.
- 5 Ye dangerous inmates, hence depart;
Dear Saviour, enter in,
And guard the passage to my heart,
And keep out every sin.

295. P. M. STEEL.

Hymn to Jesus, the King of Saints.*

- 1 **S**HALL loyal nations hail the day,
That crowns their king with loud acclaim?
And shall not saints their homage pay
To their beloved Saviour's name?
Ye saints, resound in joyful strains,
Jesus the King of Glory reigns!
- 2 Jesus who vanquish'd all your foes,
Who came to save, who reigns to bless;
From him your every comfort flows,
Life, liberty, and joy, and peace.
Resound, resound in joyful strains,
Jesus the King of Glory reigns!
- 3 Yes, thou art worthy, dearest Lord,
Of universal, endless praise;
With every power to be ador'd,
That men or angels e'er can raise.
Let heaven and earth unite their strains,
Jesus the King of Glory reigns!

* Written the 22d of September, 1761, the coronation of King George the Third:

- 4 But earth, nor heaven can e'er proclaim
 The boundless glories of their king;
 Yet must our hearts adore his name,
 Dear name, whence all our blessings spring!
 Resound, resound in joyful strains,
 Jesus the King of Glory reigns!
- 5 How mean the tribute mortals pay,
 How cold the heart, how faint the tongue!
 But, Lord, thy coronation day
 Shall tune a more exalted song;
 Resounding in immortal strains,
 Jesus the King of Glory reigns!
- 6 He comes, he comes with triumph crown'd,
 In dazzling robes of light array'd,
 Faith views the splendour dawning round,
 Earth's fairest lustre sinks in shade.
 Resound, resound in joyful strains,
 Jesus the King of Glory reigns!

296. C. M. (O. B. 82.)

The Coronation of Christ.

- 1 **A**LL hail the pow'r of Jesu's name!
 Let angels prostrate fall:
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from his altar call;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 A remnant weak and small;
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.

- 4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall :
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall !
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all !

THE WORLD

297. L. M. DR. WATTS.

The Vanity of Creatures, or, no rest on Earth.

- 1 **M**AN has a soul of vast desires,
He burns within with restless fires ;
Tost to and fro, his passions fly
From vanity to vanity.
- 2 In vain on earth we hope to find
Some solid good to fill the mind :
We try new pleasures, but we feel
The inward thirst and torment still.
- 3 So when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side by turns ;
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
To change the place, but keep the pain.

Great God! subdue this vicious thirst,
 This love to vanity and dust;
 Cure the vile fever of the mind,
 And feed our souls with joys refin'd.

298. C. M. DR. WATTS.

The World's three chief Temptations.

- 1 **W**HEN in the light of faith divine,
 We look on things below,
 Honour, and gold, and sensual joy,
 How vain and dang'rous too!
- 2 [Honour's a puff of noisy breath;
 Yet men expose their blood,
 And venture everlasting death
 To gain that airy good.
- 3 Whilst others starve the nobler mind,
 And feed on shining dust,
 They rob the serpent of his food,
 T' indulge a sordid lust.]
- 4 The pleasures that allure our sense,
 Are dang'rous snares to souls!
 There's but a drop of flatt'ring sweet
 And dash'd with bitter bowls.
- 5 God is my all-sufficient good,
 My portion, and my choice;
 In him my vast desires are fill'd,
 And all my pow'rs rejoice.
- 6 In vain the world accosts my ear,
 And tempts my heart anew:
 I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
 Nor part with heav'n for you.

299. C. M. DR. WATTS.

Love to the Creatures is dangerous.

- 1 **H**OW vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure has its poison too,
And ev'ry sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We should suspect some danger nigh
Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God.
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.
- 5 Dear Saviour! let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

300. L. M.

The Vanity of earthly Things.

- W**HAT are possessions, fame, and power,
The boasted splendor of the great?
What gold, which dazzled eyes adore,
And seek with endless toils and sweat?
- 2 Express their charms, declare their use,
That we their merit may descry;
Tell us what good they can produce,
Or what important wants supply?

- 3 If wounded with the sense of sin,
To them for pardon we should pray,
Will they restore our peace within,
And wash our guilty stains away?
- 4 Can they celestial life inspire,
Nature with power divine renew,
With pure and sacred transports fire
Our bosom, and our lusts subdue?
- 5 When with the pangs of death we strive,
And yield all comforts here for lost,
Will they support us, will they give
Kind succour, when we need it most!
- 6 When at th' Almighty's awful bar
To hear our final doom we stand,
Can they incline the judge to spare,
Or wrest the vengeance from his hand?
- 7 Can they protect us from despair,
From the dark reign of death and hell,
Crown us with bliss, and throne us where
The just in joys immortal dwell?
- 8 Sinners, your idols we despise,
If these reliefs they cannot grant:
Why should we such delusions prize,
And pine in everlasting want?

301. C. M. DR. S. STENNETT.

Vanity of the World. Psalm iv. 6.

- 1 **I**N vain the giddy world enquires,
Forgetful of their God,
'Who will supply our vast desires,
'Or shew us any good?'
- 2 Thro' the wide circuit of the earth
Their eager wishes rove,
In chase of honour, wealth, and mirth,
The phantoms of their love.

- 3 But oft these shadowy joys elude
 Their most intense pursuit:
 Or if they seize the fancied good,
 There's poison in the fruit.
- 4 Lord, from this world call off my love,
 Set my affections right:
 Bid me aspire to joys above,
 And walk no more by sight.
- 5 O let the glories of thy face
 Upon my bosom shine:
 Assur'd of thy forgiving grace,
 My joys will be divine.

302. C. M. NEEHAM.

The Rich Fool surprised. Luke xii. 16—22.

- 1 **D**ELUDED souls! who think to find
 A solid bliss below:
 Bliss! the fair flower of Paradise,
 On earth can never grow.
- 2 See how the foolish wretch is pleas'd,
 T' increase his worldly store;
 Too scanty now he finds his barns,
 And covets room for more.
- 3 'What shall I do?' distress he cries,
 'This scheme will I pursue:
 'My scanty barns shall now come down,
 'I'll build them large and new.
- 4 'Here will I lay my fruits, and bid
 'My soul to take its ease:
 'Eat, drink, be glad, my lasting store
 'Shall give what joys I please.
- 5 Scarce had he spoke, when lo! from heaven
 The Almighty made reply:
 'For whom dost thou provide, thou fool?
 'This night thyself shalt die.'

- 6 Teach me, my God, all earthly joys
Are but an empty dream:
And may I seek my bliss alone
In thee the good Supreme!

303. C. M.

God and future Bliss preferred to the World. Mark viii. 36.

- 1 **L**ORD, shall we part with gold for dress,
With solid good for show?
Out-live our bliss, and mourn our loss
In everlasting woe?

- 2 Let us not lose the living God,
For one short dream of joy:
With fond embrace cling to a clod,
And fling all heaven away.

- 3 Vain world, thy weak attempts forbear,
We all thy charms defy;
And rate our precious souls too dear
For all thy wealth to buy.

304. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 305.)

Mary's Choice of the better Part. Luke x. 42.

- 1 **B**ESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand:
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

- 2 Engage this roving treach'rous heart
To fix on Mary's better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear;
But all my treasures with me bear.

305; 306.

THE WORLD.

- 4 If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

305. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 308.)

The Wise Choire. Heb. xi. 26.

- 1 **M**Y soul, with all thy waken'd pow'rs,
Survey the heav'nly prize;
Nor let the glitt'ring toys of earth
Allure thy wand'ring eyes.
- 2 The splendid crown which Moses sought
Still beams around his brow;
Though soon great Pharoah's scepter'd pride
Was taught by death to bow.
- 3 The joys and treasures of a day
I cheerfully resign;
Rich in that large immortal store,
Secur'd by grace divine.
- 4 Let fools my wiser choice deride,
Angels and God approve;
Nor scorn of men, nor rage of hell
My stedfast soul shall move.
- 5 With ardent eye that bright reward
I daily will survey;
And in the blooming prospect lose
The sorrows of the way.

306. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 623.)

Parting with Carnal Joys.

- 1 **M**Y soul forsakes her vain delight,
And bids the world farewell;
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,
And mischievous as hell.

- 2 No longer will I ask your love,
Nor seek your friendship more;
The happiness that I approve
Is not within your pow'r.
- 3 There's nothing round this spacious earth
That suits my large desire;
To boundless joy and solid mirth
My nobler thoughts aspire.
- 4 [Where pleasure rolls its living flood,
From sin and dross refin'd,
Still springing from the throne of God,
And fit to cheer the mind.
- 5 Th' almighty ruler of the sphere,
The glorious and the great,
Brings his own all-sufficiency there,
To make our bliss complete.]
- 6 Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd climb the heav'nly road;
There sits my Saviour dress'd in love,
And there my smiling God.

307. L. M. DR. WATTS.

The Same.

- 1 I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away ye tempters of the mind!
False as the smooth deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along,
Down to the gulph of black despair;
And whilst I listen'd to your song,
Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyss!
That drew me from those treach'rous seas,
And bid me seek superior bliss.

- 4 Now to the shining realms above
 I stretch my hands, and glance my eyes;
 O for the pinions of a dove,
 To bear me to the upper skies!
- 5 There from the bosom of my God,
 Oceans of endless pleasures roll:
 There would I fix my last abode,
 And drown the sorrows of my soul.

308. C. M. DR. WATTS.

The End of the World.

- 1 **W**HY should this earth delight us so?
 Why should we fix our eyes
 On these low grounds, where sorrows grow,
 And ev'ry pleasure dies?
- 2 While Time his sharpest teeth prepares,
 Our comforts to devour,
 There is a land above the stars,
 And joys above his pow'r.
- 3 Nature shall be dissolved and die,
 The sun must end his race,
 The earth and sea for ever fly
 Before my Saviour's face.
- 4 When will that glorious morning rise,
 When the last trumpet's sound
 Shall call the nations to the skies
 From underneath the ground?

SINNERS.

309. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 146.)

Depravity of Man lamented. Psalm cxix. 136, 158.

- 1 **A**RISE, my tenderest thoughts, arise :
To torrents melt my streaming eyes ;
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal.
- 2 See human nature sunk in shame ;
See scandal pour'd on Jesu's name ;
The Father wounded through the Son ;
The world abus'd ; the soul undone.
- 3 See the short course of vain delight
Closing in everlasting night ;
In flames, that no abatement know,
Though briny tears for ever flow.
- 4 My God, I shudder at the scene ;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men ;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the fire-brands from the flame.
- 5 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves :
Thy own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

310. C. M. DR. WATTS.

The Deceitfulness of Sin.

- 1 **S**IN has a thousand treach'rous arts
To practise on the mind ;
With flatt'ring looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.

- 2 With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young,
And while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.
- 3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence ;
But cheats the soul of heav'nly things,
And chains it down to sense.
- 4 So on a tree divinely fair
Grew the forbidden food,
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her blood.

311. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 417.)

The Prosperity of the Wicked cursed. Psalm lxxiii. 17—21.

- 1 **L**ORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine,
To see the wicked placed on high,
In pride and robes of honour shine !
- 2 But O their end, their dreadful end !
Thy sanctuary taught me so)
On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.
- 3 Now let them boast how tall they rise,
I'll never envy them again,
There they may stand with haughty eyes,
Till they plunge deep in endless pain.
- 4 Their fancied joys, how fast they flee ;
Just like a dream when man awakes ;
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a preface to their plagues.
- 5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine,
Too dear to purchase with my blood :
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

312. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 373.)

Practical Atheism; or, the Being and Attributes of God asserted. Psalm xxxvi. 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 9.

- 1 **W**HILE men grow bold in wicked ways,
And yet a God they own,
My heart within me often says,
'Their thoughts believe there's none.'
- 2 Their thoughts and ways at once declare,
(Whate'er their lips profess)
God hath no wrath for them to fear,
Nor will they seek his grace.
- 3 What strange self-flatt'ry blinds their eyes!
But there's a hast'ning hour,
When they shall see with sore surprize
The terrors of thy pow'r.
- 4 Thy justice shall maintain its throne,
Though mountains melt away;
Thy judgments are a world unknown,
A deep unfathom'd sea.
- 5 Above these heav'n-created rounds,
Thy mercies, Lord, extend;
Thy truth out-lives the narrow bounds
Where time and nature end.

313. C. M. MR. JOHN FAWCETT. (O. B. 148.)

Careless Sinners alarmed and admonished. Eph. v. 14.

- 1 **A**WAKE, awake, O drowsy soul,
From carnal sloth arise;
Before the threat'ning thunders roll,
To rouse thee with surprize.
- 2 Why wilt thou still in darkness live,
Involv'd in shades of night?
When Jesus calls thee to receive
The rays of heav'nly light.

- 3 He teaches thee thyself to know :
 He sets before thine eyes
 Thy danger and thy refuge too,
 And calls thee to arise.
- 4 He'll be thy bright, thy glorious sun,
 Thy gloomy path to cheer !
 Onward thy willing feet shall run,
 Secure from ev'ry snare.
- 5 His light shall open to thy view
 The glories of the skies,
 And prospects ever rich and new
 Shall bless thy wond'ring eyes.
- 6 He will direct thee on thy way,
 And shew thee all his will,
 And to the realms of endless day,
 His hand shall guide thee still.

314. C. M. MR. JOHN FAWCETT. (O. B. 149.)

The Wicked called to forsake their Ways. Isa. lv. 7.

- 1 **S**INNERS, the voice of God regard !
 'Tis mercy speaks to day ;
 He calls you by his sov'reign word
 From sin's destructive way.
- 2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
 You live devoid of peace ;
 A thousand stings within your breast,
 Deprive your souls of ease.
- 3 Why will you in the crooked ways
 Of sin and folly go ?
 In pain you travel all your days,
 To reap immortal woe !
- 4 But he that turns to God shall live
 Through his abounding grace ;
 His mercy will the guilt forgive
 Of those that seek his face.

- 5 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
 Renouncing ev'ry sin ;
 Submit to him, your sov'reign Lord,
 And learn his will divine.
- 6 His love exceeds your highest thoughts ;
 He pardons like a God !
 He will forgive your num'rous faults,
 Through a Redeemer's blood.

315. C.M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O.B. 96.)

Sinners called to Repentance. Acts xvii. 30.

- 1 **R**EPENT, the voice celestial cries,
 No longer dare delay ;
 The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
 And meets a fiery day.
- 2 No more the sov'reign eye of God
 O'erlooks the crimes of men ;
 His heralds are dispatch'd abroad
 To warn the world of sin.
- 3 The summons reach through all the earth ;
 Let earth attend and fear !
 Listen, ye men of royal birth,
 And let your vassals hear.
- 4 Together in his presence bow,
 And all your guilt confess ;
 Embrace the blessed Saviour now,
 Nor trifle with his grace.
- 5 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
 And call you to his bar :
 For mercy knows the appointed bound,
 And turns to vengeance there.
- 6 Amazing love, that yet will call,
 And yet prolong our days !
 Our hearts subdu'd by goodness fall,
 And weep, and love, and praise.

316. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 151.)

Expostulation with Sinners.

- 1 **W**HY will ye lavish out your years
Amidst a thousand trifling cares?
While in the various range of thought
The one thing needful is forgot.
- 2 Why will ye chase the fleeting wind,
And famish an immortal mind?
While angels, with regret, look down
To see you spurn a heav'nly crown.
- 3 Th' eternal God calls from above,
And Jesus pleads his bleeding love;
Awaken'd conscience gives you pain;
And shall they join their pleas in vain?
- 4 Not so your dying eyes shall view
Those objects which ye now pursue;
Not so shall heav'n and hell appear,
When the decisive hour is near.
- 5 Almighty God, thy grace impart
To fix conviction on the heart;
Thy grace unveils the blindest eyes,
And makes the haughtiest scorner wise,

317. L. M. MR. S. DEACON.

The Importance of True Wisdom—O! that they were wise.
Deut. xxxii. 29, 30.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH, by his servant, cries,
O that the sons of men were wise!
O that they did but understand,
And contemplate their latter end!
- 2 A thousand sins, a thousand woes,
A thousand fears, a thousand foes,
Will fly before the happy man,
Who forms his life by such a plan.

- 51.) 3 [While others prosecute their schemes,
Wild and romantic as their dreams,
He'll seize the minutes as they fly,
A peaceful exit to enjoy.
- 4 The spirits in the world above
Survey him with delight and love;
He claims a kindred with the skies,
And sings and triumphs when he dies.
- 5 What though his flesh and bones decay,
And mingle with their fellow clay;
His spirit, with divine delight,
Flies to the glories out of sight.
- 6 Be wise, ye sons of men, be wise;
Time on the swiftest pinions flies;
Eternal bliss, or endless woe,
You must enjoy, or undergo.

318. P. M. (O. B. 325.)

Sinners invited to Christ.

- 1 **C**OME ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore!
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and pow'r.
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.
- 2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to see you need of him.
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

- 3 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies;
 On the bloody tree behold him,
 Hear him cry before he dies,
 "It is finish'd."
 Sinners, will not this suffice?
- 4 Lo! the Saviour now ascended,
 Pleads his all-atoning blood;
 Venture on him, venture freely,
 Let no object else intrude.
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.
- 5 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb;
 While the blissful-realms of glory
 Sweetly echo with his name.
 Hallelujah!
 Sinners here may do the same.

319. L. M. MR. WESLEY. (O. B. 326.)

Another.

- 1 COME, sinners, to the gospel-feast,
 Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
 Ye need not one be left behind,
 Jesus hath died for all mankind.
- 2 "Have me excus'd," why will you say,
 From health, and life, and liberty!
 From all that is in Jesus given,
 From pardon, holiness, and heaven.
- 3 Come guilty souls, by sin opprest,
 Ye weary wand'ers after rest:
 Ye poor and maimed, halt and blind,
 In Christ a hearty welcome find.

- 4 See him set forth before your eyes,
Behold the bleeding sacrifice!
Pardon and life let all embrace,
And freely now be sav'd by grace.
- 5 Ye who believe his record true,
Shall sup with him, and he with you,
Come to the feast, be sav'd from sin,
For Jesus waits to take you in.
- 6 This is the time, no more delay,
This is the glorious gospel day;
Come guilty sinners at his call,
And live to him who died for all.

320. MR. WESLEY. (O. B. 327.)

Another.

- 1 **Y**E weary wanderers, now draw near,
That know no solid peace or rest.
Lay by your doubt and anxious fear,
And lean upon the Saviour's breast;
All's stolen fruit that can be found,
To cheer the soul on nature's ground.
- 2 Come, for the gospel bids you come;
Jesus for sinners bled and died;
The sacred word reports there's room,
Nor shall you ever be denied.
Your souls shall find a resting-place
In arms of everlasting grace.

321. L. M. MR. WESLEY. (O. B. 351.)

Invitation of Sinners to Christ. Isa. lv. 1.

- 1 **H**O! every one that thirsts, draw nigh,
('Tis God invites the fallen race)
Mercy and free salvation buy;
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

- 2 Come to the living waters, come ;
Sinners, obey your Maker's call !
Return, ye weary wand'ers, home,
And find my grace reach'd out to all.
- 3 See from the rock a fountain rise !
For you in healing streams it rolls ;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burthen'd, sin-sick souls.
- 4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give ;
Leave all ye have and are behind ;
Freely the gift of God receive ;
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

322. L. M. MR. WESLEY. (O. B. 352.)

The Same. Isa. lv. 2, &c.

- 1 **H**ITHER, ye lab'ring sinners, come !
Jesus, the Lord, invites you near :
Jesus shall take you for his own,
And make you his peculiar care.
- 2 Why seek ye that which is not bread,
Nor can your hungry souls sustain ?
On ashes, husks, and air, ye feed ;
Ye spend your little all in vain.
- 3 In search of empty joys below,
Ye toil with unavailing strife :
Whither, ah, whither would ye go ?
Christ has the words of endless life.
- 4 Harken to Christ with earnest care,
And freely eat substantial food ;
The sweetness of his mercy share,
And taste that he alone is good.
- 5 He bids you all his goodness prove,
His promises for sinners free ;
Come taste the manna of his love,
And all his full salvation see.

323. L. M. MR. WESLEY. (O. B. 309.)

The Sinner's Confession and humble Plea. Micah vi. 6, 7, 8.

- 1 **W**HEREWITH, O Lord, shall I draw
 near,
 Or bow myself before thy face?
 How in thy purer eyes appear?
 What shall I bring to gain thy grace?
- 2 Will gifts delight the Lord most high?
 Will multiply'd oblations please?
 Thousands of rams his favour buy,
 Or slaughter'd hecatombs appease?
- 3 Can these assuage the wrath of God?
 Can these wash out my guilty stain?
 Rivers of oil, or seas of blood,
 Alas! they all must flow in vain.
- 4 What have I then wherein to trust?
 I nothing have, I nothing am;
 Excluded is my every boast,
 My glory swallow'd up in shame.
- 5 Guilty I stand before thy face,
 My sole desert is hell and wrath;
 'Twere just the sentence should take place,
 But O, I plead my Saviour's death!
- 6 The Saviour's name alone I plead,
 Who dy'd for sinners on the tree;
 In him I'll trust, nor be afraid,
 The Saviour lov'd and dy'd for me.

324. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 396.)

Penitence. Psalm li.

- 1 **O** THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
 Though all my crimes before thee lie,
 Behold them not with angry look,
 But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin :
Let thy good spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light ;
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight ;
Thy holy joys my God restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have griev'd thy spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford :
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the suff'rings of thy Son.

325. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O.B. 396.)

Penitence. Psalm li.

- 1 **A** BROKEN heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring :
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just ;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die !
- 3 Then will I teach the world thy ways ;
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace ;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.
- 4 O may thy love inspire my tongue !
Salvation shall be all my song ;
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
The Lord my strength and righteousness.

326. C.M. MR. JOHN FAWCETT. (O.B.98.)

The Penitent.

- 1 **M**Y God, to thee I would return;
O help me by thy grace!
With penitential grief to mourn,
And all my sins confess.
- 2 The world, with its alluring toys,
Hath long ensnar'd my mind,
With painted shews of carnal joys,
Which leave a sting behind.
- 3 Guilty, and self-condemn'd, I lie
Before thy awful throne!
I know I have deserv'd to die;
Yet save me through thy Son!
- 4 In his dear name may I partake
The pardon I implore;
And for thy sov'reign mercy's sake,
My wand'ring feet restore.
- 5 Thy healing grace, O God, impart,
Relieve my trembling soul!
O let thy comforts cheer my heart,
And all my fears control!
- 6 Confirm me by thy pow'r divine,
Lest I again should stray;
Seal me, my God, for ever thine,
And keep me in thy way.

327. C. M. DR. S. STENNETT. (O. B. 100.)

The penitent Thief. Luke xxiii. 42.

- 1 **A**S on the cross the Saviour hung,
And wept, and bled, and died,
He pour'd salvation on a wretch
That languish'd at his side.

- 2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confess'd;
Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his pray'r address'd:
- 3 ' Jesus, thou Son and heir of Heav'n,
' Thou spotless Lamb of God !
' I see thee bath'd in sweat and tears,
' And welt'ring in thy blood !
- 4 ' Yet quickly from these scenes of woe,
' In triumph thou shalt rise,
' Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
' And shine above the skies.
- 5 ' Amid the glories of that world,
' Dear Saviour, think of me,
' And in the vict'ries of thy death,
' Let me a sharer be.'
- 6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies,
' To-day thy parting soul shall be
' With me in paradise.'

328. C.M. (O.B. 99.)

The lost Sheep found; or, Joy in Heaven on the Conversion of a Sinner. Luke xv. 3, 4.

- 1 **W**HEN some kind shepherd from his fold
Has lost a straying sheep,
Through vales, o'er hills, he anxious roves,
And climbs the mountain's steep.
- 2 But, O the joy, the transport sweet,
When he the wand'rer finds !
Up in his arms he takes his charge,
And to his shoulder binds.

- 3 Homewards he hastes to tell his joys,
And make his bliss complete:
The neighbours hear the news, and all
The joyful shepherd greet.
- 4 Yet how much greater is the joy
When but one sinner turns,
When the poor wretch, with broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!
- 5 Pleas'd with the news, the saints below,
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heav'n is fill'd with joy.
- 6 Angels rejoice in louder strains,
And seraphs feel new fire;
A wand'ring sheep's return'd, they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

329. L. M. DR. WATTS.

Blessedness of the true Penitent.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man, for ever bless'd,
Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God,
Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,
And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.
- 2 Blest is the man to whom the Lord
Imputes not his iniquities;
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works, but grace relies.
- 3 From guile his heart and lips are free;
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.
- 4 How glorious is that righteousness
That hides and cancels all his sins!
While a bright evidence of grace
Thro' his whole life appears and shines.

330. L. M. DR. WATTS.

Faith and Repentance, Unbelief and Impenitence.

- 1 **L**IFE and immortal joys are giv'n
To souls that mourn the sins they've done;
Children of wrath made heirs of heav'n
By faith in God's beloved Son.
- 2 Woe to the wretch who never felt
The inward pangs of pious grief!
But adds to all his crying guilt
The stubborn sin of unbelief.
- 3 The law condemns the rebel dead,
Under the wrath of God he lies;
He seals the curse on his own head,
And with a double veng'ance dies.

331. L. M. DR. WATTS.

Few saved; or, the almost Christian, the Hypocrite, and Apostate.

- 1 **B**ROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there!
But wisdom shews a narrower path,
With here and there a traveller,
- 2 'Deny thyself, and take thy cross,'
Is the Redeemer's great command!
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heav'nly land.
- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain;
Which false apostates never knew.

YOUTH.

332. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 169.)

Regard to Scripture pressed upon Young Persons. Psalm cxix. 9.

- 1 **I**NDULGENT God, with pitying eye
The sons of men survey,
And see how youthful sinners sport
In a destructive way.
- 2 Ten thousand dangers lurk around,
To bear them to the tomb;
Each, in an hour, may plunge them down
Where hope can never come.
- 3 Reduce, O Lord! their wand'ring minds,
Amus'd with airy dreams,
That heav'nly wisdom may dispel
Their visionary schemes.
- 4 With holy caution may they walk,
And be thy word their guide;
Till each the desert safely pass'd,
On Zion's hill abide.

333. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 170.)

*Young Persons encouraged to seek and love Christ,
Prov. viii. 17.*

- 1 **Y**E hearts with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from ev'ry mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
 Stoops to converse with you;
 And lays his radiant glories by,
 Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 The soul that longs to see my face,
 Is sure my love to gain;
 And those that early seek my grace,
 Shall never seek in vain.
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
 If once compar'd with thee?
 What beauty should command my love,
 Like that in Christ I see?
- 5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
 Vain tempters of the mind!
 'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
 And here true bliss I find.

334. L. M. DR. WATTS'S Sermons. (O. B. 439.)

A hopeful Youth falling short of Heaven. Mark x. 21.

- 1 **M**UST all the charms of nature then,
 So hopeless to salvation prove?
 Can hell demand, or heav'n condemn
 The man whom Jesus deigns to love?
- 2 The man who sought the ways of truth,
 Paid friends and neighbours all their due!
 (A modest, sober, lovely youth,)
 And thought he wanted nothing now.
- 3 But mark the change! Thus spake the Lord,
 "Come part with earth for heav'n to-day."
 The youth, astonish'd at the word,
 In silent sadness went his way.
- 4 Poor virtues! that he boasted so;
 This test unable to endure:
 Let Christ, and grace, and glory go,
 To make his land and money sure.

- 5 Ah, foolish choice of treasure here!
 Ah, fatal love of tempting gold!
 Must this base world be bought so dear?
 And life and heav'n so cheaply sold?
- 6 In vain the charms of nature shine,
 If this vile passion governs me:
 Transform my soul, O love divine,
 And make me part with all for thee!

335. C. M. DR. WATTS'S Sermons. (O. B. 440.)

The Same.

- 1 **T**HUS far 'tis well: you read, you pray,
 You hear God's holy word:
 You hearken what your parents say,
 And learn to serve the Lord.
- 2 Your friends are pleas'd to see your ways,
 Your practice they approve:
 Jesus himself would give you praise,
 And look with eyes of love;
- 3 But if you quit the paths of truth
 To follow foolish fires,
 And give a loose to giddy youth,
 With all its wild desires;
- 4 If you will let your Saviour go,
 To hold your riches fast,
 Or hunt for empty joys below,
 You'll lose your heav'n at last.
- 5 The rich young man whom Jesus lov'd
 Should teach you to forbear:
 His love of earthly pleasures prov'd
 A fatal golden snare.
- 6 See, gracious God, dear Saviour, see
 How men reject thy call!
 Teach them to part with all for thee,
 And love thee more than all.

336. C. M.

Harvest; or, the accepted Time and Day of Salvation.
Prov. x. 5.

- 1 **S**EE how the little toiling ant -
 Improves the harvest hours;
 While summer lasts, thro' all her cells
 The choicest stores she pours.
- 2 While life remains, our harvest lasts;
 But youth of life's the prime;
 Best is this season for our work,
 And this th' accepted time.
- 3 To-day attend, is Wisdom's voice,
 To-morrow, Folly cries:
 And still to-morrow 'tis, when Oh!
 To-day the sinner dies.
- 4 When Conscience speaks, its voice regard,
 And seize the tender hour;
 Humbly implore the promis'd grace,
 And God will give the power.

337. L. M. DR. WATTS.

Advice to Youth. Ecclef. xii. 1, 7. Isa. lxx. 20.

- 1 **N**OW in the heat of youthful blood,
 Remember your Creator, God:
 Behold the months come hast'ning on,
 When you shall say, "My joys are gone."
- 2 Behold the aged sinner goes,
 Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
 Down to the regions of the dead,
 With endless curses on his head.
- 3 The dust returns to dust again;
 The soul, in agonies of pain,
 Ascends to God; not there to dwell,
 But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

- 4 Eternal king! I fear thy name:
 Teach me to know how frail I am;
 And when my soul must hence remove,
 Give me a mansion in thy love.

338. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 283.)

Youth and Judgment. Eccles. xi. 9.

- 1 **L**O! the young tribes of Adam rise,
 And thro' all nature rove,
 Fulfil the wishes of their eyes,
 And taste the joys they love.
- 2 They give a loose to wild desires;
 But let the sinners know,
 The strict account that God requires
 Of all the works they do!
- 3 The Judge prepares his throne on high,
 The frighted earth and seas
 Avoid the fury of his eye,
 And flee before his face!
- 4 How shall I bear that dreadful day,
 And stand the fiery test?
 I'd give all mortal joys away
 To be for ever blest.

339. L. M. DR. WATTS.

The Same.

- 1 **Y**E sons of Adam, vain and young,
 Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue;
 Taste the delights your souls desire,
 And give a loose to all your fire.
- 2 Pursue the pleasures you design,
 And cheer your hearts with songs and wine;
 Enjoy the day of mirth; but know,
 There is a day of judgment too!

340. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, DUTY, &c.

- 3 God from on high beholds your thoughts;
His book records your secret faults;
The works of darkness you have done
Must all appear before the sun.
- 4 The veng'ance to your follies due,
Should strike your hearts with terror through;
How will ye stand before his face,
Or answer for his injur'd grace?
- 5 Almighty God! turn off their eyes
From these alluring vanities:
And let the thunder of thy word
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, DUTY,
&c.

340. C. M. DR. WATTS'S Sermons. (O.B. 437.)

The Truth of Christianity inwardly witnessed. 1 John v. 10.

- 1 **W**ITNESS, ye saints, that Christ is true,
Tell how his name imparts
The life of grace and glory too;
Ye have it in your hearts.
- 2 The heav'nly building is begun,
When we receive the Lord:
His hands shall lay the crowning stone,
And well perform his word.
- 3 Your souls are form'd by wisdom's rules;
Your joys and graces shine:
You need no learning of the schools
To prove your faith divine.

- 4 Let Heathens scoff, and Jews oppose,
Let Satan's bolts be hurl'd:
There's something wrought within you shews
That Jesus saves the world.

341. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 606.)

Living and a dead Faith, collected from several Scriptures.

- 1 **M**ISTAKEN souls that dream of heav'n,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n,
While they are slaves to lust.
- 2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living pow'r unites
To Christ the living head.
- 3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.
- 4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celestial pow'r;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

342. S. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 584.)

Dead to Sin by the Cross of Christ. Rom. vi. 1.

- 1 **S**HALL we go on to sin,
Because thy grace abounds,
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?
- 2 Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said
That we whose sins are crucify'd,
Should raise them from the dead.

343, 344. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, DUTY, &c.

- 3 We would be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free,
Has nail'd our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty.

343. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 599.)

The Pharisee and Publican. Luke xviii. 10, &c.

- 1 **B**EHOLD how sinners disagree,
The publican and pharisee!
One doth his righteousness proclaim;
The other owns his guilt and shame.
- 2 This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands;
That boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.
- 3 The Lord their different language knows,
And different answers he bestows;
The humble soul with grace he crowns,
Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.
- 4 Dear Father, let me never be
Join'd with the boasting pharisee:
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the suff'rings of thy Son.

344. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 600.)

Holiness and Grace. Titus ii. 10—14.

- 1 **S**O let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad,
The honours of our Saviour God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
 Passion and envy, lust and pride:
 While justice, temp'rance, truth, and love,
 Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
 While we expect that blessed hope,
 The bright appearance of the Lord,
 And faith stands leaning on his word.

345. C.M. DR. WATTS'S Sermons. (O.B. 448.)

Truth and Sincerity.

1 **L**ET those who bear the christian name,
 Their holy vows fulfil;
 The saints, the followers of the Lamb,
 Are men of honour still.

2 True to the solemn oaths they take,
 Though to their hurt they swear:
 Constant and just to all they speak,
 For God and angels hear.

3 Still with their lips their hearts agree;
 Nor flatt'ring words devise:
 They know the God of truth can see
 Through ev'ry false disguise.

4 They hate th' appearance of a lie,
 In all the shapes it wears:
 Firm to the truth: and when they die,
 Eternal life is theirs.

5 Lo from afar the Lord descends,
 And brings the judgment down:
 He bids his saints, his faithful friends,
 Rise and possess their crown.

6 While Satan trembles at the sight,
 And devils wish to die,
 Where will the faithless hypocrite
 And guilty liar fly?

346. L. M. DR. WATTS's Sermons. (O. B. 130.)

Gravity and Decency.

- 1 **A**RE we not sons and heirs of God?
Are we not bought with Jesu's blood?
Do we not hope for heavenly joys?
And shall we stoop to trifling toys?
- 2 Can laughter feed th' immortal mind?
Were spirits of celestial kind
Made for a jest, for sport and play,
To wear out time, and waste the day?
- 3 Doth vain discourse, or empty mirth,
Well suit the honours of our birth?
Shall we be fond of gay attire,
Which children love, and fools admire?
- 4 What if we wear the richest vest?
Peacocks and flies are better drest;
This flesh, with all its gaudy forms,
Must drop to dust, and feed the worms.
- 5 Lord, raise our hearts and passions higher,
Touch our vain souls with sacred fire!
Then with an elevated eye,
We'll pass these glittering trifles by.
- 6 We'll look on all the toys below
With such disdain as angels do;
And wait the call that bids us rise
To mansions promis'd in the skies.

347. L. M. DR. WATTS's Sermons. (O. B. 449.)

Motives to Fidelity.

- 1 **H**ATH God been faithful to his word,
And sent to men the promis'd grace?
Shall I not imitate the Lord,
And practise what my lips profess?

- 2 Hath Christ fulfill'd his kind design?
The dreadful work he undertook?
And dy'd to make salvation mine?
And well perform'd the word he spoke?
- 3 Doth not his faithfulness afford
A noble theme to raise my song?
And shall I dare deny my Lord?
Or utter falsehood with my tongue?
- 4 My King, my Saviour, and my God,
The fulness of thy grace I view;
Wash my offences in thy blood,
And make my soul sincere and true.

348. L. M. Mr. SCOTT. (O. B. 314.)

Humility.

- 1 **W**AS pride, alas, e'er made for man?
Blind, erring, guilty creature he;
His birth so mean, his life a span,
His wisdom less than vanity.
- 2 Though wealth and pow'r, with dazzling rays,
And pageant state this nothing dress;
On the fair idol shall we gaze,
And envy that as happiness?
- 3 Jesus, by thy instructions taught,
Our foolish passions are repress'd;
We blush at our misguided thought,
And see and call the humble bless'd.
- 4 To know ourselves, to learn of thee,
And bend our necks beneath thy throne;
Thus dictates wise humility,
This makes the wealth of heav'n our own,

349, 350. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, DUTY, &c.

349. C.M. MR. NEEDHAM. (O. B. 128.)

Fear of God. Prov. xiv. 26.

- 1 **H**APPY beyond description he
Who fears the Lord his God;
Who hears his threats with holy awe,
And trembles at his rod.
- 2 Fear, sacred passion, ever dwells
With its fair partner, love:
Blending their beauties, both proclaim
Their source is from above.
- 3 Let terrors fright th' unwilling slave,
The child with joy appears;
Cheerful he does his Father's will,
And loves as much as fears.
- 4 Let but thy fear, most holy God!
Possess this soul of mine,
Then shall I worship thee aright,
And taste the joys divine.

350. L.M. DR. WATTS'S Sermon. (O. B. 454.)

Things of good Report.

- 1 **I**S it a thing of good report,
To squander life and time away?
To cut the hours of duty short,
While toys and follies waste the day?
- 2 To ask and prattle all affairs,
And mind all business but our own?
To live at random, void of cares,
While all things to confusion run?
- 3 Doth this become the christian name
To venture near the tempter's door,
To sort with men of evil fame,
And yet presume to stand secure?

- 4 Am I my own sufficient guard,
While I expose my soul to shame?
Can the short joys of sin reward
The lasting blemish of my name?
- 5 O may it be my lasting choice
To walk with men of grace below,
Till I arrive where heav'nly joys,
And never-fading honours grow!

351. L. M. DR. WATTS'S Sermons. (O. B. 451.)

Temperance.

- 1 **I**S it man's divinest good
To make his soul a slave to food?
Vile as the beast whose spirit dies,
And has no hope above the skies?
- 2 Can meats or choicest wines procure
Delights that ever shall endure?
Was I not born above the swine?
And shall I make their pleasures mine?
- 3 Am I not made for nobler things?
Made to ascend on angel's wings?
Shall my best pow'rs be thus debas'd,
And grieve my God to please my taste?
- 4 Was life design'd alone to eat?
What is the mouth, or what the meat?
Both from the dust derive their birth,
And both shall mix with common earth,
- 5 Lord, elevate my sensual mind,
And let my joys be more refin'd:
Raise me to dwell among the blest,
There to enjoy eternal rest!

352. L. M. (O. B. 631.)

Contentment.

- 1 **F**OUNTAIN of blessing ever bless'd,
 Enriching all, of all possess'd:
 By whom the whole creation's fed,
 Give me, each day, my daily bread.
- 2 To Thee my very life I owe,
 From thee do all my comforts flow;
 And every blessing which I need
 Must from thy bounteous hand proceed.
- 3 Great things are not what I desire,
 Nor dainty meat, nor rich attire;
 Content with little would I be,
 That little, Lord, must come from Thee.
- 4 While wicked men with all their store,
 Are ever grasping after more,
 With Hagar's wish I'm satisfied,
 Nor grudge them all the world beside.

353. C. M. DR. WATTS's Sermons. (O. B. 452.)

Chastity.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, how great his majesty!
 How pure are all his ways!
 Sinners unclean offend his eye,
 Nor stand before his face.
- 2 Thou hast ordain'd immortal woes,
 And everlasting fire,
 To be the just reward of those
 Who follow loose desire.
- 3 I hear, I read the dreadful doom
 Of Sodom in thy word,
 And dares a feeble worm presume
 Thus to provoke the Lord?

- 4 Dear Saviour, guard me by thy grace,
From thoughts and words unclean,
Nor let temptation gain success,
Or draw my soul to sin!

354. C.M. Dr. WATTS's Sermons. (O. B. 453.)

A lovely Carriage.

- 1 O 'TIS a lovely thing to see
A man of prudent heart;
Whose thoughts, and lips, and life agree
To act an useful part.
- 2 When envy, strife, and wars begin
In little angry souls,
Mark how the sons of peace come in,
And quench the kindling coals.
- 3 Their minds are humble, mild, and meek,
Nor let their fury rise:
Nor passion moves their lips to speak,
Nor pride exalts their eyes.
- 4 Their frame is prudence, mix'd with love,
Good works fulfil their day:
They join the serpent with the dove,
But cast the sting away.
- 5 Such was the Saviour of mankind,
Such pleasures he pursu'd:
His flesh and blood were all refin'd,
His soul divinely good.
- 6 Lord, can these plants of virtue grow
In such a soul as mine?
Thy grace can form my spirit so,
And make my heart like thine.

355, 356. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, DUTY, &c.

355. C. M. Dr. WATTS's Sermons. (O. B. 441.)

The hidden Life of a Christian. Col. iii. 4.

- 1 **O** HAPPY soul that lives on high,
While men lie grov'ling here!
His hopes are fix'd above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.
- 2 His conscience knows no secret stings,
While grace and joy combine
To form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.
- 3 He waits in secret on his God;
His God in secret sees;
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heav'nly peace.
- 4 His pleasures rise from things unseen
Beyond this world and time;
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.
- 5 He wants no pomp or royal crown
To raise his figure here:
Content, and pleas'd to live unknown
Till Christ, his life, appear.
- 6 He looks to heav'n's eternal hill,
To meet that glorious day,
When Christ his promise shall fulfil,
And call his soul away.

356. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 514.)

The Character and Blessedness of Saints. Psalm cxix. 1, 2, 3.

- 1 **B**LEST are the undefil'd in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean:
Whoever from thy law depart,
But fly from ev'ry sin.

- 2 Blest are the men who keep thy word,
And practise thy commands:
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
And serve thee with their hands.
- 3 Great is their peace who love thy law;
How firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.
- 4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honour all thy name.

357. L. M. Dr. WATTS. (O. B. 580.)

The Beatitudes. Matt. v. 3—12.

- 1 [BLESS'D are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty:
Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.]
- 2 [Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.]
- 3 [Bless'd are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.]
- 4 [Bless'd are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied and fed
With living streams and living bread.]

358. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 581.)

The Beatitudes continued.

- 1 [BLESS'D are the men whose bowels move,
And melt with sympathy and love;
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.]
- 2 [Bless'd are the pure whose hearts are clean,
From the defiling pow'r of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.]
- 3 [Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.]
- 4 [Bless'd are the sufferers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesu's sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.]

359. C. M. DR. WATTS.

The Way and End of the Righteous and the Wicked. Psalm l.

- 1 BLEST is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat:
- 2 But in the statutes of the Lord
Has plac'd his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.
- 3 [He, like a plant of gen'rous kind,
By living waters set,
Safe from the storms and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state.]

- 4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair
Shall his profession shine,
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.
- 5 Not so the impious and unjust;
What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.
- 6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Amongst the sons of grace,
When Christ the judge at his right hand,
Appoints his saints a place.
- 7 His eye beholds the path they tread;
His heart approves it well:
But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

360. S. M.

The Saint happy, and the Sinner miserable. Psalm i.

- 1 **T**HE man is ever blest,
Who shuns the sinner's ways,
Amongst their counsels never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place.
- 2 But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amidst the labours of the day,
And watches of the night.
- 3 He like a tree shall thrive,
With waters near the root;
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live;
His works are heav'nly fruit.
- 4 Not so th' ungodly race,
They no such blessings find:
Their hopes shall flee, like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.

361. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, DUTY, &c.

- 5 How will they bear to stand
Before that judgment-seat,
Where all the saints at Christ's right hand
In full assembly meet?
- 6 He knows, and he approves
The way the righteous go;
But sinners and their works shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.

361. S. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B 364.)

The real Christian an object of Divine Favour. Psalm xxv.
10, 12, 14.

- 1 **W**HERE shall the man be found
That fears t'offend his God;
That loves the gospel's joyful sound,
And trembles at the rod?
- 2 The Lord shall make him know
The secrets of his heart,
The wonders of his cov'nant show,
And all his love impart.
- 3 The dealings of his hand
Are truth and mercy still,
With such as to his cov'nant stand,
And love to do his will.

FAITH AND HOPE.

362. L. M. (O. B. 94.)

Humble Trust; or, Despair prevented.

- 1 **D**ID Jesus die, but not for me?
 Am I forbid to seek my God?
 Is there not pardon rich and free,
 Proclaim'd through Jesu's precious blood?
- 2 Who then shall drive my trembling soul
 From thee, my God, to black despair?
 Who has survey'd the sacred roll,
 And found my name not written there?
- 3 Presumptuous thought! to fix the bound,
 To limit mercy's sov'reign reign:
 What other happy souls have found,
 I'll seek, nor shall I seek in vain.
- 4 I own my guilt, my sins confess:
 Can men or devils make them more:
 Of crimes, already numberless,
 Vain the attempt to swell the score.
- 5 Were the black list before my sight,
 While I remember thou hast dy'd,
 'Twould only urge my speedier flight,
 To seek salvation at thy side.
- 6 Lord, at thy feet I'll cast me down,
 To thee reveal my guilt and fear;
 And—if thou spurn me from thy throne—
 I'll be the first who perish'd there.

363. L. M. STEELE. (O. B. 92.)

Hope encouraged by a View of the divine Perfections.

I Sam. xxx. 6.

- 1 **W**HY sinks my weak desponding mind,
 Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh?
 Can sov'reign goodness be unkind?
 Am I not safe if God is nigh?
- 2 He holds all nature in his hand,
 That gracious hand on which I live,
 Does life, and time, and death command,
 And has immortal joys to give.
- 3 'Tis he supports this fainting frame,
 On him alone my hopes recline;
 The wond'rous glories of his name,
 How wide they spread, how bright they shine!
- 4 Infinite wisdom! boundless pow'r!
 Unchanging faithfulness and love!
 Here let me trust, while I adore,
 Nor from my refuge e'er remove.

364. C. M. STEELE. (O. B. 179.)

Filial Submission. Heb. xii. 7.

- 1 **A**ND can my heart aspire so high,
 To say, my Father God!
 Lord at thy feet I fain would lie,
 And learn to kiss the rod.
- 2 I would submit to all thy will,
 For thou art good and wise;
 Let ev'ry anxious thought be still,
 Nor one faint murmur rise.
- 3 Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom,
 And bid me wait serene;
 Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
 And brighten all the scene.

- 4 My Father, O permit my heart
 To plead her humble claim,
 And ask the bliss those words impart,
 In my Redeemer's name.

365. C. M. (O. B. 164.)

Humble Request.

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sov'reign will denies,
 Accepted at thy throne of grace,
 Let my petition rise.
- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 From ev'ry murmur free:
 The blessings of thy grace impart,
 And make me live to thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
 My life and death attend;
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And crown my journey's end.

366. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 582.)

Confession of Christ, and Confidence in him. 2 Tim. i. 12.

- 1 I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
 Or to defend his cause,
 Mainfain the honour of his word,
 The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my Lord! I know his name,
 His name is all my trust;
 Nor will he put my soul to shame,
 Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
 And he can well secure
 What I've committed to his hands,
 Till the decisive hour.

367. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, DUTY, &c.

- 4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

367. L. M. DR. WATTS. (Q. B. 403.)

Distrust of Creatures; or, Faith in God alone. Psalm lxiii.
5-12.

- 1 MY spirit looks to God alone,
My rock and refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.
- 2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face;
When helpers fail, when foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.
- 3 False are the men of high degree,
The baser sort are vanity:
Laid in the balance, both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.
- 4 Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your hearts on glitt'ring dust;
Why will ye grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God has spoke?
- 5 Once has his awful voice declar'd,
Once and again my ears have heard,
"All power is his eternal due,
"He must be fear'd and trusted too."
- 6 For sov'reign pow'r reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne;
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.

368. L. M. (O. B. 93.)

Confidence in God, or looking beyond present Appearances,

Hab. iii. 17, 18.

- 1 **A**WAY my unbelieving fear!
 Let fear no more in me take place;
 My Saviour doth not yet appear,
 He hides the brightness of his face;
 But shall I therefore let him go,
 And basely to the tempter yield!
 No, in the strength of Jesus, no!
 I never will give up my shield.
- 2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
 Although the olive yield no oil,
 The with'ring fig-tree droop and die,
 The field elude the tiller's toil;
 The empty stall no herd afford,
 And perish all the bleating race;
 Yet I will triumph in the Lord,
 The God of my salvation praise.
- 3 Away, each unbelieving fear,
 Let fear to cheering hope give place;
 My Saviour *will* at length appear,
 And shew the brightness of his face:
 Though now my prospects all be crost,
 My blooming hopes cut off I see,
 Still will I in my Saviour trust,
 Whose boundless love can reach to me,
- 4 In hope, believing against hope,
 His promis'd mercy will I claim;
 His gracious word shall bear me up,
 To see Salvation in his name:
 Soon, my dear Saviour, bring it nigh!
 My soul shall then outstrip the wind,
 On wings of love mount up on high,
 And leave the world and sin behind.

369, 370. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, DUTY, &c.

369. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 605.)

Hope in the Covenant. Heb. vi. 17—19.

- 1 **H**OW oft have sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from thee my God?
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.
- 2 The oath and promise of the Lord,
Join to confirm the wond'rous grace;
Eternal pow'r performs the word,
And fills all heav'n with endless praise.
- 3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor firm and strong;
While tempests blow and billows rise.
- 4 The gospel bears my spirits up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

370. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 618.)

Adhering to the Cross of Christ.

- 1 **H**ERE at thy cross, my dying Lord,
I lay my soul beneath thy love,
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus! nor shall it e'er remove.
- 2 Not all that tyrants think or say,
With rage and lightning in their eyes,
Nor hell shall fright my heart away,
Should hell with all its legions rise.
- 3 Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie:
Resolv'd (for that's my last defence)
If I must perish, there to die.
- 4 But shall I, Lord, indulge my fear;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade!
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dares my soul invade.

- 5 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim:
Hosanna to my dying Lord!
And my best honours to his name.

371. P. M. MR. JOHN FAWCETT. (O. B. 180.)

Resignation and Confidence.

- 1 FANTASTIC delights no more I desire,
To infinite heights my wishes aspire;
Lord, thou art my treasure, my portion and
choice; [joice.
And in thy good pleasure my soul shall re-
- 2 The world I resign, and all it can give,
Lord, if I am thine, securely I live.
If thou art my Saviour, in thee I have all;
I'm blest in thy favour, whate'er me befall.
- 3 In all my distress thy mercy is near,
My griefs to redress, and vanquish my fear;
For thou art omniscient, each danger to spy,
And God all-sufficient my needs to supply.
- 4 When earth can afford no comfort or ease,
I find in thy word celestial peace:
If all the creation upon me should frown,
Thy glorious salvation my wishes will crown,

372. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 413.)

The aged Saint's Reflection and Hope. Psalm lxxi. 5—9.

- 1 MY God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thine hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my youth.
- 2 My flesh was fashion'd by thy pow'r,
With all these limbs of mine;
And from my mother's painful hour
I've been entirely thine.

373. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, DUTY, &c.

- 3 Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated ev'ry year;
Behold my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.
- 4 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.
- 5 When in the hist'ry of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in every page,
In ev'ry line thy praise.

373. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 95.)

Confidence in the Power and Faithfulness of God.

I Cor. x. 13.

- 1 **N**OW let the feeble all be strong,
And make Jehovah's arm their song:
His shield is spread o'er every saint,
And thus supported, who shall faint?
- 2 What though the hosts of hell engage
With mingled cruelty and rage?
A faithful God restrains their hands,
And chains them down in iron bands.
- 3 Bound by his word, he will display
A strength proportioned to our day;
And, when united trials meet,
Will shew a path of safe retreat.
- 4 Thus far we prove that promise good,
Which Jesus ratify'd with blood;
Still is he gracious, wise, and just,
And still in him let Israel trust.

LOVE.

574. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 594.)

Charity and Uncharitableness. Rom. xiv. 17, 19. 1 Cor. x. 32.

- 1 NOT diff'rent food, nor diff'rent dress,
Compose the kingdom of our Lord;
But peace, and joy, and righteousness,
Faith and obedience to his word.
- 2 When weaker christians we despise,
We do the gospel mighty wrong:
For God, the gracious and the wise,
Receives the feeble with the strong.
- 3 Let pride and wrath be banish'd hence,
Meekness and love our souls pursue;
Nor shall our practice give offence
To saints, the Gentile, or the Jew.

375. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 603.)

The Love of God shed abroad in the Heart. Eph. iii. 16, &c.

- 1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in ev'ry breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be express'd.
- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged soul possess,
And learn the heighth, and breadth, and length,
Of thine immeasurable grace.
- 3 Now to the God whose pow'r can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know
Be everlasting honours done
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

376. C. M. DR. WATTS.

Love to God superior to Knowledge, Faith, and Hope.

- 1 **H**APPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.
- 4 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.
- 5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

377. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 602.)

Religion vain without Love. 1 Cor. xiii. 1—3.

- 1 **H**AD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heav'n and hell,
Or could my faith the world remove;
Still I am nothing without love

- 3 Should I distribute all my store,
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name.
- 4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

378. S. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 586.)

Christ unseen and beloved. 1 Pet. i. 8.

- 1 **N**OT with our mortal eyes,
Have we beheld the Lord,
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.
- 2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face,
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.
- 3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heav'n begins below.

379. L. M. DR. WATTS.

Seeking the Pastures of Christ.

- 1 **T**HOU whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy, and earthly love,
Tell me, dear shepherd, let me know
Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow?
- 2 Where is the shadow of that rock,
That from the sun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.

380, 381. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, DUTY, &c.

- 3 Why should thy bride appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.
- 4 [The footsteps of thy flock I see:
Thy sweetest pastures here they be:
A wond'rous feast thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and tears.
- 5 His dearest flesh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood:
Here to these hills my soul will come,
Till my beloved lead me home.]

380. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 304.)

Sight through a Glass, and Face to Face. 1 Cor. xiii. 12.

- 1 **I** LOVE the windows of his grace,
Through which my Lord is seen;
And long to meet my Saviour's face
Without a glass between.
- 2 O, that the happy hour were come,
To change my faith to sight!
I shall behold my Lord at home
In a diviner light.
- 3 Haste my beloved, and remove
These interposing days,
Then shall my passions all be love,
And all my pow'rs be praise.

381. L. M. DR. WATTS.

Living and dying in the Love of God.

- 1 **I** CANNOT bear thine absence, Lord;
My life expires if thou depart:
Be thou, my heart, still near my God,
And thou, my God, be near my heart.

- 2 I was not born for earth or sin,
Nor can I live on things so vile:
Yet I will stay my Father's time,
And hope and wait for heav'n awhile.
- 3 Then, dearest Lord, in thine embrace
Let me resign my fleeting breath;
And, with a smile upon my face,
Pass the important hour of death.

382. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 117.)

Prayer for Love to the Brethren. 1 Pet. i. 22.

- 1 GREAT Spirit of immortal love!
Vouchsafe our frozen hearts to move:
With ardour strong these breasts inflame
To all that own a Saviour's name.
- 2 Still let the heav'nly fire endure
Fervent and vig'rous, true and pure:
Let ev'ry heart and ev'ry hand
Join in the dear fraternal band.
- 3 Celestial Dove! descend and bring
The smiling blessings on thy wing;
And make us taste those sweets below,
Which in the blissful mansions grow.

383. S. M. MR. BEDDOME. (O. B. 116.)

Christian Love. Gal. iii. 28.

- 1 LET party names no more
The christian world o'erspread:
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.
- 2 Among the saints of earth,
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

384. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, DUTY, &c.

- 3 Let Envy, child of hell!
Be banish'd far away:
Those should in strictest friendship dwell
Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And ev'ry heart is love.

384. S. M. MR. JOHN FAWCETT. (O. B. 125.)

Love to the Saints.

- 1 **I** LOVE the sons of grace,
The heirs of bliss divine,
Who walk in paths of righteousness,
And fly from ev'ry sin.
- 2 They will my faults reprove,
When heedlessly I err;
How do I prize their faithful love,
Their kind and tender care!
- 3 They Jesu's image bear;
How lovely is the sight!
They shall at length with him appear
In everlasting light.
- 4 They love the Father's name,
And gladly do his will;
They humbly follow Christ the Lamb
In purity and zeal.
- 5 Their footsteps I'll pursue
With vigour till I die;
Rejoicing in the pleasing view
Of meeting them on high.
- 6 It is a sweet employ,
To join in worship here;
But how divine must be the joy
To see each other there!

385. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 537.)

Watchfulness and brotherly Love. Psalm cxli. 2—5.

1 MY God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thine house :
And let my nightly worship rise,
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From ev'ry rash and heedless word ;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty paths where sinners lead.

3 O may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wand'ring way !
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

4 When I behold them prest with grief,
I'll cry to heav'n for their relief ;
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

386. S. M. MR. JOHN FAWCETT. (O. B. 126.)

Brotherly Love.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent pray'rs ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often, for each other, flows
The sympathizing tear.

387. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, DUTY, &c,

- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

387. C. M. (O. B. 432.)

At the parting of Christian Friends.

- 1 **B**LEST be the dear uniting love,
That would not let us part!
Although our bodies sep'rate move,
Still we are join'd in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our head,
Where he appoints we go:
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And do his work below.
- 3 O let us ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
Like Jesus crucify'd.
- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace;
Till all his fulness we receive,
And see him face to face.
- 5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart;
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life nor death shall part.

- 6 O let us keep in view the day
Which shall our flesh restore,
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

388. L. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

The Christian Farewell. 2 Cor. xiii. 11.

- 1 **T**HY presence, everlasting God,
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad;
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
In every place thy children keep.
- 2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain;
When absent, happy if we share
Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.
- 3 To thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts near thy seat;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard, and guide us still as thine.
- 4 Give us in thy beloved house,
Again to pay our thankful vows;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

389. C. M. (O. B. 119.)

Love to our Enemies from the example of Christ

Luke xxiii. 34. Matt. v. 44.

- 1 **A**LOUD we sing the wond'rous grace
Christ to his murd'ers bare!
Which made the tort'ring cross its throne,
And hung its trophies there.
- 2 "Father, forgive!" his mercy cried,
With his expiring breath,
And drew eternal blessings down
On those who wrought his death.

390. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, DUTY, &c.

- 3 Jesus, this wond'rous love we sing,
And, whilst we sing, admire;
Breathe on our souls, and kindle there,
The same celestial fire !
- 4 Sway'd by thy dear example, we
For our worst foes will pray :
With love, their hatred, and their curse,
With blessings will repay.

390. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 497.)

The Same. Psalm cix. 1—5. 31.

- 1 **G**OD of my mercy and my praise,
Thy glory is my song;
Though sinners speak against thy grace
With a blaspheming tongue.
- 2 When in the form of mortal man
Thy Son on earth was found,
With cruel slanders, false and vain,
They compass'd him around.
- 3 Their mis'ries his compassion move,
Their peace he still pursu'd;
They render hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.
- 4 Their malice rag'd without a cause?
Yet, with his dying breath,
He pray'd for murd'ers on the cross,
And blest his foes in death.
- 5 Lord, shall thy bright example shine
In vain before my eyes?
Give me a soul a-kin to thine,
To love my enemies.
- 6 The Lord shall on my side engage,
And in my Saviour's name
I shall defeat their pride and rage,
Who slander and condemn.

391. L. M. MR. BROWN. (O. B. 121.)

Love to all Mankind.

- 1 **O** GOD, my Saviour and my King,
Of all I have, or hope, the spring!
Send down thy spirit from above,
And warm my heart with holy love.
- 2 With pity let my breast o'erflow,
When I behold a wretch in woe,
And bear a sympathizing part
With all who are of heavy heart.
- 3 And when another's prosp'rous state
Shall joy within himself create,
Let me too in his triumph join,
And count his peace and pleasure mine.
- 4 Yea, should my neighbour spiteful prove,
Still let me vanquish spite with love;
Slow to resent, though he would grieve,
But always ready to forgive.
- 5 Let love in all my conduct shine,
An image fair, though faint, of thine:
Let me thine humble foll'wer prove,
Father of grace, and God of love!

392. L. M. DR. WATTS'S Sermons. (O. B. 456.)

The universal Rule of Equity. Matt. vii. 12.

- 1 **B**LESSED Redeemer, how divine,
How righteous is this Rule of thine!
"Never to deal with others worse
"Than we would have them deal with us,"
- 2 This golden lesson, short and plain,
Gives not the mind or mem'ry pain:
And ev'ry conscience must approve
This universal rule of love,

393. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, DUTY, &c.

- 3 'Tis written in each mortal breast,
Where all our tenderest wishes rest:
We draw it from our inmost veins,
Where love to self resides and reigns.
- 4 Is reason ever at a loss?
Call in self-love to judge the cause:
Let our own fondest passions shew
How we should treat our neighbour too.
- 5 How blest would every nation prove,
Thus rul'd by equity and love!
All would be friends without a foe,
And form a paradise below.
-

HOLY DESIRES.

393. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 332.)

Breathing after Holiness. Psalm cxix. 5, &c.

- 1 **O** THAT the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!
- 2 Lord, send thy spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes,
Let no corrupt design;
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere,
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

394. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 324.)

Desire after Holiness.

- 1 GREAT Teacher of thy church, we own
Thy precepts all divinely wise!
O may thy mighty pow'r be shewn,
To fix them still before our eyes.
- 2 Deep on our hearts thy law engrave,
And fill our souls with heav'nly zeal;
That while we trust thy pow'r to save,
We may thy sacred law fulfil.
- 3 Adorn'd with ev'ry heav'nly grace,
May our examples brightly shine;
And the sweet lustre of thy face,
Reflected, beam from each of thine.
- 4 These lineaments, divinely fair,
Our heav'nly Father shall proclaim;
And men that view his image there,
Shall join to glorify his name.

395. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 322.)

Desire of being quickened by the Word of God. Psalm cix. 25.

- 1 WITH pity, Lord, thy servant view,
As in the dust I lie,
Nor while I raise my plaintive voice,
Disdain the broken cry.

395. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, DUTY, &c.

- 2 Fain would I mount on eagles' wings,
And view thy lovely face;
But cumb'rous burdens drag me down
From thine ador'd embrace.
- 3 Thy quick'ning energy diffuse
O'er all my inmost frame;
And animate my languid pow'rs
To celebrate thy name.

396. S. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 363.)

Waiting for Pardon and Direction. Psalm xxv. I. II.

- 1 **L**IFT my soul to God,
My trust is in his name;
Let not my foes that seek my blood
Still triumph in my shame.
- 2 Sin and the pow'rs of hell
Persuade me to despair;
Lord, make me know thy cov'nant well,
That I may 'scape the snare.
- 3 From the first dawning light,
'Till the dark evening rise,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait
With ever-longing eyes.
- 4 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.
- 5 The Lord is just and kind;
The meek shall learn his ways,
And every humble sinner find
The methods of his grace.
- 6 For his own goodness sake
He saves my soul from shame:
He pardons (though my guilt be great)
Through my Redeemer's name.

397. S. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 405.)

Seeking God. Psalm lxi.

- 1 MY God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.
- 2 My thirsty fainting soul
Thy mercy doth implore;
Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.
- 3 For life without thy love
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared with this,
To serve and please the Lord.
- 4 To thee I'll lift my hands,
And praise thee while I live;
Not all the dainties of a feast
Such food or pleasure give.
- 5 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps:
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

398. C. M. DR. WATTS.

Complaining of Spiritual Sloth.

- 1 MY drowsy pow'rs, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.
- 2 The little ants for one poor grain
Labour, and tug, and strive;
Yet we, who have a heav'n t' obtain,
How negligent we live!

399. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, DUTY, &c.

- 3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above.
- 4 We, for whom Christ the Lord came down,
And labour'd for our good,
How careless to secure that crown
He purchas'd with his blood!
- 5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts!
Come, holy dove, from th' heav'nly hill,
And sit and warm our hearts.
- 6 Then shall our active spirits move,
Upward our souls shall rise:
With hands of faith, and wings of love;
We'll fly and take the prize.
-

FORTITUDE AND ZEAL.

399. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 306.)

Fortitude and Resignation. Acts xx. 24.

- 1 **A**SSIST us, Lord, thy name to praise,
For this rich gospel of thy grace;
And, that our hearts may love it more,
Teach them to feel its vital pow'r.
- 2 With joy may we our course pursue,
And keep the crown of life in view;
That crown, which in one hour repays
The labour of ten thousand days.

- 3 Should bonds, or death, obstruct our way,
Unmov'd, their terrors we'll survey;
And the last hour improve for thee,
The last of life, or liberty.
- 4 Welcome those bonds which may unite
Our souls to their supreme delight!
Welcome the death, whose painful strife
Bears us to Christ, our better life!

400. C.M. DR. WATTS'S Sermons. (O. B. 455.)

Courage and Honour.

- 1 **D**O I believe what Jesus saith,
And think his gospel true?
Lord, make me bold to own my faith,
And practise virtue too.
- 2 Suppress my shame, subdue my fear;
Arm me with heav'nly zeal!
That I may make thy power appear,
And works of praise fulfil.
- 3 If men shall see my virtue shine,
And spread my name abroad,
Thine is the pow'r, the praise is thine,
My Saviour, and my God.
- 4 Thus when the saints in glory meet,
Their lips proclaim thy grace;
They cast their honours at thy feet,
And own their borrow'd rays.

401. C.M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 376.)

Prudence and Zeal. Psalm xxxix. 1, 2, 3.

- 1 **T**HUS I resolv'd before the Lord:
"Now will I watch my tongue,
"Lest I let slip one sinful word,
"Or do my neighbour wrong."

402, 403. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, DUTY, &c.

- 2 And if I'm e'er constrain'd to stay
With men of lives profane,
I'll set a double guard that day,
Nor let my talk be vain.
- 3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak
The pious thoughts I feel,
Lest scoffers should th' occasion take
To mock my holy zeal.
- 4 Yet, if some proper hour appear,
I'll not be overaw'd,
But let the scoffing sinners hear
That I can speak for God,

402. L. M. (O. B. 434.)

Resolving to serve the Lord.

- 1 **T**HY service, Lord, is my delight;
I would be spent and spend for thee:
Thou art my wisdom and my might;
O glorify thy name in me:
- 2 The light which thou to me hast giv'n,
Shall, by thy grace, break forth and shine;
I'll point to men the road to heav'n,
And shew the pow'r of love divine.
- 3 My life, my strength, my heart, my tongue,
My soul, my flesh to thee I give:
All these to thee of right belong,
O let me to thy glory live!

403. S. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 124.)

The active Christian. Luke xii. 35—38.

- 1 **Y**E servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heav'nly word,
And watchful at his gate.

- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame ;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.
- 3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command ;
And while we speak, he's near :
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found !
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.
- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With his own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head,
Amidst th' angelic band.

404. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 562.)

The Christian Race. Isa. xl. 28—31.

- 1 **A** WAKE our souls (away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone)
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless pow'r
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

405, 406. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, DUTY, &c.

- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

405. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 172.)

The Christian Race. Phil. iii. 12—14.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigour on:
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
- 3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 4 Bless'd Saviour, introduc'd by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
We lay our laurels down.

406. MR. OLIVER. (O. B. 102.)

The Christian's Pilgrimage and Prospect.

- 1 **T**HOUGH nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand;
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way
At God's command;
The wat'ry deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view,
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

- 2 The goodly land I see,
 With peace and plenty blest;
 The land of sacred liberty,
 And endless rest.
 There milk and honey flow,
 And oil and wine abound;
 The trees of life for ever grow
 With mercy crown'd.
- 3 There dwells the Lord, our King,
 The Lord our righteousness;
 Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
 The Prince of Peace.
 On Sion's sacred height
 His kingdom still maintains;
 And glorious with his saints in light
 For ever reigns.

407. C. M. Mr. BEDDOME. (O. B. 171.

Holy Zeal and Diligence.

- 1 **W**HILE carnal men, with all their might,
 Earth's vanities pursue,
 How slow th' advances which I make,
 With heaven itself in view !
- 2 Inspire my soul with holy zeal,
 Great God, my love inflame !
 Religion, without zeal and love,
 Is but an empty name.
- 3 To gain the top of Zion's hill,
 I would with fervour strive:
 And all there powers employ for thee
 Which I from thee derive.

408. L. M. DR. S. STENNETT. (O. B. 173.)

The Christian Warfare.

- 1 **M**Y captain sounds the alarm of war,
Awake! the powers of hell are near!
To arms! to arms! I hear him cry,
'Tis your's to conquer or to die.
- 2 Rous'd by the animating sound,
I cast my eager eyes around;
Make haste to gird my armour on,
And bid each trembling fear begone.
- 3 Hope is my helmet, faith my shield,
Thy word, my God, the sword I wield;
With sacred truth my loins are girt,
And holy zeal inspires my heart.
- 4 Thus arm'd, I venture on the fight,
Resolv'd to put my foes to flight:
While Jesus kindly deigns to spread
His conqu'ring banner o'er my head,
- 5 In him I hope, in him I trust;
His bleeding cross is all my boast;
Through troops of foes he'll lead me on
To vict'ry, and a victor's crown.

409. L. M. DR. WATTS.

The Christian Warfare.

- 1 [**S**TAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel-armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone,
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes;
Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.]

- 3.)
- 3 What tho' thine inward lusts rebel,
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.]
- 4 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heav'nly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.
- 5 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

410. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 174.)

Courage excited by the Presence and Example of Christ.

- 1 GREAT Leader of thine Israel's hosts,
We shout thy conqu'ring name;
Legions of foes beset thee round,
And legions fled with shame.
- 2 A vict'ry glorious and complete,
Thou by thy death didst gain;
So in thy cause may we contend,
And death itself sustain!
- 3 By our illustrious General fir'd,
We no extremes would fear;
Prepar'd to struggle and to bleed,
If thou, our Lord, be near.
- 4 We'll trace the footsteps thou hast drawn
To triumph and renown;
Nor shun thy combat and thy cross,
May we but share thy crown.

411,412. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, DUTY, &c.

411, C. M. DR. WATTS'S Sermons. (O. B. 129.)

Holy Fortitude. 1 Cor. xvi. 13.

- 1 **A** M I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flow'ry beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die:
They hear the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

412. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 317.)

Courage in God's Protection. Psalm xviii. 2.

- 1 **L** EGIONS of foes beset me round,
While marching o'er this dang'rous ground,
Yet in Jehovah's aid I trust,
And in his pow'r superior boast.

- 2 My buckler he; his shield is spread,
To cover this defenceless head:
Now let the fiercest foes assail,
Their darts I count as rattling hail.
- 3 He is my rock, and he my tow'r;
The base how firm! the walls how sure!
The battlements how high they rise!
And hide their summits in the skies.
- 4 Deliv'rances to God belong,
He is my strength, and he my song;
The horn of my salvation he,
And all my foes dispers'd shall flee.
- 5 Through the long march my lips shall sing
My great protector, and my King,
Till Zion's mount my feet ascend,
And all my painful warfare end.
- 6 Rais'd on the shining turrets there,
Through all the prospect wide and fair,
A land of peace his hosts survey,
And bless the grace that led the way.

413. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 538.)

Assistance and Victory in the Spiritual Warfare.

Psalm cxliv. 1, 2.

- 1 **F**OR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield;
He sends his spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.
- 2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care,
Instructs me to the heav'nly fight,
And guards me through the war.
- 3 A friend and helper so divine,
Does my weak courage raise;
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
And his shall be the praise.

414. L.M. DR. WATTS's Sermons. (O.B. 462.)

Zeal in the Prospect of Heaven.

- 1 **A** WAKE my zeal, awake my love,
And serve my Saviour here below!
In works which all the saints above,
Which holy angels cannot do.
- 2 My faith and hope may see the Lord,
Though veils and darkness lie between:
Faith shall rest firm upon his word,
And hope rejoice in things unseen.
- 3 Awake, my charity, and feed
The hungry soul, and clothe the poor:
In heav'n are found no sons of need;
There, all these duties are no more!
- 4 Subdue thy passions, O my soul!
Maintain the fight, thy work pursue;
Daily thy rising sins controul,
And be thy vict'ries ever new.
- 5 The land of triumph lies on high,
There are no fields of battle there;
Lord, I would conquer till I die,
And finish all the glorious war.
- 6 Let ev'ry flying hour confess,
I gain thy gospel fresh renown:
And when my life and labours cease,
May I possess the promis'd crown!

415. C. M. DR. WATTS.

The Saint's conquest and happiness.

- 1 **G**IVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came?
They with united breath
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.
- 4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
(His zeal inspir'd their breast :)
And now they see their father God,
And dwell in heavenly rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern giv'n,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shew the same path to heav'n.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

416. Sevens. MR. NEWTON. (Q. B. 115.)

Lowest thou Me? John xxi. 15, 16, 17.

- 1 **T**IS a point I long to know,
(Oft it causes anxious thought :)
Do I love the Lord, or no;
Am I his, or am I not?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.
- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove;
Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's Love?
- 4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild,
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do:
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me—is it thus with you?

417. Sevens. MR. NEWTON. (O. B. 115.)

John xxi. 15, 16, 17.

1 **L**ORD, I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrawl;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

2 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd?
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

3 Lord, decide the doubtful case!
Thou who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

4 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I've never lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

418. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 535.)

Sincerity professed. Psalm cxxxix. 21—24.

1 **M**Y God, what inward grief I feel,
When impious men transgress thy will!
I mourn to hear their lips profane,
Take thy tremendous name in vain.

2 Lord, search my soul, try ev'ry thought;
Though my own heart accuse me not
Of walking in a false disguise:
I beg the trial of thine eyes.

3 Doth secret mischief lurk within?
Do I indulge some unknown sin?
O turn my feet whene'er I stray,
And lead me in thy perfect way!

419. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 523.)

Humility and Submission. Psalm cxxxi.

- 1 **I**S there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see!
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.
- 2 I charge my thoughts be humble still,
And all my carriage mild;
Content, my father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.
- 3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward:
Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,
And trust a faithful Lord.

420. C. M. DR. WATTS'S Sermons. (O. B. 450)

Justice and Equity.

- 1 **C**OME, let us search our ways, and try,
Have they been just and right?
Is the great rule of equity
Our practice and delight?
- 2 What we would have our neighbour do,
Have we done still the same?
And ne'er delay'd to pay his due,
Nor injur'd his good name?
- 3 Do we relieve the poor oppress?
Nor give our tongues a loose,
To make their names our scorn and jest,
Nor treat them with abuse?
- 4 Have we not found our envy grow,
To hear another's praise?
Nor robb'd him of his honour due,
By sly malicious ways?

- 5 In all we sell, in all we buy,
Is justice our design?
Do we remember God is nigh,
And fear the wrath divine?
- 6 In vain we talk of Jesu's blood,
And boast his name in vain,
If we can slight the laws of God,
And prove unjust to men.

CONSOLATION IN TROUBLE.

421. C. M. DR. WATTS'S Sermons. (O.B. 438.)

Sins and Sorrows spread before God. Job xxiii. 3, 4.

- 1 **O** THAT I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.
- 2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain:
How joy decays, and comfort dies,
And leave my heart in pain.
- 3 I'd say "how flesh and sense rebel;
"What inward foes combine
"With the vain world, and pow'rs of hell,
"To vex this soul of mine."
- 4 He knows what arguments I'd take,
To wrestle with my God:
I'd plead for his own mercies' sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

422, 423. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, &c.

- 5 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.
- 6 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear:
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

422. S. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 402.)

Safety in God. Ps. lxi. 1—6.

- 1 **W**HEN overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all relief,
To heav'n I lift mine eyes.
- 2 O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head;
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art, the tow'r of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.
- 4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

423. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 398.)

Prayer under Temptation. Psalm lv. 1—3, 16—18, 22.

- 1 **O** GOD, my refuge, hear my cries,
Behold my flowing tears!
For earth and hell my hurt devise,
And triumph in my fears.

- 2 O were I like a feather'd dove,
And innocence had wings,
I'd fly, and make a long remove
From all these restless things!
- 3 Let me to some wild desert go,
And find a peaceful home;
Where storms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come.
- 4 Vain hopes, and vain inventions all,
To 'scape the rage of hell!
The mighty God on whom I call,
Can save me here as well.

424. C.M. (O. B. 398.)

Confidence in God under Trials.

- 1 **B**Y morning light I'll seek his face,
At noon repeat my cry;
The night shall hear me ask his grace,
Nor will he long deny.
- 2 God shall preserve my soul from fear,
Or shield me when afraid;
Ten thousand angels must appear,
If he command their aid.
- 3 I cast my burdens on the Lord,
The Lord sustains them all;
My courage rests upon his word,
That saints shall never fall.
- 4 My highest hopes shall not be vain,
My lips shall spread his praise,
While cruel and deceitful men
Scarce live out half their days.

425. P. M. MR. JOHN FAWCETT. (O. B. 192.)

Faith and Hope amidst Discouragement. Psalm xlii. 5.

- 1 O MY soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness,
Bid thy restless fears begone:
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.
- 2 What though Satan's strong temptations
Vex and teaze thee, day by day?
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay?
Thou shalt conquer,
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.
- 3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee
From without and from within;
Jesus saith he'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin:
He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.
- 4 Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road;
His right hand shall still defend thee,
Soon he'll bring thee home to God!
Therefore praise him,
Praise the great Redeemer's name.
- 5 O that I could now adore him
Like the heav'nly hosts above,
Who for ever bow before him;
And unceasing sing his love!
Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join?

426. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 195.)

Divine Mercy in Afflictions. Isa. xxvii. 8.

- 1 GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame,
We own thy pow'r divine :
We hear thy breath in every storm,
For all the winds are thine.
- 2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
They work thy sov'reign will ;
And aw'd by thy majestic voice,
Confusion shall be still.
- 3 Thy mercy tempers ev'ry blast
To them that seek thy face ;
And mingles with the tempest's roar,
And whispers of thy grace.
- 4 Those gentle whispers let me hear,
Till all the tumult cease ;
And gales of paradise shall lull
My weary soul to peace.

427. C. M. MR. NEEDHAM. (O. B. 194.)

Grace of Christ sufficient. 2 Cor. xii. 9.

- 1 KIND are the words that Jesus speaks,
To cheer the drooping saint :
My grace sufficient is for you,
Though nature's pow'rs may faint.
- 2 My grace its glories shall display,
And make your griefs remove ;
Your weakness shall the triumphs tell
Of boundless pow'r and love.
- 3 What though my griefs are not remov'd,
Yet why should I despair ?
While my kind Saviour's arms support,
I can the burden bear.

428. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, &c.

- 4 Jesus, my Saviour, and my Lord!
 'Tis good to trust thy name:
 Thy power, thy faithfulness, and love,
 Will ever be the same.
- 5 Weak as I am, yet, through thy grace,
 I all things can perform;
 And, smiling, triumph in thy name,
 Amid the raging storm.

428. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 554.)

Submission to afflictive Providences. Job i. 21.

- 1 **N**AKED as from the earth we came,
 And crept to life at first,
 We to the earth return again,
 And mingle with our dust.
- 2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
 And fondly call our own,
 Are but short favours borrow'd now,
 To be repaid anon.
- 3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
 Or sinks them in the grave;
 He gives, and (blessed be his name!)
 He takes but what he gave.
- 4 Peace, all our angry passions then!
 Let each rebellious sigh
 Be silent at his sov'reign will,
 And ev'ry murmur die.
- 5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
 Its praises shall be spread;
 And we'll adore the justice too
 That strikes our comforts dead.

429. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 518.)

Sanctified Afflictions ; or, Delight in the Word of God.

Psalm cxix. 67, 59.

FATHER, I bless thy gentle hand;
How kind was thy chastising rod,
That forc'd my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wand'ring soul to God!

Foolish and vain I went astray,
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord,
I left my guide, and lost my way;
But now I love and keep thy word.

Ver. 71.

'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell;
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
That I might learn his statutes well.

Ver. 72.

The law that issues from thy mouth,
Shall raise my cheerful passions more
Than all the treasures of the south,
Or western hills of golden ore.

Ver. 73.

Thy hands have made my mortal frame;
Thy spirit form'd my soul within;
Teach me to know thy wond'rous name,
And guard me safe from death and sin!

Then all that love and fear the Lord,
At my salvation shall rejoice;
For I have hoped in thy word,
And made thy grace my only choice.

430. C!M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 187.)

Deliverance celebrated. Psalm cxvi. 8.

- 1 **L**OOK back, my soul, with grateful love,
On what thy God has done!
Praise him for his unnumber'd gifts,
And praise him for his Son.
- 2 How oft hath his indulgent hand,
My flowing eye-lids dried,
And rescu'd from impending death,
When I in danger cried!
- 3 When on the bed of death I lay,
With sickness sore oppress'd,
How oft hath he assuag'd my grief,
And lull'd my eyes to rest!
- 4 Back from destruction's yawning pit,
At his command, I came;
He fed th' expiring lamp anew,
And rais'd its feeble flame.
- 5 My soul from everlasting death
Is, by his mercy, brought,
To tell in Zion's sacred gates
The wonders he hath wrought.
- 6 Still will I walk before his face,
While he this life prolongs;
Till grace shall all its work complete,
And teach me heav'nly songs.

431. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 379.)

Deliverance from great Distress. Ps. xl. 1, 2, 3, 5, 17.

- 1 **I** WAITED patient for the Lord,
He bow'd to hear my cry :
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.
- 2 He rais'd me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay,
And from my bonds releas'd my feet,
Deep bonds of miry clay.
- 3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In a new thankful song.
- 4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad,
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.
- 5 When I'm afflicted, poor, and low,
And light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy woe,
And bears me on his heart.

432. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 560.)

Strength from Heaven. Isa. xl. 27—31.

- 1 **W**HENCE do our mournful thoughts arise?
And where's our courage fled?
Has restless sin and raging hell
Struck all our comforts dead?
- 2 Have we forgot th' almighty name,
That form'd the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary, or decay?

433. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, &c.

- 3 Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell:
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.
- 4 Mere mortal pow'r shall fade and die,
And youthful vigour cease;
But we that wait upon the Lord,
Shall feel our strength increase.
- 5 The saints shall mount on eagle's wings,
And taste the promis'd bliss,
Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

433. L. M. DR. WATTS'S Sermons.
(O. B. 459.)

The Christian's Improvement of Christ's Death.

- 1 **L**ORD, didst thou send thy Son to die,
For such a guilty wretch as I?
And shall thy mercy not impart
The Spirit—to renew my heart?
- 2 Lord, hast thou wash'd my garments clean,
In Jesu's blood, from shame and sin?
Shall I not strive with all my pow'r,
That sin pollute my soul no more?
- 3 Shall I not bear my Father's rod,
The kind correction of my God?
When Christ, on the accursed tree,
Sustain'd a heavier curse for me!
- 4 Why should I dread my dying day,
Since Christ hath took my curse away;
And taught me with my latest breath,
To triumph o'er thy terrors, death?

5 O! rather let me wish and cry,
 ' When shall my soul get loose and fly
 ' To upper worlds? When shall I see
 ' The Son of God, who died for me?

6 I shall behold his glories there :
 And pay him my eternal share
 Of praise, and gratitude, and love,
 Among ten thousand saints above.

434. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 292.)

Hope of Heaven our Support under Trials on Earth.

1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And hellish darts be hurl'd,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrow fall,
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heav'n, my all!

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heav'nly rest :
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

PRIVILEGES AND BLESSINGS.

435. S. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 367.)

Forgiveness of Sins upon Confession. Psalm xxxii.

- 1 **O** BLESSED souls are they
Whose sins are cover'd o'er!
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.
- 2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.
- 3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the fest'ring wound;
'Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.
- 4 Let sinners seek the Lord,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help, in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

436.—C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 368.)

Psalm xxxii.

- 1 **H**APPY the man to whom his God
No more imputes his sin;
But wash'd in the Redeemer's blood,
Hath made his garments clean!

- 2 Happy beyond expression he
 Whose debts are thus discharg'd;
 And from the guilty bondage free,
 He feels his soul enlarg'd.
- 3 His spirit hates deceit and lies,
 His words are all sincere;
 He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,
 To keep his conscience clear.
- 4 While I my inward guilt supprest,
 No quiet could I find;
 Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,
 And rack'd my tortur'd mind.
- 5 Then I confess'd my troubl'd thoughts,
 My secret sins reveal'd;
 Thy pard'ning grace forgave my faults,
 Thy grace my pardon seal'd.
- 6 This shall invite thy saints to pray:
 When, like a raging flood,
 Temptations rise, our strength and stay
 Is a forgiving God.

437. S. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 569.)

Adoption. 1 John iii. 1, &c. Gal. iv. 6.

- 1 **B**EHOLD what wond'rous grace
 The Father hath bestow'd
 On sinners of a mortal race,
 To call them sons of God!
- 2 Nor doth it yet appear
 How great we must be made,
 But when we see our Saviour here,
 We shall be like our head.

438. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, &c.

- 3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.
- 4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part;
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.
- 5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

438. L. M. DR. WATTS's Sermons. (O. B. 442.)

Nearness to God the Felicity of Christians. Psalm lxxv. 4.

- 1 **A**RE those the happy persons here,
Who dwell the nearest to their God?
Has God invited sinners near,
And Jesus bought them with his blood?
- 2 Go then, my soul, address the Son,
To lead thee near his Father's face;
Gaze on his glories yet unknown,
And taste the blessings of his grace.
- 3 Vain, vexing world, and flesh and sense,
Retire, while I approach my God;
Nor let my sins divide me thence,
Nor creatures tempt my thoughts abroad.
- 4 While to thy arms, my God, I press,
No mortal hope, nor joy, nor fear,
Shall call my soul from thy embrace,
'Tis heav'n to dwell for ever there.

439. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 362.)

Dwelling with God. Psalm xxiv.

- 1 **T**HE earth for ever is the Lord's,
With Adam's num'rous race;
He rais'd its arches o'er the floods,
And built it on the seas.
- 2 But who among the sons of men
May visit thine abode?
He that has hands from mischief clean,
Whose heart is right with God.
- 3 This is the man may rise and take
The blessings of his grace:
This is the lot of those that seek
The God of Jacob's face.
- 4 Now let our soul's immortal pow'rs,
To meet the Lord prepare:
Lift up their everlasting doors,
The King of Glory's near.
- 5 The King of Glory! who can tell
The wonders of his might?
He rules the nations, but to dwell
With saints is his delight.

440. L. M. DR. S. STENNETT. (O. B. 133.)

*Our Bodies the Temples of the Holy Ghost. 1 Cor. vi. 19.
1 John v. 21.*

- 1 **A**ND will th' offended God again
Return and dwell with sinful men?
Will he, within this bosom, raise
A living temple to his praise.

441. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, &c.

- 2 The joyful news transports my breast,
All hail, I cry, thou heav'nly guest !
Lift up your heads, ye pow'rs within,
And let the King of Glory in.
- 3 Enter, with all thy heav'nly train,
Here live, and here for ever reign !
Thy sceptre o'er my passions sway,
Let love command, and I'll obey.
- 4 Reason and conscience shall submit,
And pay their homage at thy feet :
To thee I'll consecrate my heart,
And bid each rival hence depart.
- 5 No idol-god shall hold a place
Within this temple of thy grace ;
Dagon before the ark shall fall,
And vengeance seize the priests of Baal.

441. S. M. (O. B. 349.)

The Privileges and Hopes of the Saints. 1 John iii. 1, 2, 3.

- 1 **H**OW wond'rous is the love,
That makes us heirs of heav'n !
The love that has renew'd our hearts,
And all our guilt forgiv'n.
- 2 The saints are here unknown,
Are princes in disguise ;
Nor shall their glories be reveal'd,
'Till Christ shall leave the skies.
- 3 Then shall they see his face,
And in his blissful sight ;
Shall with his image be adorn'd,
And shine divinely bright.

4 Transported with this hope,
And with these blessings crown'd;
Holy and heav'nly be our lives,
Such as our Lord's was found.

5 That hope shall not be vain
Which operates by love;
While hourly fruits of righteousness
Its heav'nly virtue prove.

442. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 559.)

Hope of Heaven by the Resurrection of Christ. 1 Pet. i. 3—5.

1 **B**LEST be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd!

2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

3 What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust;
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine
Reserv'd against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot fade away.

5 Saints by the pow'r of God are kept
Till the salvation come:
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
Till Christ shall call us home.

443. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 416.)

God our Portion here and hereafter. Psalm lxxiii. 25—28.

- 1 **G**OD, my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near!
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness;
Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.
- 3 Were I in heav'n without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me:
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint;
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.
- 5 Behold the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence die;
Not all the idol-gods they love,
Can save them when they cry.
- 6 But to draw near to thee, my God!
Shall be my sweet employ:
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

444. L. M. DR. WATTS'S Sermons. (O. B. 460.)

The Christian's Treasure. 2 Cor. iii. 21, 22.

- 1 **H**OW vast the treasure we possess!
How rich thy bounty, King of Grace!
This world is ours, and worlds to come,
Earth is our lodge, and heav'n our home.

- 2 Paul is our teacher; while he speaks
The shadows flee, the morning breaks:
His words, like beams of knowledge shine,
And fill our souls with light divine.
- 3 Cephas is ours, he makes us feel
The kindlings of celestial zeal:
While sweet Apollos' charming voice
Gives us a taste for heav'nly joys.
- 4 The springing corn, the stately wood,
Grow to provide us house and food:
Fire, earth, air, water, join their force,
All nature serves us in her course.
- 5 The sun rolls round to make our day,
The moon directs our nightly way,
While angels bear us in their arms,
And shield us from ten thousand harms.
- 6 O glorious portion of the saints!
Let faith suppress our sore complaints;
And tune our hearts and tongues to sing
Our bounteous God, our sov'reign King.

445. L. M. STEELE. (O, B. 131.)

Happy Poverty, or the Poor in Spirit blessed. Matt. v. 3.

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, complain no more,
Let faith survey your future store;
How happy, how divinely blest,
The sacred words of truth attest!
- 2 When conscious grief laments sincere,
And pours the penitential tear,
Hope points to your dejected eyes,
The bright reversion in the skies.
- 3 In vain the sons of wealth and pride
Despise your lot, your hopes deride:
In vain they boast their little stores,
Trifles are theirs, a kingdom yours.

446. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, &c.

- 4 A kingdom of immense delight,
Where health, and peace, and joy unite;
Where undeclining pleasures rise,
And ev'ry wish hath full supplies.
- 5 A kingdom which can ne'er decay,
While time sweeps earthly thrones away:
The state which pow'r and truth sustain,
Unmov'd for ever must remain.
- 6 There shall your eyes with rapture view
The glorious friend that died for you;
That died to ransom, died to raise
To crowns of joy, and songs of praise.

446. P. M. (O. B. 433.)

The Christian's Portion. 1 Cor. iii. 21, 22, 23.

- 1 **H**OW great the christian's portion is!
What endless joys, what worlds of bliss,
The Lord for them prepares!
Their boundless treasures who can know?
For all above, and all below,
And God and Christ is theirs.
- 2 There's nothing round the heav'nly throne,
But what the saints may call their own,
And at their pleasure use;
The angels who excel in praise,
Attend and guard them in their ways,
Lest they their feet should bruise.
- 3 The hand of God supplies their wants,
And supersedes their deep complaints,
With mercies still renew'd;
Though they are hurry'd up and down,
And through a sea of troubles run,
Yet all things work for good.

- 4 Jesus, and all in him is theirs:
 They are adopted sons and heirs
 Of God, through grace divine:
 Jesus has wash'd them in his blood,
 And with his grace, their souls endow'd:
 They in his image shine.
- 5 Why talk we now of earthly things,
 The wealth of empires, crowns of kings,
 Or aught below the skies?
 Can crowns or sceptres be compar'd
 With that exceeding great reward
 On which we fix our eyes?
- 6 God is our own, the God of love,
 And endless stores in heav'n above;
 What can we covet more?
 Possess'd of this, what can we want?
 Away all carnal discontent!
 We have an endless store.

447. L. M. DR. WATTS'S Sermons. (O.B. 461.)

All Things work together for Good to the Saints.

Rom. viii. 28.

- 1 MY soul, survey thy happiness,
 If thou art found a child of grace;
 How richly is the gospel stor'd!
 What joy the promises afford!
- 2 "All things are ours;" the gift of God;
 Secur'd by our Redeemer's blood;
 While the good Spirit shews us how
 To use, and to enjoy them too.
- 3 If peace and plenty crown my days,
 They call me, Lord, to speak thy praise;
 If bread of sorrows be my food,
 Then sorrows work my real good.

- 4 I would not change my blest estate.
 With all that flesh calls rich or great;
 And while my faith can keep her hold,
 I envy not the sinner's gold.
- 5 Father, I wait thy daily will;
 Thou shalt divide my portion still:
 Grant me on earth what seems thee best,
 'Till death and heav'n reveal the rest.

JOY.

448. P. M. (O. B. 435.)

Joy and Gratitude for Redemption.

- 1 **H**OW gracious is the Lord my God!
 What tender pity has he shew'd
 To such a wretch as I!
 How shall I shew forth all his praise,
 Or speak of that amazing grace
 That mov'd my Lord to die?
- 2 Foolish, perverse, and prone to ill,
 Rooted in vice, and bent for hell,
 I walked in my own ways:
 His terrors gave me no concern,
 And though his bowels still did yearn,
 I fought against his grace.
- 3 But Jesus look'd and long'd to save,
 An heir of death, a willing slave
 To ev'ry ill desire:
 He saw me welt'ring in my blood;
 He dy'd to bring me near to God;
 He pluck'd me from the fire.

4 He broke my chains, and set me free;
 Lord I come forth, and follow thee,
 Cloath'd in thy righteousness!
 Bless'd with the life, and pow'r of faith,
 I triumph over sin and death,
 By all-sufficient grace.

5 All blessings to me freely flow,
 Of heav'n above, or earth below,
 O God of love, from thee!
 He gives me all that I desire;
 His time of love doth ne'er expire,
 But lasts eternally.

449. P. M. MR. WESLEY. (O. B. 337.)

Joy and Confidence in the Knowledge of Christ.

1 **N**OW I have found the ground wherein,
 Sure my soul's anchor may remain!
 The wounds of Jesus for my sin,
 The Lamb of God for sinners slain!
 On him alone my soul shall stay,
 When heav'n and earth shall pass away.

2 Father! thy everlasting grace,
 Our scanty thought surpasses far;
 Thy heart still melts with tenderness,
 Thy arms of love still open are,
 The worst of sinners to receive,
 That mercy they may taste and live.

3 O love, thou bottomless abyss!
 My sins are swallow'd up in thee;
 Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
 My soul from condemnation free,
 While Jesu's blood through earth and skies,
 Mercy, free boundless mercy, cries.

450. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, &c.

- 4 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
 Though strength, and health, and friends be
 gone;
 Though earthly joys be wholly dead,
 And mortal comforts be withdrawn,
 Stedfast on this my soul relies,
 Father, thy mercy never dies.
- 5 Fix'd on this ground would I remain,
 Though my heart fail, and flesh decay:
 This only can my soul sustain,
 When earth's foundations melt away:
 Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
 Lov'd, with an everlasting love.

450. Sevens. Mr. CENNICK. (O. B. 132.)

Rejoicing in Hope. Isa. xxxv. 10. Luke xii. 32.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of the heav'nly King,
 As ye journey, sweetly sing;
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are travelling home to God,
 In the way the fathers trod;
 They are happy now, and ye
 Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye banish'd seed, be glad!
 Christ our advocate is made;
 Us to save our flesh assumes,
 Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
 You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
 There your seat is now prepar'd,
 There your kingdom and reward!

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you, undismay'd, go on.

6 Lord! obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

451. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 619.)

Longing to praise Christ better.

1 LORD, when my thoughts with wonder roll
O'er the sharp sorrows of thy soul,
And read my Maker's broken laws,
Repair'd and honour'd by thy cross.

2 When I behold death, hell, and sin,
Vanquish'd by that dear blood of thine:
And see the man that groan'd and dy'd,
Sit glorious by his Father's side.

3 My passions rise, and soar above,
I'm wing'd with faith, and fir'd with love:
Fain would I reach eternal things;
And learn the notes that Gabriel sings.

4 But my heart fails, my tongue complains,
For want of their immortal strains:
And in such humble notes as these,
Must fall below thy victories.

5 Well, the kind minute must appear,
When we shall leave these bodies here,
These clogs of clay; and mount on high,
To join the songs above the sky.

452, 453. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, &c.

452. S. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 340.)

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

- 1 COME we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from the place;
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God:
But fav'rites of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 [The men of grace have found
Glory begun below,
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.
- 5 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 6 Then let our songs abound,
Let ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

453. S. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 340.)

- 1 THE God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas;

This awful God is ours,
 Our father and our love;
 He shall send down his heav'nly pow'rs
 To carry us above.

There shall we see his face,
 And never, never sin;
 There, from the rivers of his grace,
 Drink endless pleasures in.

Yes, and before we rise
 To that immortal state;
 The thoughts of such amazing bliss
 Should constant joys create.

Then let our songs abound,
 Let ev'ry tear be dry;
 We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
 To fairer worlds on high.]

BENEVOLENCE AND LIBERALITY.

454. L. M. MR. JOHN FAWCETT. (O. B. 175.)

Generosity rewarded.

BLEST is the man whose gen'rous mind,
 To works of mercy is inclin'd;
 The love of Christ his heart constrains,
 And in his breast compassion reigns.
 With bounteous hand he feeds the poor;
 He gives, and still possesses more;
 A faithful God will thus regard
 His deeds which merit no reward.

455. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, &c.

- 3 The sons of need his pity move,
He melts with sympathetic love;
He gives to those who can't repay,
Nor dares to frown the poor away.
- 4 A blessing Providence commands
On ev'ry labour of his hands:
In health or sickness he shall find
The Lord is infinitely kind.
- 5 The merciful shall mercy have
In that bright world beyond the grave,
Whilst those who have no mercy shewn,
The God of mercy will disown.

455. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 382.)

Charity to the Poor; or, Pity to the Afflicted.
Psalm xli. 1, 2, 3.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man whose bowels move,
And melt with pity to the poor:
Whose soul, by sympathizing love,
Feels what his fellow saints endure.
- 2 His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hands can do;
He in the time of gen'ral grief
Shall find the Lord has bowels too.
- 3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth,
Around him multiply their dead.
- 4 Or if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiv'n,
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heav'n,

BENEVOLENCE AND LIBERALITY. 456, 457.

456. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 426.)

Compassion to the Poor; or Relieving Christ in his poor Saints.
Matt. xxv. 40.

1 JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall I count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light,
Thou dost exalted shine:
What can my poverty bestow,
When all the world is thine?

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace;
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy father's face.

4 In them thou may'st be cloath'd and fed,
And visited and cheer'd:
And in their accents of distress,
My Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face, with rev'rence and with love,
I in thy poor would see:
O rather let me beg my bread,
Than hold it back from thee!

457. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 501.)

Liberality rewarded. Psalm cxii.

1 HAPPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his commands,
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with lib'ral hands.

458. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, &c.

- 2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need,
So God shall answer his request,
With blessings on his seed.
- 3 No evil tidings shall surprise
His well establish'd mind;
His soul to God his refuge flies,
And leaves his fears behind.
- 4 In times of general distress
Some beams of light shall shine,
To shew the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.
- 5 His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord:
Honour on earth, and joy above,
Shall be his sure reward.

458. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 500.)

The Same.

- 1 **T**HRIE happy man who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands, and trusts his word:
Honour and peace his days attend,
And blessings to his seed descend.
- 2 Compassion dwells upon his mind;
To works of mercy still inclin'd:
He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.
- 3 When times grow dark, and tidings spread,
That fill his neighbours round with dread,
His heart is arm'd against the fear,
For God with all his pow'r is there.

His soul, well fix'd upon the Lord,
 Draws heav'nly courage from his word;
 Amidst the darkness light shall rise,
 To cheer his heart, and bless his eyes.
 He hath dispers'd his alms abroad,
 His works are still before his God:
 His name on earth shall still remain,
 While envious sinners fret in vain.

459. C. M. J. STRAPHAN.

Sunday School.

BLEST is the man whose heart expands
 At melting pity's call,
 And the rich blessings of whose hands
 Like heav'nly manna fall.
 Mercy descending from above,
 In softest accents pleads!
 O! may each tender bosom move,
 When mercy intercedes.
 Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way,
 To guide untutor'd youth,
 And lead the mind that went astray
 To virtue and to truth.
 Children our kind protection claim,
 And God will well approve,
 When infants learn to lisp his name,
 And their Creator love.
 Delightful work! young souls to win,
 And turn the rising race
 From the deceitful paths of sin,
 To seek redeeming grace.
 Almighty God! thy influence shed,
 To aid this good design:
 The honours of thy name be spread,
 And all the glory thine.

460. D. BRADBERRY'S, altered.

*For a Sunday School.**The Importance of educating Youth.*

Congregation.

- 1 **N**OW let our hearts conspire to raise
 A cheerful anthem to his praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd above:
 Let music sweet as incense rise
 With grateful odours to the skies,
 The work of joy and love.

Children.

- 2 Teach us to bow before thy face,
 Nor let our hearts forget thy grace,
 Or slight thy providence;
 When lost in ignorance we lay,
 To vice and death an easy prey,
 Thy goodness snatch'd us thence.

Congregation.

- 3 O what a num'rous race we see,
 In ignorance and misery,
 Unprincipled, untaught!
 Shall they *continue* still to lie
 In ignorance and misery?
 We cannot bear the thought.

Children.

- 4 Give, Lord, each liberal soul to prove
 The joys of thine exhaustless love;
 And while thy praise we sing,
 May we the sacred scriptures know,
 And like the blessed Jesus grow,
 That earth and heaven may ring.

Congregation.

- 5 We feel a sympathising heart,
 Lord, 'tis a pleasure to impart,
 To thee thine own we give:
 Hear thou our cry, and pitying see,
 O let these children live to thee,
 O let these children live!

PERSEVERANCE.

461. S. M. MR. S. DEACON.

A serious Address to declining Professors.

John vi. 67.

- 1 **A**ND will ye go away?
 And whither will ye go?
 If you from Christ the Saviour stray
 For happiness below.
- 2 And will ye go away,
 And slight a Saviour's word?
 What will you answer at that day
 When you shall meet the Lord?
- 3 And will ye go away,
 And give religion up?
 O rather with your Saviour stay,
 And die on Calv'ry's top!
- 4 And will ye go away?
 And whither will ye go?
 If you from his protection stray,
 To shun eternal woe?

462. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, &c.

5 'Tis he, and he alone,
Poor sinners can redeem ;
And those must ever be undone,
Who go away from him !

6 But those who hear his voice,
And closely to him cleave,
In his salvation shall rejoice,
And in his glory live.

462. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 152.)

The fatal Consequences of forsaking God.
Jer. xvii. 13, 14.

1 **H**OW wretched they that leave the Lord,
And from his word withdraw !
That lose the gospel from their sight,
And wander from his law.

2 O thou eternal Spring of Good !
Whence living waters flow :
Let not our thirsty erring souls
To broken cisterns go !

3 Like characters inscrib'd in dust,
Are sinners borne away ;
And all the treasures they can boast,
The portion of a day.

4 But, Lord, to thee my heart shall turn,
To heal it, and to save ;
The joys that from thy favour flow,
Shall bloom beyond the grave.

463. L.M. MR. JOHN FAWCETT. (O. B. 153.)

Inconstancy lamented.

- 1 **P**ITY, dear Lord, thy feeble child,
By sin and Satan oft beguil'd;
Daily to thee I still return,
My own inconstancy to mourn.
- 2 Thou see'st me wav'ring to and fro',
And toss'd with various winds that blow;
Thou hast compassion for the weak;
The bruised reed thou wilt not break.
- 3 O settle my unstable heart:
Let me not from thy truth depart!
Confirm my faith, increase my love,
And fix my heart on things above.
- 4 Let my whole soul united be,
By firmer ties, dear Lord, to thee;
Let me, my few remaining days.
Be stedfast in thy work and ways!

464. C.M. MR. JOHN FAWCETT. (O. B. 190.)

Confidence, Resolution, and Hope.

- 1 **L**ORD, I am thine, forsake me not,
But still thy servant own!
Afflictions are my daily lot,
And sorrows press me down!
- 2 A thousand snares attend my path,
And I am prone to fall:
But, Lord, support my feeble faith,
And bear me safe through all.

465. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, &c.

- 3 Thy gospel is my treasure still,
I love thy holy laws;
I love to do my Father's will,
Whoe'er desert his cause.
- 4 Lord, I would still adhere to thee;
Let nought my purpose move;
O may my faith more stedfast be,
And more intense my love!
- 5 May but almighty grace defend
A feeble helpless worm;
Whate'er distresses may attend,
I'll weather out the storm.
- 6 I long to reach the happy shore,
Of everlasting peace,
Where threat'ning tempests rise no more,
Where sin itself shall cease.

465. C.M. MR. JOHN FAWCETT. (O. B. 144.)

Prayer for persevering Grace.

- 1 **L**ORD, hast thou made me know thy ways;
Conduct me in thy fear,
And grant me such supplies of grace,
That I may persevere.
- 2 O never let me turn aside,
Nor leave the path divine!
Let faith, and love, and zeal abide;
Let patience ne'er decline.
- 3 Supported by a lively hope,
May I the storm endure;
Let sov'reign mercy hold me up;
And I shall walk secure.
- 4 Should all the pow'rs of darkness strive
My peace to discompose,
Upheld by thee, my soul shall live
Triumphant o'er her foes.

- 5 Let but thy own almighty arm
Sustain a feeble worm!
I shall escape, secure from harm,
Amid the dreadful storm.
- 6 Be thou my all-sufficient friend,
Till all these toils shall cease;
Guard me through life, and let my end
Be everlasting peace!

466. Sevens. Mr. JOHN FAWCETT. (O. B. 145.)

Prayer for Support and Protection.

Psalm cxix, 117.

- 1 **W**HERE for safety shall I fly?
Mighty God, to thee I cry;
Dangers ev'ry where attend,
Let thy arm my soul defend!
- 2 Round me troops of foes I see;
None can keep me, Lord, but thee!
Be my constant strength and stay,
Guard me in this evil day!
- 3 Thy protecting care I crave;
Pow'r is thine, O God! to save:
Matchless wonders thou hast wrought,
Far beyond the reach of thought.
- 4 Let thy gracious hand impart
Strength and comfort to my heart:
Ever keep me near to thee,
Till I'm call'd thy face to see.
- 5 Here I find no settled rest:
Lord, prepare me for thy breast!
And, till that transporting day,
Onward lead me in thy way,

467. CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, &c.

- 6 There thy saints, the sons of light,
Drest in robes of snowy white,
From their foes and dangers free,
Wear the palm of victory.

467. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 318.)

Gratitude, Confidence, and Hope.

- 1 **M**Y soul triumphant in the Lord,
Shall tell its joys abroad;
And march with holy vigour on,
Supported by its God.
- 2 Through all the winding maze of life,
His hand hath been my guide,
And in that long experienc'd care,
My heart shall still confide.
- 3 His grace through all the desert flows,
An inexhausted stream;
That grace on Zion's sacred mount
Shall be my endless theme.
- 4 Beyond the choicest joys of earth
These distant courts I love;
But O! I burn with strong desire
To view thy house above.
- 5 Mingled with all the shining band,
My soul would there adore;
A pillar in thy temple fix'd,
To be remov'd no more.

CHURCH OF CHRIST.

468. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 524.)

At the Settlement of a Church; or, the Ordination of a Minister.

Psalm cxxxii. 5, 13—18.

- 1 **W**HERE shall we go to seek and find
 An habitation for our God?
 A dwelling for th' eternal mind,
 Amongst the sons of flesh and blood?
- 2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
 Of Zion for his ancient rest;
 And Zion is his dwelling still:
 His Church is with his presence blest.
- 3 "Here will I fix my gracious throne,
 " And reign for ever," saith the Lord;
 " Here shall my power and love be known,
 " And blessings shall attend my word,
- 4 " Here will I meet the hungry poor,
 " And fill their souls with living bread :
 " Sinners that wait before my door,
 " With sweet provision shall be fed.
- 5 " Girded with truth, and cloth'd with grace,
 " My priests, my ministers, shall shine ;
 " Not Aaron in his costly dress
 " Made an appearance so divine.
- 6 " The saints unable to contain
 " Their inward joys, shall shout and sing,
 " The Son of David here shall reign,
 " And Zion triumph in her King !

- 7 [Jesus shall see a num'rous seed
 Born here, t'uphold his glorious name;
 His crown shall flourish on his head,
 While all his foes are cloath'd with shame.]

469. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O.B. 525.)

A Church established. Psalm cxxxii. 4, 5, 7.

- 1 **N**O sleep nor slumber to his eyes
 Good David would afford,
 Till he had found below the skies
 A dwelling for the Lord.
- 2 The Lord in Zion plac'd his name,
 His ark was settled there:
 To Zion the whole nation came
 To worship thrice a year.
- 3 But we have no such lengths to go,
 Nor wander far abroad;
 Where'er thy saints assemble now,
 There is a house for God.

470. C. M. (O.B. 525.)

Prayer for the Presence and Blessing of God in the Church.
 Psalm cxxxii. 8—18.

- 1 **A**RISE, O King of grace, arise!
 And enter to thy rest:
 Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes,
 Thus to be own'd and blest.
- 2 Enter with all thy glorious train,
 Thy spirit and thy word;
 All that the ark did once contain,
 Could no such grace afford.
- 3 Here, mighty God! accept our vows,
 Here let thy praise be spread;
 Bless the provisions of thy house,
 And fill thy poor with bread,

- 4 Here let the Son of David reign:
 Let God's anointed shine;
 Justice and truth his court maintain,
 With love and pow'r divine.
- 5 Here let him hold a lasting throne,
 And as his kingdom grows,
 Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
 And shame confound his foes.

471. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 134.)

God's Condescension and Care of the Church.
 Psalm lxxxvii, 5.

On Opening a new Place of Worship.

- 1 **A**ND will the great eternal God
 On earth establish his abode?
 And will he, from his radiant throne,
 Avow our temples for his own?
- 2 We bring the tribute of our praise
 And sing that condescending grace
 Which to our notes will lend an ear,
 And call us, sinful mortals, near.
- 3 Our Father's watchful care we bless,
 Which guards our synagogues in peace,
 That no tumultuous foes invade,
 To fill our worshippers with dread.
- 4 These walls we to thy honour raise;
 Long may they echo with thy praise;
 And thou, descending, fill the place
 With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 5 Here let the great Redeemer reign
 With all the graces of his train,
 While pow'r divine his word attends,
 To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

- 6 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here.

472. L.M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O.B. 139.)

The Institution of a Gospel Ministry from Christ.

Eph. iv. 11, 12.

At the Ordination, or Settlement, of a Minister.

- 1 **F**ATHER of Mercies, in thy house
Smile on our homage, and our vows;
While with a grateful heart we share
These pledges of our Saviour's care.
- 2 The Saviour, when to heav'n he rose,
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.
- 3 Hence sprung th' Apostle's honour'd name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame;
Hence dictates the prophetic sage;
And hence the evangelic page.
- 4 In lowlier forms, to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence, and teachers rise;
Who, though with feeble rays they shine,
Still gild a long extended line.
- 5 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
And, fed by Christ, their graces live:
While, guarded by his potent hand,
Midst all the rage of hell they stand.
- 6 So shall the bright succession run,
Through the last courses of the sun;
While unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.

473. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 138.)

*The Goodness of God acknowledged in giving Pastors after
his own Heart. Jer. iii. 15.*

At the Settlement of a Minister.

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of Israel, thou dost keep,
With constant care, thy humble sheep:
By thee inferior pastors rise
To feed our souls, and bless our eyes.
- 2 To all thy churches such impart,
Modell'd by thy own gracious heart;
Whose courage, watchfulness, and love
Men may attest, and God approve.
- 3 Fed by their active tender care,
Healthful may all thy sheep appear:
And, by their fair example led,
The way to Zion's pasture tread.
- 4 Here hast thou listen'd to our vows,
And scatter'd blessings on thy house;
Thy saints are succour'd, and, no more
As sheep without a guide deplore.
- 5 Completely heal each former stroke,
And bless the shepherd and the flock;
Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,
And own this tribute of our praise.

74. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 140.)

*The Importance of the Pastoral Office.
Heb. xiii. 17.*

At the Ordination of a Minister.

LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give!
Now let them, from the mouth of God,
Their solemn charge receive.

- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The Pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heav'nly bliss forego;
For souls which must for ever live
In raptures or in woe.
- 4 All to the great tribunal haste,
Th' account to render there;
And should'st thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, how should we appear?
- 5 May they that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

475. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 142.)

Mourning the Loss of Ministers. Numb. xxvii. 15—17.

- 1 **F**ATHER of Spirits! from thy hand,
Our souls immortal came:
And still thine energy divine
Supports th' etherial flame.
- 2 To thee, when mortal comforts fail,
Thy flock, deserted, flies;
And, on th' eternal Shepherd's care,
Our cheerful hope relies.
- 3 When o'er thy faithful servants dust
Thy dear assemblies mourn,
In speedy tokens of thy grace,
O Israel's God, return!
- 4 The pow'rs of nature all are thine,
And thine the aids of grace:
Thine arm hath borne thy churches up,
Through ev'ry rising race.

5 Erect thy sacred influence here.
 And here thy suppliants bless,
 And change to strains of cheerful praise,
 Their accents of distress.

6 With faithful heart, with skilful hand,
 May this thy flock be fed;
 And with a steady growing pace,
 To Zion's mountain led.

476. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 143.)

Support under the Loss of Ministers. Joshua i. 2, 4, 5.

1 **N**OW let our mourning hearts revive,
 And all our tears be dry:
 Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,
 Which view a Saviour nigh?

2 What though the arm of conqu'ring death
 Does God's own house invade?
 What though the prophet and the priest
 Be number'd with the dead?

3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
 The aged, and the young,
 The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,
 And mute th' instructive tongue?

4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
 New comfort to impart;
 His eye still guides us, and his voice
 Still animates our heart.

5 "Lo, I am with you, (saith the Lord),
 " My church shall safe abide;
 " For I will ne'er forsake my own,
 " Whose souls in me confide."

- 6 Through ev'ry scene of life and death,
 This promise is our trust ;
 And this shall be our children's song,
 When we are turn'd to dust.

477. L. M. Dr. WATTS. (O. B. 387.)

The Church's Safety and Triumph over national Desolations,
 Psalm xlv. First Part.

- 1 **G**OD is the refuge of his saints,
 When storms of sharp distress invade;
 Ere we can offer our complaints,
 Behold him present with his aid !
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
 Down to the deep, and buried there:
 Convulsions shake the solid world,
 Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
 In sacred peace our souls abide ;
 While every nation, ev'ry shore,
 Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
 Supplies the city of our God ;
 Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
 And wat'ring our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
 That, all our raging fear controls :
 Sweet peace thy promises afford,
 And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 6 Sion enjoys her monarch's love,
 Secure against a threat'ning hour ;
 Nor can her firm foundations move,
 Built on his truth, and arm'd with pow'r.

478. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 388.)

Church protected by the Power of God. Psalm xlv.

Second Part.

- 1 **L**ET Sion in her King rejoice,
 Though tyrants rage, and kingdoms rise ;
 He utters his almighty voice,
 The nations melt, the tumult dies.
- 2 The Lord of old for Jacob fought,
 And Jacob's God is still our aid ;
 Behold the works his hand has wrought,
 What desolations he has made !
- 3 From sea to sea, through all the shores,
 He makes the noise of battle cease :
 When from on high his thunder roars.
 He awes the trembling world to peace.
- 4 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear ;
 Chariots he burns with heav'nly flame ;
 Keep silence all the earth, and hear
 The sound and glory of his name.
- 5 " Be still, and know that I am God ;
 " I'll be exalted o'er the lands ;
 " I will be known and fear'd abroad ;
 " But still my throne in Sion stands."
- 6 O Lord of hosts, almighty king !
 While we so near thy presence dwell,
 Our faith shall sit secure, and sing
 Defiance to the gates of hell,

479. S. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 390.)

The Church is the Honour and Safety of a Nation.

Psalm xlviii. 1—8.

- 1 **G**REAT is the Lord our God,
 And let his praise be great ;
 He makes his churches his abode,
 His most delightful seat.

- 2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.
- 3 In Sion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces?
- 4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.
- 5 In ev'ry new distress
We'll to his house repair,
We'll think upon his wond'rous grace,
And seek deliv'rance there.

480. S. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 391.)

The Beauty of the Church. Psalm xlviii. 10—14.

- 1 **F**AR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
Their songs of honour raise.
- 2 With joy let Judah stand
On Sion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.
- 3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well:
- 4 The orders of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

- 5 How decent and how wise!
 How glorious to behold!
 Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
 And rites adorn'd with gold.
- 6 The God we worship now
 Will guide us till we die!
 Will be our God while here below,
 And ours above the sky.

481. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 470.)

Jews and Gentiles united in the Christian Church.

Psalm lxxxvii.

- 1 **G**OD in his earthly temple lays
 Foundations for his heav'nly praise:
 He likes the tents of Jacob well,
 But still in Zion loves to dwell.
- 2 His mercy visits every house
 That pay their night and morning vows;
 But makes a more delightful stay
 Where churches meet to praise and pray.
- 3 What glories were describ'd of old!
 What wonders are of Zion told!
 Thou city of our God below,
 Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.
- 4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
 Shall there begin their lives anew:
 Angels and men shall join to sing
 The hill where living waters spring.
- 5 When God makes up his last account
 Of natives in his holy mount,
 'Twill be an honour to appear
 As one new-born, or nourish'd there!

482. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 479.)

The Church the Garden of God. Psalm xcii. 12, &c.

- 1 **L**ORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thine hand;
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.
- 2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above,
Not Lebanon, with all its trees
Yields such a comely sight as these.
- 3 The plants of grace shall ever live;
(Nature decays, but grace must thrive)
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.
- 4 Laden with fruits of age they shew,
The Lord is holy, just, and true;
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful, or unkind.

483. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 249.)

The Church the Vineyard of God. Isa. v. 1—7.

- 1 **T**HE vineyard of the Lord, how fair!
Planted by his peculiar care;
Behold its branches spread and fill
The borders of his sacred hill.
- 2 His eye hath mark'd the chosen ground;
His mighty hand hath fenc'd it round;
His servants by his order wait,
To watch and aid its tender state.
- 3 But when the vintage he demands,
For all the labour of their hands,
What clusters doth his vine produce!
The grapes are wild, and sour the juice.

- 4 Well might he tear its fence away,
And leave it to the beasts of prey,
Might give it to the wild again;
And charge his clouds to cease their rain.
- 5 But spare our land, our churches spare!
Thy vengeance, long provok'd, forbear;
Let the true vine its influence give,
And bid our with'ring branches live!

484. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 365.)

The Church is our Delight and Safety. Psalm xxvii. 1—6.

- 1 THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.
- 2 One privilege my heart desires;
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God!
- 3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.
- 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.
- 5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

485. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 528.)

The Church is God's House and Care.

Psalm cxxxv. 1—4, 19—21.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, exalt his name,
While in his holy courts ye wait:
Ye saints, that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.
- 2 Praise ye the Lord; the Lord is good:
To praise his name is sweet employ;
Isr'el he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.
- 3 The Lord himself will judge his saints:
He treats his servants as his friends;
And when he hears their sore complaints,
Removes the sorrows that he sends.
- 4 Through ev'ry age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod;
He gives his suff'ring servants rest,
And will be known th' Almighty God.
- 5 Bless ye the Lord, who taste his love;
People and priests exalt his name:
Amongst his saints he ever dwells;
His church is his Jerusalem.

486. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 526.)

Christian Unity. Psalm cxxxiii.

- 1 **L**O, what an entertaining sight
Are brethren that agree,
Brethren whose cheerful hearts unite
In bands of piety!

- 2 When streams of love from Christ the spring,
 Descend to ev'ry soul,
 And heav'nly peace with balmy wing
 Shades and bedews the whole.
- 3 As when on Aaron's reverend head,
 They pour'd the rich perfume;
 'Twas on his sacred collar spread,
 And pleasure fill'd the room.
- 4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dew
 That fall on Sion's hill,
 Where God his mildest glory shews,
 And makes his grace distil.

487. S. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 527.)

Communion of Saints. Psalm cxxxiii.

- 1 **B**LEST are the sons of peace,
 Whose hearts and hopes are one,
 Whose kind designs to serve and please
 Through all their actions run.
- 2 Blest is the pious house
 Where zeal and friendship meet;
 Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
 Make their communion sweet.
- 3 Thus when on Aaron's head
 They pour'd the rich perfume,
 The oil was on his raiment spread,
 And pleasure fill'd the room.
- 4 Thus on the heav'nly hills
 The saints are blest above,
 Where joy like morning-dew distils,
 And all the air is love.

488. Sevens. MR. ROWLAND HILL's Collection.
(O. B. 135.)

Unity and Sympathy of Church Members.

- 1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Shew thyself the Prince of Peace,
Bid all jars for ever cease.
- 2 By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove,
Each to each unite, endear,
Come and spread thy banner here.
- 3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Meek in ev'ry thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.
- 4 Let us each for other care,
Each his brother's burden bear,
To thy church the pattern give,
Shew how true believers live.
- 5 Let us then with joy remove,
To thy family above,
On the wings of angels fly,
Shew how true believers die.

489. Sevens. MR. ROWLAND HILL's Collection.
(O. B. 141.)

Praise from the Church.

- 1 NOW with joint consent we sing,
Glory to our God and King;
All our hearts and voices raise
To proclaim the Saviour's praise.

- 2 While in him we live and move,
He defends us by his love;
Wand'ring through this desert land
He upholds us with his hand.
- 3 He, in ev'ry time and place,
Manifests his guardian grace;
Ev'ry day and ev'ry hour,
Shields us by his constant power.
- 4 While we see each other's face,
Gladly we unite to bless
Him that leads us by his love
To his blissful throne above.
- 5 May we walk with God below,
In his likeness daily grow,
Till our joyful spirits rise,
To behold him in the skies.

490. L. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 162.)

Prayer for a Revival in the Church.

Ezek. xxxvi. 37.

- 1 **H**EAR, gracious Sov'reign! from thy throne,
And send thy various blessings down;
While by thine Israel thou art sought,
Attend the prayer thy word hath taught.
- 2 Come, sacred Spirit! from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love;
Soften to flesh the rugged stone,
And let thy godlike pow'r be known.
- 3 Come thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
Shall floods of pious sorrows rise;
While all their glowing souls are borne
To seek that grace which now they scorn.
- 4 O let a holy flock await,
Num'rous around thy temple gate,
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee!

- 5 In answer to our fervent cries,
 Give us to see thy church arise:
 Or, if that blessing seem too great,
 Give us to mourn its low estate.

491. MR. OLIVER. (O. B. 102.)

The Church triumphant.

- 1 **T**HE ransom'd nations bow,
 Before the Saviour's face,
 Joyful the radiant crowns they throw,
 O'erwhelm'd with grace;
He shews the scars of love;
They kindle to a flame,
 And sound through all the worlds above
 The slaughter'd Lamb.

- 2 The whole triumphant host
 Give thanks to God on high:
 Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
 They ever cry.
 Hail, Abraham's God and mine!
 I join the heav'nly lays:
 All might and majesty are thine,
 And endless praise.

BAPTISM.

492. Mr. S. DEACON.

Baptism a divine Ordinance.

- 1 **JEHOVAH**, John the Baptist sent,
 When he into the desert came;
 The Jews and Jesus to him went,
 To be baptiz'd in Jordan's stream:
 An open'd heav'n, and voice from God,
 The conduct of the day applaud.
- 2 With glowing zeal his servants went,
 To make his great salvation known;
 Commanding sinners to repent,
 And be baptized every one;
 Those that the gospel offer priz'd,
 Rose at their word, and were baptiz'd.
- 3 Throughout the sacred page we find
 This was their practice day by day;
 To preach the gospel to mankind,
 And to baptize who it obey.
 And those who hear, and this neglect,
 The counsel of their God reject.
- 4 Then shall we so presumptuous be,
 This ordinance of God to slight?
 Shall mortals teach the Deity,
 And tell Jehovah what is right?
 No, Lord! it is enough, that we
 Attend thy voice, and follow thee.

493. C. M. Mr. S. DEACON.

John the Baptist. Matt. iii.

- 1 **W**HEN John, the harbinger of Christ,
Was by Jehovah sent;
He warn'd the Jewish multitude,
And charg'd them to repent.
- 2 Repent, O sinners, still we cry
And flee from ev'ry sin:
Oceans of water will not wash
The filthy conscience clean.
- 3 Think not to say within yourselves,
"We've Abr'ham to our sire:"
Each barren tree must be cut down,
And cast into the fire.
- 4 Then shew your faith, your love, and zeal,
And after Jesus go:
Thus while ye do his holy will,
His doctrine ye shall know.
- 5 Then shall ye have a conscious peace,
And nothing shall offend:
Till you at last through mighty grace,
To glory shall ascend.

494. C. M. Mr. S. DEACON.

Jesus baptized in Jordan. Matt. iii. 13.

- 1 **Y**ONDER, the Prince of Glory goes,
To do his Father's will:
His breast with sacred ardour glows,
Each precept to fulfil.
- 2 Behold him bury'd in the flood,
(The emblem of his grave)
Who from the bosom of his God,
Came down, a world to save.

- 3 As from the water he ascends,
 What miracles appear !
 God with a voice his Son commends—
 Let all the nations hear !
- 4 Hear it, ye christians, and rejoice;
 Let this your courage raise:
 What God approves be this your choice,
 And glory in his ways.

495. C. M. Mr. S. DEACON.

The Same.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Prince of Glory go
 To wash in Jordan's flood !
 See how the limpid waters flow
 Around the Son of God !
- 2 [Of all the memorable things
 In Jordan done of yore,
 It never had the King of Kings
 Within its waves before.
- 3 See how the gazing multitude
 Burden the flow'ry side
 To see the blessed Son of God
 Immers'd beneath the tide !
- 4 The Holy Spirit, like a dove,
 Comes with his pinions spread,
 Down from the shining realms of love,
 And settles on his head.
- 5 Now speaks the Father from his throne,
 (Be earth and heav'n amaz'd !)
 "Jesus is my beloved Son,
 "In whom I am well pleas'd."
- 6 And shall not we behold the scene
 With wonder and delight?
 If God approve, we'll say, "Amen !"
 "The ordinance is right."

496. C.M. MR. J. STENNETT. (O. B. 222.)

Immersion, or the Baptism of Christ.

- 1 **T**HUS was the great Redeemer plung'd
In Jordan's swelling flood:
To shew he must be soon baptiz'd
In tears, and sweat, and blood.
- 2 Thus was his sacred body laid
Beneath the yielding wave,
Thus was his sacred body rais'd
Out of the liquid grave.
- 3 When, lo! from realms of light and bliss,
The heav'nly dove comes down;
Lights on his venerable head,
Which rays of glory crown.
- 4 While his eternal Father's voice
An awful joy excites;
"This is my well-beloved Son,
"In whom my soul delights."
- 5 Lord, we thy precepts would obey,
In thy own footsteps tread;
Would die, be buried, rise with thee,
Our ever-living head.
- 6 We look to thee, our Saviour dear,
Bless us with pow'r-divine;
We would shew forth thy glory here,
And be for ever thine.

497. (O. B. 225.)

Christ baptized in Jordan.

- 1 **I**N Jordan's tide the Baptist stands,
Immersing the repenting Jews;
The Son of God the rite demands,
Nor dares the holy man refuse:
Jesus descends beneath the wave,
The emblem of his future grave.

- 222.)
- 2 Wonder, ye heav'ns! the Saviour lies
 In deeps conceal'd from human view;
 Ye saints, behold him sink and rise,
 A fit example thus for you:
 The sacred record, while you read,
 Calls you to imitate the deed.
- 3 But, lo! from yonder opening skies,
 What beams of dazzling glory spread!
 Dove-like, the Eternal Spirit flies,
 And lights on the Redeemer's head;
 Amaz'd they see the power divine,
 Around the Saviour's temples shine.
- 4 But hark, my soul, hark and adore!
 What sounds are those that roll along,
 Not like loud Sinai's awful roar,
 But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song!
 "This is my well-beloved Son,
 "I see well-pleas'd what he has done."
- 5 Thus the eternal Father spoke,
 Who shakes creation with a nod;
 Through parting skies the accents broke,
 And bid us hear the Son of God:
 O hear the awful word to-day,
 Hear all ye nations, and obey!

498. L.M. Mr. S. DEACON.

Reflection on Christ's Baptism.

- 1 CAN I behold how Jesus went
 Down in the flowing element,
 And suffer shame, or fear, or pride,
 Or sloth, to turn my feet aside?
- 2 Did Jesus publicly confess
 This was a part of righteousness?
 And can I have a conscience clear
 While I refuse obedience here?

- 3 Was he, to bring my soul to God,
O'erwhelm'd in sufferings and blood?
And shall I think it hard for him
To be immers'd beneath the stream?
- 4 Forbid it, Lord! I will submit,
With humble deference at thy feet;
Thou art my Saviour, pattern, Lord,
And thee alone would I regard?

499. Mr. S. DEACON.

Reflection on Christ's Baptism.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Lamb of God!
In his divine array,
Go down into the flood,
His Father to obey;
In Jordan's stream to be baptiz'd,
Though by a carnal world despis'd,
- 2 Can we pretend to know
More fully God's design?
Can we pretend to show
A conduct more divine?
Can we neglect this ordinance,
Without an insult to our Prince?
- 3 Jesus, we will obey
Thy practice and command;
Behold us here to-day!
We in thy presence stand,
Devoted to thy blessed will,
Ready thy pleasure to fulfil.
- 4 We sink into the wave;
The water we go through;
The emblem of thy grave,
And resurrection too:
We die, are bury'd, rise again,
In hopes with thee to live and reign

5 Great Father, cast thine eye,
 And drive away our fear;
 Our ev'ry want supply;
 Give grace to persevere;
 And then rejoicing we will go,
 To do our Father's will below.

500. C. M. Mr. S. DEACON.

The Same.

1 **A**ND shall the Lord of Glory go
 To wash in Jordan's flood;
 Fair and immaculate as snow,
 The favourite of God?

2 Must he go down into the stream,
 Be bury'd in the wave;
 Who from the world of glory came,
 A ruin'd race to save?

3 Well might the Prophet hesitate,
 Astonish'd and surpris'd;
 When one so holy, wise, and great,
 Came there to be baptiz'd.

4 Ye humble souls, fresh courage take;
 Your Saviour leads the way:
 Follow him down into the lake,
 And up to realms of day.

5 There shall ye be despis'd no more,
 By either friend or foe;
 But joyfully that Lord adore,
 You imitate below,

501. L. M. DR. WATTS.

Christ's Commission. Matt. xxviii. 19. Acts ii. 38.

- 1 **T**WAS the commission of our Lord,
 "Go, teach the nations, and baptize."
 The nations have receiv'd the word
 Since he ascended to the skies.
- 2 He sits upon th' eternal hills,
 With grace and pardon in his hands,
 And sends his cov'nant with the seals,
 To bless the distant British lands.
- 3 "Repent, and be baptiz'd," he saith,
 "For the remission of your sins;"
 And thus our sense assists our faith,
 And shews us what his gospel means.
- 4 Our souls he washes in his blood,
 As water makes the body clean;
 And the good spirit from our God
 Descends like purifying rain.
- 5 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
 And seal our cov'nant with the Lord;
 Let angels now with rapture see,
 And heav'n our solemn vows record!

502. L. M. S. DEACON,

The Same.

- 1 **Y**E sons of men, rejoice and sing,
 Jesus is your anointed King;
 "All pow'r," he says, "in earth and heav'n,
 "To me is by my Father giv'n.
- 2 "Go, teach all nations, and proclaim
 "Life and Salvation through my name;
 "Baptizing them on ev'ry coast,
 "To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

- 3 " Teaching them all to understand,
 " And to observe what I command ;
 " And lo, I'm with you to maintain,
 " My people evermore"—Amen.
- 4 Amen! dear Lord, we gladly say,
 Thy voice we cheerfully obey;
 Thy gospel truth we will proclaim;
 Teach and baptize in thy dear name.

503. C. M. Mr. S. DEACON.

The Same. Mark xvi. 15, 16.

- 1 **W**HAT voice is this; what lovely voice,
 Which echoes in my ear?
 That bids my heart and soul rejoice,
 And banishes my fear.
- 2 'Tis Jesus speaks; and O, his words
 In charming accents fly!
 Life and salvation he affords,
 Ye nations, leap for joy!
- 3 " Go into all the world, and preach
 " The gospel's joyful sound;
 " My mercy and compassion reach
 " To sinners all around.
- 4 " [Go, let them all be well apprized,
 " This on their hearts engrav'd.
 " He that believes, and is baptiz'd,
 " Shall be for ever sav'd.
- 5 " But stubborn sinners, who refuse
 " The privilege proclaim'd;
 " Who mercy, such as this, abuse,
 " Shall be for ever damn'd."]]
- 6 And will the Lord of Life receive
 Such guilty worms as we?
 Jesus, we in thy name believe,
 And humbly come to thee!

504. L. M. (O. B. 229.)

Obedience to Christ's Commission,

- 1 " **G**O teach the nations, and baptize,"
Aloud th' ascending Jesus cries,
His glad apostles took the word,
And round the nations preach'd their Lord.
- 2 Commission'd thus by Zion's king,
We to his holy laver bring
These happy converts, who have known
And trusted in his grace alone.
- 3 Lord, in thy house they seek thy face,
O bless them with peculiar grace:
Refresh their souls with love divine;
Let beams of glory round them shine.

505. L. M. (O. B. 228.)

Public Confession of Christ.

- 1 **G**REAT God, we in thy courts appear,
With humble joy, and holy fear,
Thy wise injunctions to obey!
While saints and angels hail the day!
- 2 In thy assembly here we stand,
Obedient to thy great command;
The sacred flood is full in view,
And thy sweet voice invites us through.
- 3 The word, the spirit, and the bride,
Must not invite, and be deny'd;
Was not the Lord who came to save,
Interr'd in such a liquid grave?
- 4 Thus we, dear Saviour, own thy name,
Receive us, rising from the stream;
Then to thy table let us come,
And dwell in Zion as our home.

506. L. M. MR. S. DEACON.

The Design of Believer's Baptism.

- 1 **D**ID Jesus, ere he chose to rise,
Send forth his servants to baptize?
Then, gracious God, help us to find,
The wise intention of his mind!
- 2 This shows that he's authority,
To govern, institute, decree;
And chose this inoffensive way
To prove who would his voice obey.
- 3 By this we see our filthiness,
Our need of purifying grace,
And testify a death to sin,
A rising to a life divine.
- 4 'Tis not the flesh to purify,
But test of our sincerity;
An answer of a conscience good,
Dispos'd to do the will of God.
- 5 By this we publicly confess
The Lord is ours, and we are his;
Confirm before our fellow-men,
That Christ is Head, and he shall reign.
- 6 Bury'd with the Redeemer, we
Show forth his death, his agony;
Whereby the flesh is crucify'd,
The body of our sin destroy'd.
- 7 Such are the ends he had in view,
The scriptures evidently shew;
Now where's the christian, where's the man,
Dare call the institution vain?

507. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 224.)

Believers buried with Christ in Baptism.

Rom. vii 3, &c.

- 1 **D**O we not know that solemn word,
That we are bury'd with the Lord,
Baptiz'd into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin?
- 2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Rais'd from corruption, guilt, and death;
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.
- 3 No more let sin or Satan reign
Over our mortal flesh again;
The various lusts we serv'd before,
Shall have dominion now no more.

508. MR. FELLOWS. (O. B. 223.)

Buried with Christ in Baptism. Rom. vi. 4.

- 1 **J**ESUS, mighty King in Sion!
Thou alone our guide shalt be;
Thy commission we rely on,
We would follow none but thee.
- 2 As an emblem of thy passion,
And thy vict'ry o'er the grave;
We who know thy great salvation
Are baptiz'd beneath the wave.
- 3 Fearless of the world's despising,
We the ancient path pursue;
Bury'd with our Lord, and rising
To a life divinely new.

509. C. M. Mr. S. DEACON.

Primitive Practice.

- 1 **B**ELIEVERS, in the days of old,
 When by the Spirit led;
 Went through the water to the fold,
 In honour of their head.
- 2 Have we obtain'd another law,
 That now we turn aside?
 Or do the nations wiser grow,
 And take another guide?
- 3 Lord, we desire to follow thee,
 According to thy will;
 Help us the proper way to see,
 And strictly to fulfil.
- 4 Let others to the Fathers look,
 And search their writings o'er,
 The Holy Bible is thy book,
 And we desire no more.
- 5 By this the simple soul may find
 The way to heav'nly rest;
 By this the conscientious mind
 Shall be divinely blest.

510. Sevens. Mr. S. DEACON.

The Eunuch. Acts viii. 26—40.

- 1 **S**EE the pious Eunuch ride,
 With the Bible for his guide;
 What he could not understand,
 Philip soon to him explain'd.
- 2 Now the Eunuch, with surprise,
 Jesus, as the Saviour, spies—
 Of his privilege appriz'd,
 Straight desires to be baptiz'd.

- 3 Philip answers his request,
 "If thou dost believe, thou may'st."
 He professes faith in Christ;—
 Philip hears, and can't resist.
- 4 Down they both together go,
 (See the waters, how they flow!)
 Philip, in the Saviour's name,
 Plunges him beneath the stream.
- 5 Up they come, and quickly part—
 See the Eunuch glad at heart,
 Go rejoicing on his way—
 As we hope to do to-day.
- 6 Lord, thy book is still the same;
 There we see a Saviour's name:
 We in him believe, and lo!
 Down into the water go.

511. C.M. Mr. S. DEACON.

Reflection on the Eunuch's Baptism.

- 1 **W**ELL, now my ignorance I see,
 And see it to my shame;
 It is a privilege, to be
 Baptiz'd in Jesu's name.
- 2 O! how I've seen it as a cross,
 Too great to be endur'd;
 To be baptiz'd, as Jesus was,
 And buried with my Lord.
- 3 This is the way, which God above
 Commanded John to teach;
 This is the way the Lord of love
 Bade his Apostles preach.
- 4 This is the way the saints of old
 Their faith and love profess'd;
 O how presumptuous, vain, and bold,
 Are those who dare resist!

- 5 This is the way, I'll walk therein,
 However it's despis'd;
 See here is water, let me then
 Go down, and be baptiz'd.
- 6 [What is there which I have not done,
 To give me right to this?
 I own that Jesus is thy Son,
 And him as Lord confess.]
- 7 Like Ethiopia's Eunuch, lo!
 My Master I obey;
 And when baptiz'd, I mean to go,
 Rejoicing on my way.

512. L. M. Mr. S. DEACON.

Saul's Conversion and Baptism. Acts ix.

- 1 **W**HEN Saul, on persecution bent,
 With letters to Damascus went:
 A light beyond the solar ray
 Surpris'd him in meridian day.
- 2 Enlighten'd by celestial beams,
 He drops his persecuting schemes,
 And trembling, cries to Jesus now,
 "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"
- 3 Jesus, with pity in his breast,
 Answers the penitent's request—
 Saul, of his duty well advis'd,
 Rose at his word, and was baptiz'd.
- 4 Jesus is sov'reign still, and we
 Are under his authority;
 And what is right for Saul to do,
 Is right for us to practise too.

- 5 [For we behold a light divine;
 Celestial beams upon us shine;
 The voice of Jesus we have heard,
 And him with reverence regard.]
- 6 Lord, we no longer hesitate;
 Our souls to thee we dedicate;
 With pleasure we thy word obey;
 And rise to be baptiz'd to-day.

513. C. M. Mr. S. DEACON.

The Importance of Obedience.

- 1 **T**H' importance of a sacred rite,
 Depends upon the Lord;
 For he's a Being infinite,
 And awful is his word.
- 2 If he a trifle shall command,
 His creatures to fulfil;
 'Tis not a trifle to withstand,
 Or counteract his will.
- 3 Adam might think the thing but small,
 And ventur'd to transgress;
 But it produc'd a dreadful fall
 To all the human race*.
- 4 'Twas but a little, wherein Saul†
 His God did disobey;
 But what reward had he for all
 The labour of that day?
- 5 The Prophet unto Bethel sent‡,
 With messages express;
 Was by a furious lion rent,
 For eating at the place.

* Rom. v. 12.

† 1 Sam. xv.

‡ 1 Kings xii

- The man, who durst refuse to smite,
 Was the Prophet of the Lord*,
 Of the mysterious word.
- 7 Naaman contemns, with proud disdain,
 To wash in Jordan's flood†,
 Concluding that would be in vain,
 Or others were as good.
- 8 These may appear but little things,
 To do, or not to do;
 But see what grievous evil springs,
 When not attended to.
- 9 Our bus'ness is to learn to know
 Our great Redeemer's will;
 And with alacrity to go,
 His pleasure to fulfil.
- 10 Whether the thing be great or small,
 It matters not to us;
 He is the Potter, and we all
 Are vessels for his use.

514. C. M. Mr. S. DEACON.

The Council of God. Luke vii. 29, 30.

- 1 **H**OW great the readiness of those,
 Who heard the voice of John!
 And shall not we as freely close
 With God's beloved Son?
- 2 But did the Pharisees reject
 The counsel of the Lord?
 Then what do those who now neglect
 The great Redeemer's word?

* 1 Kings xx. 35. † 2 Kings v.

- 3 John was a servant, Christ the Son,
And those who disobey,
More boldly act, and surely run
A greater risk than they.
- 4 Then let us justify the Lord,
And do as he advis'd;
And pity those who slight his word,
And will not be baptiz'd.

515. S. M. (O. B. 221.)

Encouragement for Penitents at the Ordinance of Baptism.

- 1 COME, lowly souls that mourn,
Depress'd with grief and shame,
Wash'd in the dear Redeemer's blood,
Now call upon his name.
- 2 Rejoice, ye contrite hearts,
That tremble at his word;
In the baptismal laver plung'd,
As was your humble Lord.
- 3 Bath'd in repenting tears,
The sins which you deplore,
Dead in your Saviour's grave shall lie,
And shall be seen no more.
- 4 Ye who in Christ believe,
And to his sceptre bow,
Sing your Redeemer's love, and tell
What he has done for you.
- 5 Unspotted robes you wear,
Your sighs to songs are turn'd,
Garments of praise adorn you now,
Who late in ashes mourn'd.
- 6 Ye with your Lord are ris'n,
Aspire to things above:
Mansions for you your Lord prepares
In realms of light and love.

516. Mr. JOHN FAWCETT. (O. B. 226.)

Invitation to follow the Lamb.

- 1 **H**UMBLE souls who seek salvation,
 Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
 Hear the voice of revelation,
 Tread the path that Jesus trod.
 Flee to him your only Saviour,
 In his mighty name confide;
 In the whole of your behaviour,
 Own him as your sov'reign guide.
- 2 Hear the blest Redeemer call you,
 Listen to his gracious voice;
 Dread no ills that can befall you,
 While you make his ways your choice.
 Jesus says, "Let each believer
 "Be baptized in my name:"
 He himself, in Jordan's river,
 Was immers'd beneath the stream.
- 3 Plainly here, his footsteps tracing,
 Follow him without delay;
 Gladly his command embracing,
 Your forerunner leads the way.
 View the rite with understanding;
 Jesus' grave before you lies!
 Be interr'd at his commanding,
 After his example rise.

517. Mr. S. DEACON.

Invitation.

- 1 **C**OME, young christians, follow Jesus;
 Down into the water go:
 He hath suffer'd to release us
 From the gulf of endless wo.

- 2 [Let not popular opinion
In religion be your rule;
Yield to Jesus the dominion,
Be disciples in his school.
- 3 Read your Bible for instruction,
There you find the will of God;
There you find the introduction
To the church is through the flood.
- 4 Now let this assembly witness
Whose you are, and whom you serve:
Look to Jesus for your fitness;
Follow him without reserve.
- 5 Give your souls into his keeping,
He's the master of the wave:
Though to sense he may be sleeping,
Soon he will awake and save.
- 6 Now descend into the water,
Think how Jesus was baptiz'd!
He for us was led to slaughter,
He for us was sacrific'd!
- 7 Shame from ev'ry bosom vanish,
Jesus, thou hast led the way:
All intruding terror banish,
While we cheerfully obey.

518. L. M. Mr. S. DEACON.

The Same.

- 1 COME, ye redeemed of the Lord;
Depend upon your Saviour's word:
Jesus has been baptiz'd, and now
He gives encouragement to you.
- 2 Come, hear his voice, and follow him
With pleasure down into the stream;
Then rise and with delight obey,
His blessed voice from day to day.

Soon will your trials all be o'er,
 Soon you shall reach the heav'nly shore!
 Then enter your eternal rest,
 Completely sav'd, completely blest!

519. MR. S. DEACON.

Invitation and Encouragement.

- 1 **C**OME, ye believing souls, to-day
 Confess the Lord in whom ye trust;
 He in his conduct show'd the way,
 And seal'd it by the Holy Ghost.
 Here let it publicly be shown,
 You are the Lord's, and not your own.
- 2 He down into the water went,
 And John baptiz'd the Saviour there;
 The great, the glorious event,
 Stands in the sacred volume clear;
 O let this company to-day
 See you baptiz'd the Saviour's way!
- 3 Go down into the water, go;
 Fear not to hearken to your God:
 Christ was baptiz'd in grief and wo;
 O'erwhelm'd in sufferings and blood!
 He bare your sins, your curse and shame,
 That you might triumph in his name.
- 4 Now show your gratitude and love
 By your obedience to his word;
 Till you his whole salvation prove,
 And banquet at his upper board;
 Then shall you be baptiz'd once more,—
 In seas of bliss without a shore.

520. L. M. Mr. S. DEACON.

The Administrator—at the Water.

- 1 **J**ESUS, we come at thy command,
Now on the water's brink we stand;
Ready to walk into the wave;
A lively emblem of the grave.
- 2 Let neither shame, nor fear, nor pride,
Divert our steady feet aside;
'Tis thy appointment, in thy name
We venture down into the stream.
- 3 Come, children, walk into the flood;
'Tis not a lake of fire, nor blood:
'Tis what your Saviour realiz'd,
Go down with me, and be baptiz'd.

(Pause, while the Ordinance is administered.)

- 4 Behold, ye multitude, behold!
This was the way in days of old:
The same the Law, the Lord the same;
Then where's the sin, or where's the shame?
- 5 Lord of the universe! look down,
And make thy great salvation known:
Teach ev'ry sinner to obey,
And follow Jesus his own way.

521. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 231.)

A practical Improvement of Baptism.

Col. iii. 1.

- 1 **A**TTEND, ye children of our God;
Ye heirs of glory, hear;
For accents so divine as these
Might charm the dullest ear.

- 2 Baptiz'd into your Saviour's death,
Your souls to sin must die;
With Christ, your Lord, ye live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.
- 3 There by his Father's side he sits,
Enthron'd divinely fair;
Yet owns himself your brother still,
And your forerunner there.
- 4 Rise from these early trifles, rise
On wings of faith and love;
Above your choicest treasure lies,
And be your hearts above.
- 5 But earth and sin would drag us down
When we attempt to fly;
Lord, send thy strong attractive pow'r
To raise and fix us high.

522. L. M. Mr. GREGG. (O. B. 527.)
(Altered by Mr. B. FRANCIS.)

Not ashamed of Christ.

- 1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee!
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be asham'd of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star! bids darkness flee.

- 4 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!
No; when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Asham'd of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain,
Till then—I boast a Saviour slain!
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me!

523. C. M. Mr. S. DEACON.

*Baptism a Privilege.**If thou believest—thou mayest. Acts viii. 37.*

- 1 **M**AY I believe that Jesus dy'd,
And rose again for me?
May I in Jesu's name confide,
And to his bosom flee?
- 2 May I go down and be baptiz'd
In his most precious name?
May I for Jesus be despis'd,
And bear reproach and shame!
- 3 Will he permit a worm like me
Upon him to depend?
And will he to eternity
Be such a sinner's friend?
- 4 Yes, Lord of all! thy word is plain,
And there my right I find;
Thou art the Lamb for sinners slain,
The Saviour of mankind.

- 5 To Jew and Gentile, bond and free,
 The gospel is proclaim'd;
 To ev'ry sinner—yes, to me,
 My character is nam'd.
- 6 Infinite wisdom, pow'r and grace,
 This firm foundation lay:
 On this my confidence I place;
 Thy gospel I obey.
- 7 Thy holy word my right secures,
 And there will I rely;
 While that foundation firm endures,
 Who can my claim deny?

524. Sevens. Mr. S. DEACON.

*Self-Examination and Obedience.**Ye are my Friends, if—— —John xv. 14.*

- 1 **A** M I Jesu's friend or foe?
 Do I do his will or no?
 I acknowledge him as Lord,
 Do I hear and keep his word?
- 2 Let me no pretences bring,
 I cannot deceive my king;
 Whatsoever he commands,
 Stedfast as the gospel stands.
- 3 Do I in his truth confide?
 Do I in his love abide?
 Do I hear his blessed voice?
 Do I follow him of choice?
- 4 Do I take and bear his cross?
 Reckon all for him as loss?
 Do I humbly follow him,
 Even down into the stream?

- 5 Jesus, thou hast died for me;
Died, to set my spirit free;
Thou art worthy as my Prince,
Rules of conduct to dispense.
- 6 Lord, behold me here to-day,
Thy injunction to obey;
Grant me fortitude and skill,
All thy pleasure to fulfil.
- 7 I desire to be thy friend;
Live thy truth, and it defend:
Special grace to me afford,
That I may not grieve the Lord.
- 8 Work in me to will and do;
Save my soul from ev'ry foe;
Let thy presence give me rest,
Till I'm consummately blest.

525. C. M. Mr. S. DEACON.

Encouragement from Christ's Presence. Matt. xxviii. 20.

- 1 **G**IRD up your loins, ye faithful few,
And boldly persevere;
Jesus has been baptiz'd, and now
Behold him present here!
- 2 'Tis his appointment, and his word
Shall be your strength and stay;
But how much more, when Christ your Lord
Is with you in the way!
- 3 He surely will afford you aid,
Nor suffer you to fall;
With courage you may lift your head,
And trust him with your all.
- 4 Soon will each painful struggle cease,
And all which now alarms:
Then shall your souls have perfect peace,
And rest in Jésu's arms.

526: L. M. Mr. S. DEACON.

- 1 **T**HE master bids us go—baptize;
 Then who are they that dare despise?
 With pleasure we his voice obey,
 Conscious that he is here to-day.
- 2 We all before his eye appear,
 And soon must answer at his bar:
 O! may we in that day be found
 With his eternal blessing crown'd.

527. Mr. S. DEACON.

I am with you. Matt. xxviii. 20.

- 1 **H**OLY Jesus, now defend us,
 On thy promise we depend;
 All we want, in mercy send us;
 Be our ever present friend.
- 2 In obedience to our Saviour,
 We expose ourselves to shame;
 O! may we enjoy thy favour,
 While we glorify thy name.

528. L. M. Mr. S. DEACON.

Cheerful Obedience.

- 1 **W**HY should we tarry or delay,
 Immanuel's precepts to obey?
 What he was pleas'd to institute,
 We should obey, and not dispute.
- 2 Gracious Redeemer! we appear
 On this occasion to revere
 Thy great authority; and shew
 Our readiness thy will to do.

529. G. M. MR. S. DEACON.

Conclusion.

- 1 **O**! For a plenitude of grace,
 Descending from above;
 To animate the human race
 With peace, and joy, and love.
- 2 Grant, heav'nly King! what we desire,
 And send the happy day;
 When ALL shall after thee enquire,
 And cheerfully obey.
- 3 Then will the nations serve the Lord
 With purity and zeal:
 With candour hear his blessed word,
 With pleasure do his will.

LORD'S SUPPER.

530. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 235.)

Christ crucified, the Wisdom and Power of God.

- 1 **N**ATURE with open volume stands,
 To spread her Maker's praise abroad:
 And ev'ry labour of his hands
 Shews something worthy of a God.
- 2 But in the grace that rescu'd man,
 His brightest form of glory shines;
 Here on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
 In precious blood, and crimson lines.

- 3 Here his whole name appears complete;
 Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove,
 Which of the letters best is writ,
 The pow'r, the wisdom, or the love.
- 4 Here I behold his inmost heart,
 Where grace and vengeance strangely join,
 Piercing his son with sharpest smart,
 To make eternal pleasures mine.
- 5 O! the sweet wonders of that cross,
 Where Christ the Saviour lov'd and dy'd!
 Her noblest life my spirit draws
 From his dear wounds and bleeding side.
- 6 I would for ever speak his name,
 In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
 With angels join to praise the Lamb,
 And worship at his Father's throne.

531. L. M. Dr. WATTS. (O. B. 236.)

The Gospel Feast. Luke xiv. 16, &c.

- 1 **H**OW rich are thy provisions, Lord!
 Thy table furnish'd from above!
 The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
 The cup o'erflows with heav'nly love.
- 2 Thy ancient family, the Jews,
 Were first invited to the feast;
 We humbly take what they refuse,
 And Gentiles thy salvation taste.
- 3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
 And help was far, and death was nigh!
 But at thy gospel call we came,
 And ever want receiv'd supply.

- 4 From the highway that leads to hell,
 From paths of darkness and despair,
 Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,
 Glad to enjoy thy presence here.

532. C. M. Dr. WATTS. (O. B. 237.)

Our Lord Jesus at his own Table.

- 1 **T**HE mem'ry of our dying Lord
 Awakes a thankful tongue:
 How rich he spread his royal board,
 And blest the food, and sung!
- 2 Happy the man that eat this bread;
 But doubly blest was he
 That gently bow'd his loving head,
 And lean'd it, Lord, on thee.
- 3 By faith the same delights we taste,
 As that great fav'rite did,
 And sit and lean on Jesus' breast,
 And take the heav'nly bread.

533. C. M. Dr. WATTS. (O. B. 237.)

The Same.

- 1 **D**OWN from the palace of the skies,
 Hither the King descends;
 "Come, my beloved, eat (he cries)
 "And drink salvation, friends."
- 2 Hosanna to his bounteous love,
 For such a feast below!
 And yet he feeds his saints above
 With nobler blessings too.
- 3 Come, the dear day, the glorious hour
 That brings our souls to rest;
 Then we shall need these types no more,
 But dwell at th' heavenly feast.

534. C. M. Mr. STEELE. (O. B. 247.)

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 **T**O our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
O may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune every heart and tongue.
- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach,
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.
- 3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!
Was ever love like this?
- 4 Dear Lord! while we, adoring, pay
Our humble thanks to thee;
May every heart with rapture say
The Saviour died for me.
- 5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme
Move every heart and tongue;
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song!

535. S. M. Dr. WATTS. (O. B. 234.)

Redeeming Grace.

- 1 **L**ET all our tongues be one,
To praise our God on high:
Who from his bosom sent his son
To fetch us strangers nigh.
- 2 Nor let our voices cease
To sing the Saviour's name;
Jesus, th' ambassador of peace,
How cheerfully he came!

3 It cost him cries and tears,
To bring us near to God,
Great was our debt, and he appears
To make the payment good.

4 Look up, my soul, to him
Whose death was thy desert :
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his breaking heart.

5 There on the cursed tree,
In dying pangs, he lies,
Fulfil his Father's great decree,
And all our wants supplies.

536. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 239.)

Grace and Glory by the Death of Christ.

1 **S**ITTING round our Father's board,
We raise a tuneful breath;
Our faith beholds our dying Lord,
And dooms our sins to death.

2 We see the blood of Jesus shed,
Whence all our pardons rise,
The sinner views the atonement made,
And loves the sacrifice.

3 Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross,
Procure us heavenly crowns ;
Our highest gain springs from thy loss,
Our healing from thy wounds.

4 Oh! 'tis impossible that we,
Who dwell in feeble clay,
Should equal sufferings bear for thee,
Or equal thanks repay.

537. L. M. Dr. S. STENNETT. (O. B. 244.)

The Triumphs of the Cross.

- 1 NO more, dear Saviour, will I boast
Of beauty, wealth, or loud applause;
The world hath all its glories lost,
Amid the triumphs of thy cross.
- 2 In ev'ry feature of thy face,
Beauty her fairest charms displays;
Truth, wisdom, majesty, and grace,
Shine thence in sweetly mingled rays.
- 3 Thy wealth the power of thought transcends,
'Tis vast, immense, and all divine:
Thy empire, Lord, o'er worlds extends;
The sun, the moon, the stars are thine.
- 4 Yet (O how marvellous the sight!)
I see thee on a cross expire;
Thy godhead veil'd in sable night,
And angels from the scene retire.
- 5 But why from these sad scenes retreat?
Why with your wings your faces hide?
He ne'er appear'd so good, so great,
As when he bow'd his head and died.
- 6 Then view the suff'ring Son of God,
Behold what woes on him were hurl'd:
Beneath the weight he firmly stood,
And nobly sav'd a falling world.
- 7 These triumphs of stupendous grace,
Surprise, rejoice, and melt my heart;
Lord, at thy cross I stand and gaze,
Nor would I ever thence depart.

538. C.M. Mr. J. STENNETT. (O. B. 245.)

Humble Admiration.

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy table we behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admire that we
Should find a welcome place:
- 2 I that was all defil'd with sin,
A rebel to my God:
I that have crucify'd his Son,
And trampled on his blood!
- 3 What strange surprizing grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Saviour takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.
- 4 "Eat, O my friends," the Saviour cries,
"The feast was made for you:
"For you I groan'd, and bled, and died,
"And rose and triumph'd too."

539. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

*Crucifixion to the World by the Cross of Christ.
Gal. vi. 14.*

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wond'rous cross
On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the dying Son of God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown!

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- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

540. C. M. Dr. WATTS. (O. B. 233.)

The New Covenant in the Blood of Christ.

- 1 **T**HE promise of my Father's love
Shall stand for ever good;
He said, and gave his soul to death.
And seal'd the grace with blood.
- 2 To this dear cov'nant of thy word,
I set my worthless name;
Confirm th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.
- 3 The light, and strength, and pard'ning grace,
And glory shall be mine;
My soul, and life, and heart, and flesh,
And all my powers are thine.

541. S. M. Dr. WATTS. (O. B. 232.)

Communion with Christ and his Saints. 1 Cor. x. 16, 17.

- 1 **J**ESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd rebels sit and hold
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 Our heav'nly Father calls
Christ and his members one;
We the young children of his love,
And he the first-born Son.
- 3 We are but sev'ral parts
Of the same broken bread;
One body hath its sev'ral limbs,
But Jesus is the head.

- 4 Let all our pow'rs be join'd,
 His glorious name to raise;
 Pleasure and love fill every mind,
 And every voice be praise.

542. Dr. STENNETT. C. M. (O. B. 243.)

Gratitude and Self-Dedication.

- 1 **W**ITH humble faith and bleeding hearts,
 Lord, we accept thy love:
 Rich is thy banquet here below.
 But richer far above.
- 2 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
 Join all your praising pow'rs:
 No theme is like redeeming love,
 No Saviour is like ours.
- 3 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
 I'd give them all to thee:
 Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
 Should join the harmony.

543. C. M. Dr. WATTS. (O. B. 238.)

The Sufferings of Christ viewed by Faith.

- 1 **N**OW let our pains be all forgot,
 Our hearts no more repine;
 Our sufferings are not worth a thought,
 When, Lord, compar'd with thine.
- 2 In lively figures here we see
 The bleeding Prince of love;
 And each believes he died for me,
 And then our griefs remove.
- 3 Grace, wisdom, justice, join'd and wrought
 The wonders of that day:
 No mortal tongue, nor mortal thought,
 Can equal thanks repay.

- 4 Our hymns should sound like those above,
 Could we our voices raise;
 Yet, Lord, our hearts shall all be love,
 And all our lives be praise.

544. L. M. Mr. BEDDOME. (O. B. 246.)

The Sorrow and Sympathy of Jesus.

JESUS WEPT. John xi. 35.

- 1 SO fair a face bedew'd with tears!
 What beauty e'en in grief appears!
 He wept, he bled, he died for you;
 What more, ye saints, could Jesus do?
- 2 Enthron'd above with equal glow;
 His warm affections downward flow;
 In our distress he bears a part,
 And feels a sympathetic smart.
- 3 Still his compassions are the same,
 He knows the frailty of our frame;
 Our heaviest burdens he sustains,
 Shares in our sorrows and our pains.
- 4 Let faith our feeble senses aid,
 To see thy wond'rous love display'd,
 Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
 Thy dreadful agonizing pains.
- 5 Let humble penitential woe,
 With painful, pleasing anguish, flow;
 Let thy forgiving smiles impart
 Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

545. L. M. Mr. R. ELLIOT. (O. B. 251.)

Prayer for the Divine Presence at the Lord's Table.

- 1 BE with us at thy table, Lord,
 Now feed thy saints with heav'nly food;
 And may our souls with one accord,
 Receive by faith, and drink thy blood.

- 2 New joy and strength divine impart,
All doubt, and fear, and sin expel;
Display thy love in ev'ry heart,
With joy and peace unspeakable.

546. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 250.)

Nearness to God through Christ.

Eph. ii. 13.

- 1 **A**ND are we now brought near to God,
Who once at distance stood!
And, to effect this glorious change,
Did Jesus shed his blood?
- 2 O for a song of ardent praise
To bear our souls above!
What shall allay our lively hope,
Or damp our flaming love!
- 3 Draw us, O Lord, with quick'ning grace,
And bring us yet more near!
Here may we see thy glories shine,
And taste thy mercies here!
- 4 O may that love, which spread thy board,
Dispose us for the feast!
May faith behold a smiling God
Through Jesu's bleeding breast!
- 5 Fir'd with the view, our souls shall rise,
In such a scene as this,
And view the happy moment near,
That shall complete our bliss.

547. S. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 248.)

Singing in the Ways of God. Psalm cxxxviii. 5.

- 1 **N**OW let our voices join,
To form one pleasant song:
Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.

- 2 How straight the path appears!
 How open, and how fair!
 No lurking gins t'entrap our feet,
 No fierce destroyer there.
- 3 But flowers of paradise,
 In rich profusion spring;
 The Sun of Glory gilds the path,
 And dear companions sing.
- 4 See Salem's golden spires
 In beauteous prospect rise;
 And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
 Which sparkle through the skies.
- 5 All honour to his name,
 Who drew the shining trace:
 To him who leads the wand'ers on,
 And cheers them with his grace.
- 6 Reduce the nations, Lord,
 Teach all their kings thy ways,
 That earth's full choir the notes may swell,
 And heav'n resound the praise.

548. C.M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O.B.252.)

The Highway to Zion. Isa. xxxv. 8, 9, 10.

- 1 **S**ING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
 Your great deliv'rer sing:
 Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,
 Be joyful in your king.
- 2 See the fair way his hand hath rais'd;
 How holy and how plain!
 Nor shall the simplest trav'lers err,
 Nor ask the track in vain.

- 3 No rav'ning lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound;
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
Through all the path are found.
- 4 A hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road;
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.
- 5 There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on ev'ry head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows all are fled.
- 6 March on in your Redeemer's strength;
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye,
While lab'ring up the hill.

549. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

The Memorial of our absent Lord.

John xvi. 16. Luke xxii. 19. John xiv. 3.

- 1 JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not,
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.
- 3 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill ev'ry thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

- 4 While he is absent from our sight,
 'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
 That we may dwell in heav'nly light,
 And live for ever near his face.
- 5 [Our eyes look upwards to the hills,
 Whence our returning Lord shall come;
 We wait thy chariot's awful wheels,
 To fetch our longing spirits home.]

550. L. M. MR. D. TURNER. (O. B. 243.)

Christ's Exaltation.

Eph. i. 21. Rev. v. 12.

- 1 **N**OW far above these starry skies,
 Our Jesus fills his brighter throne,
 Invisible to mortal eyes,
 But not to humble faith unknown.
- 2 Here once in agonies he died,
 Now in the heavens he ever lives;
 Of joy *there* pours th' eternal tide,
Here saves the sinner who believes.
- 3 All hail, thou great Immanuel, hail!
 Ten thousand blessings on thy name!
 While thus thy wond'rous love we tell,
 Our bosoms feel the sacred flame.
- 4 Come, quickly come, immortal King,
 On earth thy regal honours raise,
 The full salvation promis'd, bring,
 Then ev'ry tongue shall sing thy praise.

551. L. M. MR. J. STENNETT. (O. B. 242.)

*Commemoration of the Death of Christ, in the Prospect of his
 final, and universal Triumph.*

- 1 **T**HUS we commemorate the day
 On which our dearest Lord was slain;
 Thus we our pious homage pay,
 Till he appears on earth again.

- 2 Come, great Redeemer, open wide
The curtains of the parting sky :
On a bright cloud in triumph ride,
And on the wind's swift pinions fly.
- 3 Come, King of kings, with thy bright train,
Cherubs, and seraphs, heavenly hosts,
Assumè thy right, enlarge thy reign,
As far as earth extends her coasts.
- 4 Come, Lord, and where thy cross once stood,
There plant thy banner, fix thy throne ;
Subdue the rebels by thy word,
And claim the nations for thy own.

552. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 253.)

The Neglect and Abuse of the Lord's Supper lamented.

- 1 **M**Y God, and is thy table spread?
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?
Hither be all thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.
- 2 Hail sacred feast, which Jesus makes!
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!
- 3 Why are its dainties all in vain,
Before unwilling hearts display'd?
Was not for you the victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?
- 4 O let thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests!
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.
- 5 Let crowds approach with hearts prepar'd;
With hearts inflam'd let all attend;
Nor when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure, or the profit end.

- 6 Revive thy dying churches, Lord!
 And bid our drooping graces live;
 And more that energy afford,
 Which our Redeemer's blood can give.

SEASONS.

553. C. M. Mr. BUTCHER.

A New Year's Day.

SUN! STAND THOU STILL. Josh. x. 12.

- 1 "STAND still, refulgent orb of day,"
 A Jewish hero cries;
 So shall, at last, an angel say,
 And tear it from the skies.
- 2 A flame intenser than the sun
 Shall melt his golden urn;
 Time's empty glass no more shall run,
 Nor human years return.
- 3 Then, with immortal splendor bright,
 That glorious orb shall rise,
 Which through eternity shall light
 The new-created skies.
- 4 His moral triumph then complete;
 Jesus, our Lord, shall place
 Before his heavenly Father's seat,
 The heirs of life and grace.
- 5 Unceasing flows the mortal tide,
 Unceasing let it flow;
 If thou, O Lord, our guard and guide,
 Wilt daily grace bestow!

- 6 Then, sun of nature! roll along,
 And bear our years away;
 The sooner shall we join the song
 Of everlasting day!

554. L.M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O.B. 210.)

The Year crowned with the Divine Goodness.
 Psalm lxxv. 11.

For New Year's Day.

- 1 **E**TERNAL source of ev'ry joy!
 Well may thy praise our lips employ,
 While in thy temple we appear,
 Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 While as the wheels of nature roll,
 Thy hand supports the steady pole:
 The sun is taught by thee to rise,
 And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flow'ry spring, at thy command,
 Embalms the air, and paints the land;
 The summer rays with vigour shine,
 To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours,
 Through all our coasts, redundant stores;
 And winters, soften'd by thy care,
 No more a face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
 Demand successive songs of praise;
 Still be the cheerful homage paid
 With op'ning light and ev'ning shade.
- 6 Here in thy house shall incense rise,
 While circling sabbaths bless our eyes;
 Then in those brighter courts adore,
 Where days and years revolve no more.

555. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 211.)

*Reflection on the Waste of Years. Psalm xc. 9.**For New Year's Day.*

- 1 **R**EMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year!
How swift the weeks complete their rounds!
How short the months appear!
- 2 So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done,
God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Yet, like an idle tale, we pass
The swift advancing year;
And study artful ways t'increase
The speed of its career.
- 4 Waken, O God, my trifling heart,
Its great concern to see,
That I may act the christian part,
And give the year to thee.
- 5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear my smiling soul
To joy that never dies.

556. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 214.)

*The near Approach of Salvation an Inducement to Diligence and Love. Rom. xiii. 11.**For the New Year.*

- 1 **A**WAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
Awake and praise the sov'reign love
That shews salvation nigh.

- 2 On all the wings of time it flies :
 Each moment brings it near ;
 Then welcome each declining day !
 Welcome each closing year !
- 3 Not many years their round shall run,
 Nor many mornings rise,
 Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
 To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course ;
 Ye mortal pow'rs, decay ;
 Fast as ye bring the night of death,
 Ye bring eternal day.

557. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O.B. 209.)

Ebenezer ; or, God's helping Hand reviewed and acknowledged.
 1 Sam. vii. 12.

For New Year's Day.

- 1 **M**Y helper God ! I bless his name :
 The same his pow'r, his grace the same :
 The tokens of his friendly care
 Open, and crown, and close the year.
- 2 I, 'midst ten thousand dangers stand,
 Supported by his guardian hand ;
 And see, when I survey my ways,
 Ten thousand monuments of praise.
- 3 Thus far his arm hath led me on ;
 Thus far I make his mercy known ;
 And, while I tread this desert land,
 New mercies shall new songs demand,
- 4 My grateful soul, on Jordan's shore,
 Shall raise one sacred pillar more ;
 Then bear in his bright courts above,
 Inscriptions of immortal love.

558. Mr. ROWLAND HILL's Collection.

(O. B. 208.)

*The barren Fig-Tree. Luke xiii. 6, &c.**For the New Year.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord of earth and sky,
 The God of ages praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd on high,
 Ancient of endless days;
 Who lengthens out our trial here,
 And spares us yet another year.
- 2 Barren and wither'd trees,
 We cumber'd long the ground,
 No fruit of holiness
 On our dead souls was found;
 Yet doth he us in mercy spare,
 Another and another year.
- 3 When justice bar'd the sword,
 To cut the fig-tree down,
 The pity of our Lord
 Cry'd, "let it still alone."
 The Father mild inclines his ear,
 And spares us yet another year.
- 4 Jesus thy pleading blood,
 From God obtain'd the grace,
 Who therefore hath bestow'd
 On us a longer space;
 Thou didst in our behalf appear,
 And lo, we see another year.
- 5 Then dig about our root,
 Break up our fallow ground,
 And let our precious fruit
 To thy great praise abound;
 O let us all thy praise declare,
 And fruit unto perfection bear.

559. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 213.)

Misimproved Privileges, and disappointed Hopes.

Jer. viii. 20.

1 **A** LAS, how fast our moments fly !
 How short our months appear !
 How swift through various seasons haste
 The still revolving year !

2 Seasons of grace, and days of hope,
 While Jesus waiting stands,
 And spreads the blessings of his love
 With wide extended hands.

3 But, O how slow our stupid souls,
 These blessings to secure !
 Blessings, which through eternal years,
 Unwith'ring, shall endure.

4 Beneath the word of life we die ;
 We starve amidst our store ;
 And what salvation should impart
 Heightens our ruin more.

5 Pity this madness, God of love !
 And make us truly wise :
 So from the pregnant seeds of grace
 Shall glorious harvests rise.

560. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 571.)

A Morning Hymn.

Psalm xix. 5, 8. and lxxiii. 24, 25.

1 **G**OD of the morning, at whose voice
 The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
 And like a giant doth rejoice,
 To run his journey through the skies.

2 From the fair chambers of the East,
 The circuit of his race begins,
 And without weariness or rest,
 Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

3 Oh, like the sun may I fulfil
 Th' appointed duties of the day,
 With ready mind and active will,
 March on and keep my heav'nly way!

4 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
 And then receive me to thy bliss;
 All my desires and hopes beside
 Are faint and cold compar'd with this.

561. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 620.)

A Morning Song.

1 **O**NCE more, my soul, the rising day
 Salutes thy waking eyes;
 Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
 To him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
 The day renews the sound,
 Wide as the heav'ns on which he sits,
 To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
 My tongue shall speak his praise;
 My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
 And yet his wrath delays.

4 [On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,
 And I could ne'er withstand:
 Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,
 But mercy held thine hand.

- 5 How many wretched souls are fled
 Since the last setting sun!
 And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
 And yet my moments run.]
- 6 Dear God! let all my hours be thine,
 Whilst I enjoy the light;
 Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
 And bring a pleasant night.

562. C.M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 622.)

A Hymn for Morning or Evening.

- 1 **H**OSANNA with a cheerful sound,
 To God's upholding hand;
 Ten thousand snares attend us round,
 And yet secure we stand.
- 2 That was a most amazing pow'r,
 Which rais'd us with a word,
 And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,
 We lean upon the Lord.
- 3 The ev'ning rests our weary head,
 And angels guard the room;
 We wake, and we admire the bed
 Which was not made our tomb.
- 4 The rising morning can't assure
 That we shall end the day:
 For death stands ready at the door,
 To take our lives away.
- 5 Our breath is forfeited by sin,
 To God's avenging law;
 We own thy grace, immortal King,
 In ev'ry gasp we draw.
- 6 God is our sun, whose daily light
 Our joy and safety brings;
 Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
 Beneath his shady wings.

563. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 218.)

*The daily Goodness of God.**Morning and Evening.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, how endless is thy love !
Thy gifts are ev'ry evening new ;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distil, like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of our sleeping hours !
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all our drowsy pow'rs.
- 3 We yield our powers to thy command ;
To thee we consecrate our days :
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

564. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 572.)

*An Evening Hymn.**Psalm iv. 8. and iii. 5, 6. and cxliii. 8.*

- 1 **T**HUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,
And ev'ry evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home ;
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep ;
Peace is the pillow for my head ;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

- 4 In vain the sons of earth or hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things;
My God in safety makes me dwell
Beneath the shadow of his wings.
- 5 [Faith in his name forbids my fear:
O may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.
- 6 Thus when the hour of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.]

565. L. M. MR. R. ELLIOTT. (O. B. 212.)

*Self-Examination on the lapse of Time.**An Evening Hymn.*

- 1 **H**OW fast my fleeting minutes run!
Another day is past and gone;
That valuable time is o'er,
And will be mine, alas! no more.
- 2 It once was mine, full well I know,
Bestow'd in mercy on me too;
And every moment call'd aloud,
"Mortal, prepare to meet thy God!"
- 3 And now, my soul, the day is gone,
Reflect on all that thou hast done:
Hast thou or gain'd or lost this day?
If God should call, what shall I say?
- 4 My inward frame, what has it been?
What greater conquest over sin?
Speak, O my soul, as unto God,
What lust this day has been subdu'd?

- 5 'Tis mercy now that bears thee up,
 'Tis grace enables thee to hope
 Pardon and peace to find with God,
 Through a dear Saviour's precious blood.

566. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 621.)

An Evening Song.

- 1 **[D]**READ Sov'reign, let my evening song
 Like holy incense rise:
 Assist the off'rings of my tongue
 To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day
 Thy hand was still my guard,
 And still to drive my wants away,
 Thy mercy stood prepar'd.]
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above
 Encompass me around,
 But O how few returns of love
 Hath my Creator found!
- 4 What have I done for him that dy'd,
 To save my wretched soul?
 How are my follies multiply'd,
 Fast as my moments roll!
- 5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
 To thy dear cross I flee,
 And to thy grace my soul resign,
 To be renew'd by thee.
- 6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
 I lay me down to rest,
 As in th' embraces of my God,
 Or on my Saviour's breast.

567. L. M. BISHOP KEN.

An Evening Hymn.

- 1 **G**LORY to thee, my God, this night
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thy own almighty wings!
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That, with the world, myself and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest,
- 4 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eye-lids close;
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphant rise to endless day.
Praise God, &c.

568. P. M. MR. JOHN FAWCETT. (O. B. 217.)

Spring.

- 1 **L**O! the bright, the rosy morning
Calls me forth to take the air;
Cheerful spring, with smiles returning,
Ushers in the new-born year;
Nature, now in all her beauty,
With her gently moving tongue,
Prompts me to the pleasing duty
Of a grateful morning song.

- 2 Yonder rise the lofty mountains,
 Clad with herbage fresh and green;
 Playing round the crystal fountains,
 There the lowing herds are seen;
 There, the stately forest bending,
 Thrives amidst the limpid streams;
 Whilst the source of day ascending,
 Crowns it with his mildest beams.
- 3 Now, the kind refreshing showers
 Water all the plains around;
 Springing grass, and painted flowers,
 O'er the smiling meads abound:
 Now their vernal dress assuming,
 Leafy robes adorn the trees;
 Odours now the air perfuming,
 Sweetly swell the gentle breeze.
- 4 Praise to thee, thou great Creator!
 Praise be thine from ev'ry tongue;
 Join, my soul, with ev'ry creature,
 Join the universal song.
 For ten thousand blessings given,
 For the richest gifts bestow'd,
 Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
 Sound Jehovah's praise aloud.

569. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 408.)

The Blessings of the Spring.

Psalm lxxv. Third Part.

- 1 **G**OOD is the Lord, the heav'nly King,
 Who makes the earth his care;
 Visits the pastures every spring,
 And bids the grass appear.
- 2 The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,
 Pour out at thy command
 Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,
 To cheer the thirsty land,

- 3 The soften'd ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring;
The vallies rich provision yield,
And the poor lab'ers sing.
- 4 The little hills on ev'ry side
Rejoice at falling show'rs;
The meadows, dress'd in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flow'rs.
- 5 The barren clods, refresh'd with rain,
Promise a joyful crop;
The parched grounds look green again,
And raise the reaper's hope.
- 6 The various months thy goodness crowns,
How bounteous are thy ways!
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

570. C. M. DR. GIBBONS.

On a Year of threatening Drought.

- 1 **T**HE spring, great God, at thy command,
Leads forth the smiling year;
Gay verdure, foliage, blooms and flowers,
T' adorn her reign, appear.
- 2 But soon canst thou in righteous wrath
Blast all the promis'd joy,
And elements await thy nod,
To bless or to destroy.
- 3 The sun, thy minister of love,
That, from the naked ground,
Calls forth the hidden seeds to birth,
And spreads their beauties round,
- 4 At the dread order of his God,
Now darts destructive fires;
Hills, plains, and vales, are parch'd with drought,
And blooming life expires.

- 5 Like burnish'd brass, the heaven around
In angry terror burns,
While the earth lies a joyless waste,
And into iron turns.
- 6 Pity us, Lord, in our distress,
Nor with our land contend;
Bid the avenging skies relent,
And showers of mercy send.

571. C. M.

On a Year of threatening Rain.

- 1 **H**OW hast thou, Lord, from year to year,
Our land with plenty crown'd!
And generous fruit, and golden grain,
Have spread their riches round.
- 2 But we thy mercies have abus'd
To more abounding crimes;
What heights, what daring heights in sin
Mark and disgrace our times!
- 3 Equal, though awful is the doom,
That fierce descending rain
Should into inundations swell,
And crush the rising grain!
- 4 How just that in the autumn's reign,
When we had hop'd to reap,
Our fields of sorrow and despair
Should lie an hideous heap!
- 5 But Lord, have mercy on our land,
These floods of vengeance stay;
Dispel these glooms, and let the sun
Shine in unclouded day!
- 6 To thee alone we look for help;
None else of dew or rain
Can give the world the smallest drop,
Or smallest drop restrain.

572. C. M.

*Summer.**An Harvest Hymn.*

- 1 **T**O praise the ever-bounteous Lord
My soul, wake all thy pow'rs:
He calls, and at his voice come forth
The smiling harvest hours.
- 2 His cov'nant with the earth he keeps;
My tongue his praise shall sing;
Summer and winter know their time,
His harvest crowns the spring.
- 3 Well pleas'd the toiling swains behold
The waving yellow crop:
With joy they bear the sheaves away,
And sow again in hope.
- 4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
The seeds of righteousness:
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams
The rip'ning harvest bless.
- 5 Then, in the last great harvest, I
Shall reap a glorious crop:
The harvest shall by far exceed
What I have sown in hope.

573. Sevens. FAWCETT.

A Birth-Day Hymn. Acts xxvi. 22.

- 1 **I** MY *Ebenezer* raise
To my kind Redeemer's praise;
With a grateful heart I own,
Hitherto thy help I've known.

- 2 What may be my future lot,
Well I know concerns me not;
This should set my heart at rest,
What thy will ordains is best.
- 3 I my all to thee resign;
Father, let thy will be mine;
May but all thy dealings prove
Fruits of thy paternal love.
- 4 Guard me, Saviour, by thy power,
Guard me in the trying hour:
Let thy unremitted care
Save my soul from ev'ry snare.
- 5 Let my few remaining days
Be devoted to thy praise;
So the last, the closing scene,
Shall be tranquil and serene.
- 6 To thy will I leave the rest,
Grant me but this one request,
Both in life and death to prove
Tokens of thy special love.

574. ROBINSON.

Grateful Recollection—Ebenezer. 1 Sam. vii. 12.

- 1 COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace,
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I'm come ;
 And I hope by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home:
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God ;
 He, to save my soul from danger,
 Interpos'd his precious blood.
- 3 O! to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
 Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee !
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;
 Prone to leave the God I love—
 Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
 Seal it from thy courts above.

DAYS OF HUMILIATION.

575. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O.B. 182.)

God entreated for Zion. Isaiah lxii. 6, 7.

- 1 **I**NDULGENT Sov'reign of the skies,
 And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear?
 While feeble mortals raise their cries,
 Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear?
- 2 How shall thy servants give thee rest,
 Till Zion's mould'ring walls thou raise?
 Till thy own pow'r shall stand confess'd,
 And make Jerusalem a praise.

- 3 For this, a lowly suppliant crowd
 Here, in thy sacred temple, wait:
 For this, we lift our voices loud,
 And call, and knock, at mercy's gate.
- 4 Look down, O God, with pitying eye,
 And view the desolation round!
 See what wide realms in darkness lie,
 And hurl their idols to the ground.
- 5 Loud let the gospel trumpet blow,
 And call the nations from afar;
 Let all the isles the Saviour know,
 And earth's remotest ends draw near.

576. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 182.)

Prayer for the Nation, and the Church of Christ.

- 1 **L**ET Babylon's proud altars shake,
 And light invade their darkest gloom,
 The yoke of iron bondage break,
 The yoke of *Satan* and of *Rome*.
- 2 With gentle beams on Britain shine,
 And bless her princes and her priests;
 And, by thine energy divine,
 Let sacred love o'erflow their breasts.
- 3 Triumphant here let Jesus reign,
 And on his vineyard sweetly smile;
 While all the virtues of his train,
 Adorn our church, adorn our isle.
- 4 On all our souls let grace descend,
 Like heav'nly dew in copious show'rs,
 That we may call our God our friend,
 That we may hail salvation ours.
- 5 Then shall each age and rank agree,
 United shouts of joy to raise;
 And Zion made a praise by thee,
 To thee shall render back the praise.

577. L. M. MR. JOHN FAWCETT. (O. B. 183.)

Confession and Prayer.

- 1 **B**EFORE thy face, great God, we mourn,
And to thy gracious throne draw nigh;
O let not thy fierce anger burn,
Look on us with propitious eye!
- 2 We own our nation's guilt is great;
We justly fear thy vengeful hand;
But let not still thy love forget
Thy former kindness to our land.
- 3 O turn us from our sinful ways,
The cause of all we feel and fear,
Pardon and heal this guilty race,
And kindly to our help draw near!
- 4 Give peace to this distracted state,
Defend us from our foreign foes;
Leave not to their contempt and hate
The land thy ancient mercy chose.
- 5 Our sinking commerce, Lord, revive;
Its deadness spreads distress around;
'Tis commerce makes a nation thrive,
And plenty every where abound.

578. C. M. SCOTT. (O. B. 184.)

Abraham pleading for Sodom.

- 1 **W**HEN *Abra'm*, full of sacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood,
And, with an humble fervent prayer,
For guilty *Sodom* sued.
- 2 With what success, what wond'rous grace
Was his petition crown'd:
The Lord would spare, if in the place
Ten righteous men were found.

- 3 And could a single pious soul
So rich a boon obtain !
Good God ! and shall a *nation* cry,
And plead with thee in vain ?
- 4 *Britain*, all guilty as she is,
Her num'rous saints can boast ;
See their united prayers ascend ;
And shall these prayers be lost ?
- 5 Are not the righteous dear to thee
Now as in ancient times ?
Or does this sinful land exceed
Gomorrhah in her crimes ?
- 6 Still we are thine, we bear thy name,
Here yet is thine abode ;
Long has thy presence blest our land ;
Forsake us not, O God !
- 7 O may our people, priests, and king,
Thy choicest blessings share :
And know thee by that glorious name
The God who heareth prayer.

579. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 186.)

Abraham's Intercession for Sodom. Gen. xviii. 32.

- 1 GREAT God! did pious Abra'm pray
For Sodom's vile abandon'd race?
And shall not all our souls be rous'd
For *Britain* to implore thy grace?
- 2 Base as we are, does not thine eye
Its chosen thousands here survey?
Whose souls, deep humbl'd, mourn the crowds
Who walk in sin's destructive way?

- 3 O Judge supreme, let not thy sword
The righteous with the wicked smite!
Nor bury in promiscuous heaps
Rebels, and saints thy chief delight.
- 4 For these thy children spare thy land;
Avert the thunders big with death;
Nor let the seeds of latent fire
Be kindled by thy flaming breath.
- 5 O be not angry, mighty God,
While dust and ashes seek thy face!
But, gently bending from thy throne,
Renew, and still increase, thy grace.
- 6 *Jesus*, the intercessor, hear,
And, for his sake, thy grace impart,
Which, while it stops the fiery stream,
Dissolves the most obdurate heart.
- 7 *Sodom* shall change to *Zion* then,
And heav'nly dews be scatter'd round,
That plants of paradise may spring,
Where baleful poison curs'd the ground.

580. C. M. (O. B. 185.)

National Sins confess'd, and national Judgments deprecated.

- 1 **S**EE, gracious God, before thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend;
'Tis on thy sov'reign grace alone,
Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.
- 3 Great God, and why is Britain spar'd,
Ungrateful as we are?
O make thy awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries, forbear!

- 4 What num'rous crimes, increasing, rise
Throughout this sinful isle!
What land so favour'd from the skies!
And yet what land so vile!
- 5 How chang'd, alas, are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the christian name!
- 6 Regardless of thy smile or frown,
False pleasures they desire,
And sink, with gay indifference, down
To everlasting fire.
- 7 O turn thou us, Almighty Lord!
By thy victorious grace;
Then shall our hearts admire thy love
And celebrate thy praise.

581. MR. S. DEACON.

For a Day of Fasting. Judges x.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel, in the days of old,
Forsook their God, and worshipp'd Baal;
The Lord incens'd, his people sold,
And let their enemies prevail;
Till sorely burden'd and oppress'd,
They sought to him alone for rest.
- 2 [The Lord their supplications heard,
Not as he often had before;
But with a dreadful frown declar'd,
"I will deliver you no more!
"Go to your chosen gods for aid;
"Let them deliver who're obey'd,"

- 3 See how they mourn, now he is wroth;
How humbly they confess and plead;
They banish Baal and Ashteroth,
And to the Lord return indeed:
The Lord for their affliction grieves,
And kindly them again receives.]
- 4 O! how this History displays
The evils of the present day!
But where's the penitent that prays,
And casts his idols all away?
That to the Lord indeed returns,
And for a guilty Nation mourns?
- 5 These are the men shall find the Lord
A friend in ev'ry time of need;
These are the men whose groans are heard;
These are the men whose prayers succeed:
O that our hearts may all to-day,
Be so prepar'd to plead and pray!

582. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O.B. 197.)

The Abounding of Iniquity; or, Coldness of Christian Love.

Matt. xxiv. 12.

For a Fast Day.

- 1 **A**LAS! for Britain and her sons,
What hath she not to fear?
The sins that ruin'd Salem once,
O how triumphant here!
- 2 Alas, the strong o'erflowing tide,
How fiercely doth it rage!
And each foreboding symptom joins
In terrible presage.
- 3 Yet who hath eyes that can discern?
Or who an ear to hear?
Whose heart is trembling for the ark,
Or for his country dear.

- 4 Cold is the love of christian breasts,
If christian breasts remain;
And, dying, the last sparks of zeal,
Or its last efforts, vain.
- 5 Of Britain, oft chastis'd and sav'd,
What shall the end be found?
Shall not the sword that waves so long,
Inflict the deeper wound?
- 6 O stay thine arm, all-gracious God!
The spirit largely pour;
This can the streams of guilt restrain,
And dying love restore.

583. L. M. MR. JOHN FAWCETT. (O. B. 204.)

Praise to God for the Restoration of Peace.

- 1 COME let us lift our voices high,
And with united hearts and tongues,
Praise him who reigns above the sky,
Whose goodness far exceeds our songs.
- 2 Where shall our wond'ring souls begin
To count thy matchless mercies, Lord?
To thee our noblest thanks we bring;
Worthy art thou to be ador'd.
- 3 We, for our num'rous follies, lay
Groaning beneath thy chast'ning rod;
Our grief increasing day by day,
Till scoffers cried, "where is your God?"
- 4 We pray'd and fasted, wept and mourn'd;
Thine ear seem'd deaf to our distress;
But lo! our tears to joy are turn'd,
And our complaints are lost in praise.

- 5 Now thou hast made thy mercy known;
 In all our troubles thou wast nigh:
 Thy loving kindness thou hast shown,
 And hearken'd to our humble cry.
- 6 No more we draw the pointed sword,
 To pierce and wound a brother's heart;
 But, peace and unity restor'd,
 Bid war, and wrath, and hate depart.

FUNERAL HYMNS.

584. S. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 254.)

Reflections on the State of our Fathers.

Zach. i. 5.

- 1 **H**OW swift the torrent rolls,
 That bears us to the sea!
 The tide that bears our thoughtless souls
 To vast eternity!
- 2 Our fathers, where are they,
 With all they call'd their own?
 Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
 And wealth and honour gone.
- 3 But joy or grief succeeds
 Beyond our mortal thought,
 While the poor remnant of their dust
 Lies in the grave forgot.
- 4 There, where the Fathers lie,
 Must all the children dwell:
 Nor other heritage possess,
 But such a gloomy cell,

- 5 God of our Fathers, hear,
 Thou everlasting friend !
 While we, as on life's utmost verge,
 Our souls to thee commend.
- 6 Of all the pious dead,
 May we the footsteps trace,
 Till with them in the land of light
 We dwell before thy face.

585. L.M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O.B.256.)

The great Journey. Job xvi. 22.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the path that mortals tread,
 Down to the regions of the dead !
 Nor will the fleeting moments stay ;
 Nor can we measure back our way.
- 2 Our kindred and our friends are gone ;
 Know, O my soul, this doom thy own !
 Feeble as theirs my mortal frame,
 The same my way, my house the same.
- 3 From vital air, from cheerful light,
 To the cold grave's perpetual night,
 From scenes of duty, means of grace,
 I must to God's tribunal pass !
- 4 Important journey ! awful view !
 How great the change ! the scenes how new !
 The golden gates of heaven display'd,
 Or hell's fierce flames, and gloomy shade !
- 5 Awake, my soul ; thy way prepare,
 And lose in this each mortal care ;
 With steady feet, that path be trod,
 Which through the grave conducts to God.
- 6 Jesus, to thee my all I trust,
 And, if thou call me down to dust,
 I know thy voice, I bless thy hand,
 And die in smiles at thy command.

586. L.M. MR. JOHN FAWCETT. (O.B. 258.)

The Swiftness of Time, and diligent Improvement of it.
John ix, 4.

- 1 **T**HE short-liv'd day declines in haste,
The night of death approaches fast;
With rapid speed the moments run,
In which the work of life is done.
- 2 As flies the shuttle o'er the loom,
So mortals hasten to the tomb;
As ships that skim along the sea,
Or eagles darting on the prey.
- 3 As vanishes the fleeting shade,
As flow'rs before the evening fade,
Such is the life of feeble man;
His days are measur'd by a span.
- 4 I would not wish on earth to stay,
Beyond this short uncertain day;
But, Lord, prepare my soul to do
The work appointed me below.
- 5 Be this my one, my great concern,
The way of life and peace to learn;
To know my dear Redeemer's love,
And his renewing grace to prove.
- 6 With willing heart, and active hands,
Lord, I would practice thy commands,
Improve the moments as they fly,
And live as I would wish to die.

587. C.M. MR. JOHN FAWCETT. (O.B. 257.)

Youth admonished.

- 1 **U**NTHINKING mortals, ye must die,
Behold the king of dread,
Prepar'd to let the arrow fly
That ranks you with the dead!

- 2 Your youth and strength will nought avail,
To guard you in that day;
Your wealth and honour then will fail,
Your beauty fade away.
- 3 The finest nerves will be unstrung,
And every motion die;
Silent the captivating tongue,
And dim the sparkling eye.
- 4 O could we realize the scene,
And view the change as near!
This world would then appear more vain,
The next employ our care.
- 5 May we in waiting posture stand,
Prepar'd to take our flight;
When gentle death with friendly hand,
Shall change our faith to sight.

588. L. M. MR. JOHN FAWCETT. (O. B. 260.)

The Frailty of Man. Psalm ciii. 14.

- 1 **S**HALL men of strength or beauty boast,
Whose first original is dust?
Whose powers are all by sin defil'd,
And of their native glory spoil'd?
- 2 Our life is but a brittle thread,
And soon we mingle with the dead;
In frailty we awhile sojourn,
Then to our native dust return.
- 3 Jehovah knows how weak we are,
And makes our feeble life his care;
Strength he proportions to the day,
Rememb'ring that we are but clay.

- 4 He sees our num'rous foes prevail,
He sees our languid spirits fail;
Our fainting souls his pity move,
For everlasting is his love.
- 5 Soon shall the toils of life be o'er,
And pains and griefs be felt no more;
Jesus will raise us to his throne,
And form our bodies like his own.

589. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 377.)

The Vanity of Man as mortal.

Psalm xxxix. 4, &c.

- 1 **T**EACH me the measure of my days,
Thou maker of my frame;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flow'r and prime.
- 3 See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.
- 4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore;
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.
- 5 What should I wish or wait for then,
From creatures, earth, and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

Now I forbid my carnal hope,
 My fond desires recall;
 I give my mortal interest up,
 And make my God my all.

590. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 473.)

Man mortal, and God eternal.

Psalm xc.

- 1 **T**HROUGH ev'ry age, eternal God,
 Thou art our rest, our safe abode;
 High was thy throne ere heav'n was made,
 Or earth thy humble footstool laid.
- 2 Long hadst thou reign'd ere time began,
 Or dust was fashion'd into man;
 And long thy kingdom shall endure,
 When earth and time shall be no more.
- 3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
 Made up of guilt and vanity:
 Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,
 "Return, ye sinners, to your dust."
- 4 Death, like an overflowing stream,
 Sweeps us away; our life's a dream;
 An empty tale; a morning flow'r,
 Cut down and wither'd in an hour.
- 5 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man!
 And kindly lengthen out our span,
 Till a wise care of piety
 Fits us to die and dwell with thee.

591. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 474.)

*Man frail, and God eternal.**Psalm xc.*

- 1 **O**UR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
"Return, ye sons of men:"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.
- 5 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.
- 6 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

592. C. M. DR. WATTS.

Frailty and Folly.

- 1 **H**OW short and hasty is our life!
How vast our soul's affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

- 2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story or a song
We pass our lives away.
- 3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on,
And ever hast'ning to the tomb,
Stoop downwards as we run.
- 4 How we deserve the deepest hell,
That slight the joys above!
What chains of vengeance should we feel,
That break such cords of love!
- 5 Draw us, O God, with sov'reign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

593. C. M. DR. WATTS.

The Shortness and Misery of Life.

- 1 OUR days, alas! our mortal days
Are short and wretched too;
"Evil and few *," the patriarch says;
And well the patriarch knew.
- 2 'Tis but at best a narrow bound
That heav'n allows to men,
And pains and sins run through the round
Of threescore years and ten.
- 3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,
Run on, my days, in haste;
Moments of sin, and months of woe,
Ye cannot fly too fast.

* Gen. xlvii. 9.

- 4 Let heav'nly love prepare my soul,
And call her to the skies,
Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.

594. L. M. STEELE.

The Shortness of Time, and Frailty of Man.
Psalm xxxix.

- 1 **A**Lmighty Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days!
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.
- 2 My days are shorter than a span,
A little point my life appears;
How frail at best is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!
- 3 Vain his ambition, noise, and show!
Vain are the cares which rack his mind!
He heaps up treasures mix'd with woe;
And dies, and leaves them all behind.
- 4 O be a nobler portion mine!
My God, I bow before thy throne,
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on thee alone.

595. C. M. STEELE.

At the Funeral of a Young Person.

- 1 **W**HEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, imprest
With awful power,—I too must die,
Sink deep in every breast!
- 3 Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour,
To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this alarming scene,
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save!
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

596. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 475.)

Life, Old Age, and Preparation for Death.

Psalm xc, 9—12.

- 1 **L**IFE, like a vain amusement, flies,
A fable, or a song:
By swift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.
- 2 'Tis but a few whose days amount
To threescore years and ten;
And all beyond that short account
Is sorrow, toil, and pain.
- 3 [Our vitals, with laborious strife
Bear up the crazy load,
And drag those poor remains of life
Along the tiresome road.]

597.

FUNERAL HYMNS.

- 4 Almighty God, reveal thy love;
And not thy wrath alone;
O let our sweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne!
- 5 Our souls would learn the heav'nly art
T' improve the hours we have,
That we may act the wiser part,
And live beyond the grave

597. S. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 476.)

The Frailty and Shortness of Life. Psalm xc. 5, 10, 12.

- 1 LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name!
- 2 Alas, the brittle clay
That built our body first!
And ev'ry month, and ev'ry day,
'Tis mould'ring back to dust.
- 3 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay:
Just like a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.
- 4 Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight,
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.
- 5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea:
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

598. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 472.)

Mortality and Hope. Psalm lxxxix. 47, &c.

- 1 **R**EMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state;
How frail our life! how short the date!
Where is the man that draws his breath
Safe from disease, secure from death?
- 2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,
Our flesh and sense repine and cry,
"Must death for ever rage and reign;
"Or hast thou made mankind in vain?"
- 3 "Where is thy promise to the just?
"Are not thy servants turn'd to dust?"
But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
And sees the sleeping dust arise,
- 4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day,
Wipes the reproach of saints away,
And clears the honour of thy word;
Awake our souls, and bless the Lord.

599. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 267.)

A Voice from the Grave.

- 1 **H**ARK! from the tombs a doleful sound,
My ears attend the cry;
"Ye living men, come view the ground
"Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
"In spite of all your tow'rs!
"The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,
"Must lie as low as ours."
- 3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure!
Still walking downward to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more?

- 4 Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace,
 To fit our souls to fly;
 Then when we drop this dying flesh,
 We'll rise above the sky.

600. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 576.)

Life the Day of Grace and Hope. Ecciel. ix. 4—6, 10.

- 1 **L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,
 The time t'insure the great reward,
 And while the lamp holds out to burn,
 The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 Life is the hour that God hath giv'n
 To 'scape from hell, and fly to heav'n:
 The day of grace, and mortals may
 Secure the blessings of the day.
- 3 The living know that they must die;
 But all the dead forgotten lie;
 Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,
 Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 4 [Their hatred and their love is lost,
 Their envy bury'd in the dust;
 They have no share in all that's done
 Beneath the circuit of the sun.]
- 5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
 My hands, with all your might pursue;
 Since no device or work is found,
 Nor faith nor hope, beneath the ground.
- 6 There are no acts of pardon past
 In the cold grave to which we haste!
 But darkness, death, and long despair,
 Reign in eternal silence there.

601. L. M. DR. WATTS'S Sermons. (O. B. 463.)

Death of Saints and Sinners improved.

- 1 **H**AS death such vast destruction made?
Doth ev'ry hour increase the dead?
Here I behold the guilt of sin,
That brought the spreading mischief in.
- 2 Great God! how awful, and how just,
Thy law that turns our flesh to dust!
O let me learn how vile I am,
And live to glorify thy name!
- 3 When impious wretches yield their breath,
And go unpardon'd down to death,
Awake, my soul, adore the grace
That gave thee a repenting space.
- 4 But when a saint with cheerful air,
Meets his last foe, and feels no fear:
Our faith, our hope, and courage grow;
We learn to face the tyrant too.
- 5 We could renounce our all things here,
And wish that moment would appear
When we shall leave this world, and rise
To meet the joys above the skies.

602. L. M. MR. JOHN FAWCETT. (O. B. 259.)

Death of Saints and Sinners.

WHAT scenes of horror and of dread,
Await the sinner's dying bed!
Death's terrors all appear in sight,
Presages of eternal night.
His sins in dreadful order rise,
And fill his soul with sad surprise,
Mount *Sinai's* thunder stuns his ears,
And not one ray of hope appears.

- 3 Tormenting pangs distract his breast,
Where'er he turns he finds no rest,
Death strikes the blow, he groans and cries,
And in despair and horror dies.
- 4 Not so the heir of heavenly bliss;
His soul is fill'd with conscious peace;
A steady faith subdues his fear;
He sees the happy *Canaan* near.
- 5 His mind is tranquil and serene,
No terror in his looks are seen;
His Saviour's smiles dispel the gloom,
And smooth his passage to the tomb.
- 6 Lord, make my faith and love sincere,
My judgment sound, my conscience clear;
And when the toils of life are past,
May I be found in peace at last.

603. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 261.)

Our short Lives crowned with the divine Goodness.

- 1 **T**IME! what an empty vapour 'tis!
And days how swift they are!
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.
- 2 The present moments just appear,
Then slide away in haste,
That we can never say, they're here,
—But only say, they're past.
- 3 Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.
- 4 Yet, mighty God! our fleeting days
Thy lasting favours share;
Yet, with the bounties of thy grace,
Thou load'st the rolling year.

- 5 'Tis sov'reign mercy finds us food,
And we are cloth'd with love;
While grace stands pointing out the road
That leads our souls above.
- 6 His goodness runs an endless round;
All glory to the Lord!
His mercy never knows a bound;
And be his name ador'd!
- 7 Thus we begin the lasting song,
And when we close our eyes,
Let the next age thy praise prolong,
Till time and nature dies.

604. S. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 262.)

Support in Death.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the gloomy vale!
Which thou, my soul, must tread,
Beset with terrors fierce and pale,
That leads thee to the dead.
- 2 Ye pleasing scenes adieu,
Which I so long have known:
My friends, a long farewell to you,
For I must pass alone.
- 3 And thou, beloved clay,
Long partner of my cares,
In this rough path art torn away
With agony and tears.
- 4 But see a ray of light
With splendour all divine,
Breaks through these doleful realms of night,
And makes its horrors shine.
- 5 Where awful darkness reigns,
Jehovah is my stay;
His rod my trembling feet sustains,
His staff defends my way.

605, 606. FUNERAL HYMNS.

- 6 Kind Shepherd, lead me on;
 My soul disdains to fear;
 Death's gloomy phantoms all are flown,
 Since life's great Lord is near.

605. L. M. G——. (O. B. 264.)

Rising to God.

- 1 **N**OW let our souls, on wings sublime,
 Rise from the vanities of time;
 Draw back the parting veil, and see
 The glories of eternity.
- 2 Born by a new celestial birth,
 Why should we grovel here on earth?
 Why grasp at transitory toys,
 So near to heaven's eternal joys.
- 3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
 When we are walking back to God?
 For strangers into life we come,
 And dying is but going home.
- 4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
 That sets our longing souls at large;
 Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
 And gives us with our God to dwell.
- 5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
 Is the full heav'n enjoy'd above;
 And the sweet expectation now,
 Is the young dawn of heaven below.

606. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 265.)

Victory over Death. 1 Cor. xv. 55, &c.

- 1 **O**FOR an overcoming faith;
 To cheer my dying hours!
 To triumph o'er the monster, death,
 And all his frightful pow'rs!

- 2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
 My quiv'ring lips shall sing;
 "Where is thy boasted vict'ry, grave?"
 "And where the monster's sting?"
- 3 If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure,
 Death has no sting beside:
 The law gives sin its damning pow'r;
 But Christ, my ransom, dy'd.
- 4 Now to the God of victory
 Immortal thanks be paid!
 Who makes us conqu'rors while we die,
 Through Christ our living head.

607. Ode, by MR. POPE. (O. B. 266.)

The dying Christian to his Soul.

- 1 **V**ITAL spark of heavenly flame,
 Quit, O quit this mortal frame;
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
 O the pain, the bliss of dying!
 Cease fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.
- 2 Hark, they whisper; angels say,
 Sister spirit come away,
 What is this absorbs me quite?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
- 3 The world recedes, it disappears!
 Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring;
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
 O grave! where is thy victory?
 O death! where is thy sting?

608. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 268.)

The Death and Burial of a Saint.

- 1 **W**HY do we mourn departing friends?
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upwards too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And soften'd every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying head?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And shew'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake ye nations under ground:
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

609. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 269.)

Christians happy in Death. Rev. xiv. 13.

- 1 **H**EAR what the voice from heav'n proclaims
For all the pious dead!
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are bless'd;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suff'rings and from sins releas'd,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

610. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 270.)

Death and immediate Glory. 2 Cor. v: 1. 5—8.

1 **T**HERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high;
And here my spirit, waiting, stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolv'd and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heav'nly Father's call!

3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heav'n:
And, as an earnest of the place,
Hath his own spirit giv'n.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come:
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is at home,
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace;
But we had rather see:
We would be absent from the flesh,
And, present, Lord, with thee.

611. C.M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 271.)

Moses dying in the Embraces of God. Deut. xxxiv. 1, &c.

- 1 **D**EATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there;
We may walk through its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.
- 2 I could renounce my all below,
If my Creator bid;
And run if I were call'd to go,
And die as Moses did.
- 3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promis'd land;
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And pray for the command.
- 4 Clasp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life amongst the charms
Of so divine a death.

612. C.M. DR. WATTS'S Sermons. (O. B. 464.)

The Death of Kindred improved.

- 1 **M**UST friends and kindred drop and die?
Must helpers be withdrawn?
While sorrow with a weeping eye,
Counts up our comforts gone.
- 2 Be thou our comfort, mighty God,
Our helper and our friend:
Nor leave us in this dang'rous road,
Till all our trials end.

3 O may our feet pursue the way
Our pious fathers led!
While love and holy zeal obey
The counsels of the dead.

4 Let us be wean'd from all below,
Let hope our grief expel:
Death will invite our souls to go
Where our best kindred dwell.

613. L. M. DR. WATTS's Sermons. (O. B. 465.)

Death a Blessing to the Saints.

1 DO flesh and nature dread to die?
And tim'rous thoughts our minds enslave?
But grace can raise our hopes on high,
And quell the terrors of the grave.

2 What! shall we run to gain the crown,
Yet grieve to think the goal so near?
Afraid to have our labours done,
And finish this important war?

3 Do we not dwell in clouds below,
And little know the God we love,
Why should we like this twilight so,
When 'tis all noon in worlds above!

4 There shall we see him face to face,
There shall we know the Great Unknown;
And Jesus with his glorious grace
Shines in full light amidst the throne.

614. L. M. DR. WATTS's Sermons. (O. B. 466.)

Prospect of Heaven.

1 WHEN we put off this fleshly load,
We're from a thousand mischiefs free;
For ever present with our God,
Where we have long'd and wish'd to be.

- 2 No more shall pride or passion rise,
Or envy fret, or malice roar:
Or sorrow mourn, with downcast eyes;
And sin defile our souls no more:
- 3 'Tis best, 'tis infinitely best,
To go where tempests cannot come:
Where saints and angels ever blest,
Dwell and enjoy their heav'nly home.
- 4 Blest be the dear redeeming God,
Who drives our fears of death away!
And helps us through this darksome road,
To realms of everlasting day.

615. C. M. (O. B. 468.)

Resignation under the Loss of Christian Friends.

- 1 **O**UR dearest friends depart and die,
Their absence makes us grieve;
But to the Lord their spirits fly,
This doth our minds relieve.
- 2 No more shall they to us return,
But we to them shall go:
To blissful realms, our spirits borne,
Shall dwell with Jesus too.
- 3 There glory sits on ev'ry face,
Love smiles in ev'ry eye:
There shall our tongues adore the grace
That brought us safe on high.
- 4 Blest souls! we leave them to enjoy
Their Saviour, and their God,
Till we are call'd to mount on high,
And reach their blest abode.
- 5 Jesus, our faithful friend, shall come,
Our souls to heav'n shall raise,
His pow'rful arm shall bear us home
To sing his endless praise.

616. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 255.)

*Comfort for pious Parents who have been bereaved of their
Children. Isa. lvi. 4, 5.*

- 1 YE mourning saints, whose streaming tears
Flow o'er your children dead,
Say not in transports of despair,
That all your hopes are fled.
- 2 While cleaving to that darling dust,
In fond distress you lie,
Rise, and with joy and rev'rence view
A heav'nly parent nigh.
- 3 Though, your young branches torn away,
Like wither'd trunks ye stand,
With fairer verdure shall you bloom,
Touch'd by th' Almighty's hand.
- 4 "I'll give the mourner, (saith the Lord)
"In my own house a place;
"No names of daughters and of sons
Could yield so high a grace.
- 5 "Transient and vain is every hope
"A rising race can give;
"In endless honour and delight
"My children all shall live."
- 6 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears
Through which thy face we see,
And bless those wounds, which through our
hearts
Prepare a way for thee.

RESURRECTION.

617. Sevens. MR. S. DEACON.

- 1 **Z**ION, lift thy drooping head;
Jesus rises from the dead:
Angels in their bright array,
Roll the massive stone away.
- 2 Men and devils rage in vain,
Jesus will his cause maintain:
All who dare his reign oppose,
Soon shall tremble that he rose.
- 3 But the humble souls that bow,
To his grace and sceptre now,
Soon shall like their Saviour rise,
To a mansion in the skies.
- 4 There behold him face to face;
Share his glory and his grace;
There, with all the hosts above,
Ever sing redeeming love.

618. Sevens. MR. ROBERT SEAGRAVE.
(O. B. 274.)*Jesus, the Resurrection and the Life.*
John xi. 25, 26.

- 1 **H**EAR Immanuel's voice proclaim,
"I the resurrection am:
"Mine the pow'r that brings to sight
"Immortality and light."
- 2 Welcome, sweet refreshing sound!
Welcome blessing lately found!
Loaded once with doubts and fears,
Pleasing now the view appears.

- 3 Second Adam, sacred head,
Surety of the sleeping dead;
Conqu'ring hath secur'd the way
Unto everlasting day.
- 4 From the grave's ignoble trust,
He redeems our rising dust;
Pattern, in his glorious state,
Of the change his foll'wers wait.
- 5 Soon the rolling years shall bring
The returning Lord, our king:
Soon the joyful morn shall rise,
With new guests to deck the skies.

619. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 276.)

Triumph over Death.

- 1 GREAT God, I own thy sentence just,
G And nature must obey;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow clay.
- 2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs;
My Jesus, my Redeemer, lives,
My God, my Saviour comes.
- 3 The mighty conqu'ror shall appear
High on a royal seat;
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.
- 4 Though greedy worms devour my skin,
And gnaw my wasting flesh;
When God shall build my bones again,
He'll clothe them all afresh.
- 5 Then shall I see thy lovely face,
With strong immortal eyes:
And feast upon thy unknown grace
With pleasure and surprize,

620. S. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 278.)

Triumph over Death in hope of the Resurrection.

- 1 **A**ND must this body die?
This noble frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?
- 2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant Saviour comes,
To put it on afresh.
- 3 God my Redeemer lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine;
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his pow'r above.
- 6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

621. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 272.)

Christians quickened and raised by the Spirit.

Rom. viii. 11.

- 1 **W**HY should our mourning thoughts delight
To grovel in the dust?
Or why should streams of tears unite
Around th' expiring just?

- 2 Did not the Lord our Saviour die,
And triumph o'er the grave?
Did not our Lord ascend on high,
And prove his power to save?
- 3 Doth not the sacred spirit come,
And dwell in all the saints?
And should the temples of his grace
Resound with long complaints?
- 4 Awake, my soul, and, like the sun,
Burst through each sable cloud;
And thou, my voice, though broke with sighs,
Tune forth thy songs aloud.
- 5 The Spirit rais'd my Saviour up,
When he had bled for me;
And, spite of death and hell, shall raise
Thy pious friends and thee.
- 6 Awake, ye saints, that dwell in dust,
Your hymns of vict'ry sing;
And let his dying servants trust
Their ever-living King.

622. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 277.)

A happy Resurrection.

- 1 NO, I'll repine at death no more,
But with a cheerful gasp resign,
To the cold dungeon of the grave,
These with'ring, dying limbs of mine.
- 2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
And crumble all my bones to dust,
My God shall raise my frame anew,
At the revival of the just.

JUDGMENT.

623. C. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 279.)

Death and Judgment appointed to all.
Heb. ix. 27.

- 1 **H**EAVEN has confirm'd the great decree,
That Adam's race must die;
One gen'ral ruin sweeps them down,
And low in dust they lie.
- 2 Ye living men, the tomb survey,
Where you must quickly dwell;
Hark how the awful summons sounds
In every fun'ral knell!
- 3 Once you must die, and once for all;
The solemn purport weigh;
For know that heaven and hell are hung
On that important day.
- 4 Those eyes, so long in darkness veil'd,
Must wake the Judge to see;
And every word, and every thought,
Must pass his scrutiny.
- 5 O may I in the Judge behold
My Saviour and my Friend!
And, far beyond the reach of death,
— With all his saints ascend.

624. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 280.)

The End of the World.

- 1 **M**Y waken'd soul, extend thy wings
Beyond the verge of mortal things;
See this vain world in smoke decay,
And rocks and mountains melt away.

- 2 Behold the fiery deluge roll
Through heaven's wide arch, from pole to pole !
Pale sun no more thy lustre boast !
Tremble and fall ye starry host !
- 3 This wreck of nature all around,
The angel's shout, the trumpet's sound,
Loud the descending judge proclaim,
And echo his tremendous name.
- 4 Children of *Adam*, all appear
With reverence round his awful bar,
For, as his lips pronounce, ye go
To endless bliss, or endless woe!
- 5 Lord, to mine eyes this scene display,
Frequent through each revolving day ;
And let thy grace my soul prepare
To meet its full redemption there!

625. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

The Day of Judgment terrible to the Wicked.

- 1 **B**EHOLD God's great incarnate Son
In majesty comes flying down !
Hark ! for his trumpet's awful sound
Awakes the dead, and cleaves the ground.
- 2 Where then, ye sons of Belial, where
Will your astonish'd souls appear?
How will ye shun his piercing sight?
Or how resist his matchless might?
- 3 Up to the pointed mountains fly,
And gain the confines of the sky;
There shall ye meet celestial fire,
While mountains melt before his ire.

- 4 Call on the rending earth to save,
And in its centre seek a grave;
The Judge shall well discern thee there,
And drag thee trembling to his bar.
- 5 Deck thee around with fraud and lies,
And put on ev'ry fair disguise;
Soon shall thy painted form be known
Amid ten thousand of his own.
- 6 Gird thee in arms his wrath t' oppose,
And league with millions of his foes;
Soon would the rebel band expire,
Like crackling thorns amidst the fire.
- 7 One only way may yet be found;
Submissive bow ye to the ground;
His cross a refuge will afford
From all the terrors of his sword.

626. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 282.)

Christ our High Priest and King coming to Judgment.

Rev. i. 5—7.

- 1 **N**OW to the Lord that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love;
Be humble honours paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.
'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest sins,
And wash'd us in his richest blood;
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.
- 3 To Jesus, our atoning priest,
To Jesus, our superior king,
Be everlasting pow'r confest,
And every tongue his glory sing.

- 4 Behold on flying clouds he comes,
 And every eye shall see him move;
 Though with our sins we pierc'd him once,
 Then he displays his pard'ning love.
- 5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
 While saints rejoice to see the day;
 Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,
 Nor let thy chariot long delay.

627.

The Solemnity and Grandeur of Christ's coming to Judgment.

Rev. i. 7. vi. 14—17. xxii. 17, 20.

- 1 **L**O! he comes with clouds descending,
 Once for favour'd sinners slain!
 Thousand thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train:
 Hallelujah,
 Holy angels join the strain.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty;
 Those who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the great Messiah see.
- 3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
 Heaven and earth shall flee away:
 All who hate him must, confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day;
 Come to judgment!
 Come to judgment! come away!
- 4 Now redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear!
 All his saints, by man rejected,
 Now shall meet him in the air.
 Hallelujah!
 See the day of God appear!

- 5 Answer thine own bride and spirit,
 Hasten, Lord, the general doom!
 The new heaven and earth t' inherit,
 Take thy pining exiles home:
 All creation
 Travails, groans, and bids thee come!
- 6 Yea! Amen! let all adore thee,
 High on thy exalted throne!
 Saviour, take the power and glory:
 Claim the kingdoms for thine own,
 O come quickly,
 Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come!

628. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 234.)

The last Judgment, and Hell.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord, ye heavenly hosts;
 And thou, O earth, adore!
 Let death and hell, through all their coasts,
 Stand trembling at his pow'r.
- 2 His sounding chariot shakes the sky;
 He makes the clouds his throne;
 There all his stores of light'ning lie,
 Till vengeance darts them down.
- 3 Think, O my soul, the dreadful day,
 When this incensed God
 Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
 And fling his wrath abroad.
- 4 What shall the wretched sinner do?
 He once defy'd the Lord:
 But he shall dread the thund'rer now,
 And sink beneath his word.
- 5 Tempests of angry fire shall roll,
 To blast the rebel-worm,
 And beat upon his naked soul
 In one eternal storm.

629. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 393.)

The last Judgment, and Saints Reward.

Psalm l. i—6.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the judge, before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh;
The nations near the rising run,
And near the western sky.
- 2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
“Judgment will ne’er begin;”
No more abuse his long delay,
To impudence and sin.
- 3 Thron’d on a cloud our God shall come,
Bright flames prepare his way,
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Lead on the dreadful day.
- 4 Heav’n from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come:
And earth and hell shall know and fear
His justice and their doom.
- 5 “But gather all my saints (he cries)
“That made their peace with God,
“By the Redeemer’s sacrifice,
“And seal’d it with his blood.
- 6 “Their faith and works brought forth to light,
“Shall make the world confess
“My sentence of reward is right,
“And heav’n adore my grace.”

630. DR. WATTS.

The last Judgment. Psalm l. ver. 1—5.

1 **T**HE God of Glory sends his summons forth,
Calls the south nations, and awakes the
north :

From east to west his sov'reign orders spread,
Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead.
The trumpet sounds; Hell trembles; Heaven re-
joices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

2 No more shall atheists mock his long delay;
His vengeance sleeps no more: behold the day!
Behold the judge descends; his guards are nigh;
Tempests and fire attend him down the sky.
When God appears, all nature shall adore him:
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

3 "Heav'n, earth, and hell, draw near: let all
things come,
"To hear my justice, and the sinner's doom;
"But gather first my saints;" (the Judge com-
mands)
"Bring them, ye angels, from their distant
lands."

When Christ returns, wake ev'ry cheerful passion,
And shout, ye saints! he comes for your salvation.

4 "Behold! my cov'nant stands for ever good,
"Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood,
"And sign'd with all their names; the Greek,
the Jew!
"That paid the ancient worship or the new."
There's no distinction here, join all your voices,
And raise your heads, ye saints, for Heav'n rejoices.

- 5 " Here (saith the Lord) ye angels, spread their
 thrones,
 " And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons,
 " Come, my redeem'd, possess the joys prepar'd.
 " Ere Time began; 'tis your divinereward."
 When Christ returns, wake ev'ry cheerful passion;
 And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation.

631. DR. WATTS.

Psalm l. ver. 6—14.

- 1 " **I** AM the Saviour, I th' Almighty God;
 " I am the Judge: ye Heav'ns proclaim
 abroad
 " My just eternal sentence, and declare
 " Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear."
 When God appears, all nature shall adore him;
 While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.
- 2 " Stand forth, thou bold blasphemer, and pro-
 fane,
 " Now feel my wrath, nor call my threat'nings
 vain:
 " Thou hypocrite, once drest in saint's attire,
 " I doom thee, painted hypocrite, to fire."
 Judgment proceeds; hell trembles; Heav'n re-
 joices;
 Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.
- 3 " Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain
 " Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are vain
 " Without the flames of love: in vain the store
 " Of brutal off'rings that were mine before."
 Earth is the Lord's, all nature shall adore him;
 While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

- 4 " If I were hungry, would I ask thee food?
 " When did I thirst or drink thy bullocks blood?
 " Mine are the tamer beasts and savage breed,
 " Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests where
 they feed."

All is the Lord's, he rules the wide creation;
 Gives sinners vengeance, and the saints salvation.

- 5 " Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
 " Thy solemn chatt'rings and fantastic vows?
 " Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold,
 " Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold?"
 God is the judge of hearts, no fair disguises
 Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.

632. DR. WATTS.

Psalm l. ver. 16—22.

- 1 " **U**NTHINKING wretch! How couldst
 thou hope to please
 " A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these?
 " While with my grace and statutes on thy
 tongue,
 " Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother
 wrong?"

Judgment proceeds; Hell trembles; Heav'n re-
 joices,
 Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

- 2 " In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends;
 " Thieves and adult'ers are thy chosen friends;
 " While the false flatt'rer at my altar waits,
 " His harden'd soul divine instruction hates."
 God is the judge of hearts, no fair disguises
 Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.

3 " Silent I waited with long-suffering love ;
 " But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove ?
 " And cherish such an impious thought within,
 " That the All-Holy would indulge thy sin ?"
 See God appears, all nations join t' adore him ;
 Judgment proceeds, and sinners fall before him.

4 " Behold my terrors now ; my thunders roll,
 " And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul.
 " Now like a lion shall my vengeance tear
 " Thy bleeding heart, and no deliv'rer near."
 Judgment concludes ; Hell trembles ; Heav'n
 rejoices :
 Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

Epiphonema.

" Sinners awake betimes ; ye fools be wise ;
 " Awake before this dreadful morning rise :
 " Change your vain thoughts, your crooked
 works amend,
 " Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your
 friend,"
 Then join ye saints, wake ev'ry cheerful passion ;
 When Christ returns becomes for your salvation.

HEAVEN.

633. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 303.)

Earth and Heaven; or, the Pilgrimage of the Saints.

1 LORD, what a wretched land is this,
 That yields us no supply,
 No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
 Nor streams of living joy !

- 2 But pricking thorns through all the ground,
And mortal poisons grow;
And all the rivers that are found,
With dang'rous waters flow:
- 3 Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies through this horrid land;
Lord! we would keep that heav'nly road,
And run at thy command.
- 4 Our souls shall tread the desert through
With undiverted feet;
And faith and flaming zeal subdue
The terrors that we meet.

634. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 303.)

The Same.

- A** THOUSAND savage beasts of prey
Around the forest roam;
But Judah's lion guards the way,
And guides the strangers home.
- 2 Long nights and darkness dwell below,
With scarce a twinkling ray:
But the bright world to which we go
Is everlasting day.
- 3 By glimm'ring hopes and gloomy fears,
We trace the sacred road;
Through dismal deeps and dang'rous snares,
We make our way to God.
- 4 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.

635. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 293.)

A Prospect of Heaven makes Death easy.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand drest in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
And Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unclouded eyes!
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landskip o'er,
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
Could fright us from the shore.

636. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 303.)

The Happiness of Heaven.

- 1 **S**EE the kind angels at the gates,
Inviting us to come;
There Jesus, the forerunner, waits
To welcome trav'lers home.

- 2 There on a green and flow'ry mount,
 Our weary souls shall sit,
 And with transporting joys recount
 The labours of our feet.
- 3 No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
 Nor trifles vex our ear;
 Infinite grace shall be our song,
 And God rejoice to hear.
- 4 Eternal glory to the King
 That brought us safely through,
 Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
 And endless praise renew.

637. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE. (O. B. 307:)

Desire of Heaven. Phil. i. 23.

- 1 WHILE on the verge of life I stand,
 And view the scene on either hand,
 My spirit struggles with its clay,
 And longs to wing its flight away.
- 2 Where *Jesus* dwells my soul would be;
 I long that upper world to see;
 Earth, twine no more about my heart,
 For 'tis far better to depart.
- 3 Come, ye angelic envoys, come,
 And lead the willing pilgrim home:
 Ye know the way to *Jesus'* throne,
 Source of my joys, and of your own.
- 4 That blessed interview, how sweet!
 To fall transported at his feet!
 Rais'd in his arms to view his face,
 Through the full beamings of his grace!

- 5 Yet with these prospects full in sight,
 I'll wait thy signal for my flight;
 For, while thy service I pursue,
 I find my heaven begun below.

638. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 294.)

The humble Worship of Heaven.

- 1 **F**ATHER, my spirit longs to see
 The place of thine abode;
 I'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee
 Up to thy seat, my God!
- 2 Here I behold thy distant face,
 And 'tis a pleasing sight;
 But to abide in thine embrace
 Is infinite delight.
- 3 I'd part with all the joys of sense,
 To gaze upon thy throne;
 Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence
 Unspeakable, unknown.
- 4 The more thy glories strike mine eyes,
 The humbler I shall lie;
 Thus while I sink, my joys shall rise
 Unmeasurably high.

639. L. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 300.)

The Sight of God and Christ in Heaven.

- 1 **D**ESCEND from heaven, immortal dove,
 Stoop down and take us on thy wings;
 And mount, and bear us far above
 The reach of these inferior things.
- 2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
 Up where eternal ages roll;
 Where solid pleasures never die,
 And fruits immortal feast the soul.

- 3 O for a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our Almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour crown'd with light
Cloth'd in a body like our own.
- 4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and pow'rs before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all!
- 5 O what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing;
And sit on ev'ry heav'nly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!
- 6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand, and bow amongst them there,
And view thy face, and sing and love?

640. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 297.)

Freedom from Sin and Misery in Heaven.

- 1 OUR sins, alas! how strong they be!
And like a violent sea,
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And hurry us away.
- 2 The waves of trouble, how they rise!
How loud the tempests roar!
But death shall land our weary souls
Safe on the heav'nly shore.
- 3 There to fulfil his sweet commands,
Our speedy feet shall move;
No sin shall clog our winged zeal,
Or cool our burning love.

- 4 There shall we sit, and sing, and tell
 The wonders of his grace,
 Till heav'nly raptures fire our hearts,
 And smile in every face.
- 5 For ever his dear sacred name
 Shall dwell upon our tongue;
 And Jesus and salvation be
 The close of every song.

641. C.M. DR. WATTS. (O.B. 291.)

Heaven invisible and holy.

- 1 **N**OR eye hath seen, nor ear has heard,
 Nor sense nor reason known,
 What joys the Father has prepar'd
 For those that love the Son.
- 2 But the good spirit of the Lord
 Reveals a heav'n to come;
 The beams of glory in his word
 Allure and guide us home.
- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
 And all the region peace;
 No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
 Can see or taste the bliss.
- 4 Those holy gates for ever bar
 Pollution, sin, and shame;
 None shall obtain admittance there
 But followers of the Lamb.
- 5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
 There all their names are found;
 The hypocrite in vain shall strive
 To tread the heavenly ground.

642. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 299.)

Assurance of Heaven. 2 Tim. iv. 6, 7, 8, 18.

- 1 **D**EATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home;
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come?
- 2 With heavenly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord;
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.
- 3 God has laid up in heav'n for me,
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge, at that great day,
Shall place it on my head.
- 4 Nor hath the king of grace decreed
This crown for me alone,
But all that love, and long to see
Th' appearance of his Son.
- 5 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe
From every ill design,
And to his heavenly kingdom take
This feeble soul of mine.
- 6 God is my everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain;
To him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise, Amen.

643. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 301.)

The Blessed Society of Heaven.

- 1 **R**AISE thee, my soul, fly up, and run
Through every heav'nly street,
And say, there's nought below the sun,
That's worthy of thy feet.

- 2 Thus will we mount on sacred wings,
And tread the courts above ;
Nor earth, nor all her mightiest things,
Shall tempt our meanest love.
- 3 There, on a high majestic throne,
Th' Almighty Father reigns,
And sheds his glorious goodness down
On all the blissful plains.
- 4 Bright, like the sun, the Saviour sits,
And spreads eternal noon ;
No evenings there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.
- 5 Jesus! O when shall that dear day,
That joyful hour appear,
When I shall leave this house of clay,
To dwell amongst them there?

644. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 302.)

The Beatific Sight of Christ.

- 1 **F**ROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.
- 2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself out-brave :
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.
- 3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns
In heaven's unmeasur'd space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.
- 4 Millions of years my wond'ring eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

645. C. M. DR. WATTS. (O. B. 561.)

The Martyrs glorified. Rev. vii. 13, &c.

1 "THESE glorious minds, how bright they
shine!

"Whence all their bright array?

"How came they to the happy seats

"Of everlasting day?"

2 From tort'ring pains to endless joys,
On fiery wheels they rode,
And strangely wash'd their raiment white
In Jesu's dying blood.

3 Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before his throne;
With warbling harps and sacred songs,
Adore the holy One.

4 The unveil'd glories of his face
Amongst his saints reside,
While the rich treasure of his grace
Sees all their wants supply'd.

5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
And hunger flee as fast;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.

6 The lamb shall lead his heav'nly flock
Where living fountains rise,
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

MISCELLANIES.

646. L. M. MR. SCOTT. (O. B. 311.)

Charitable Judgment.

- 1 **A**LL-KNOWING God! 'tis thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow;
To judge by principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.
- 2 Who among men, high Lord of all,
Thy servant to his bar shall call?
For modes of faith, judge him a foe,
And doom him to the realms of woe?
- 3 Who with another's eye can read,
Or worship by another's creed?
Govern'd by thy commands alone,
We humbly seek and use our own.
- 4 If wrong forgive, approve if right;
While faithful, we obey our light,
And, cens'ring none, are zealous still
To follow as to learn thy will.
- 5 When shall our happy eyes behold
Thy people fashion'd in thy mould;
And charity our lineage prove,
Deriv'd from thee, O God of love!

647. L. M. MR. SCOTT. (O. B. 312.)

Persecution.

- 1 **A**BSURD and vain attempt! to bind
With iron chains, the free-born mind;
To force conviction, and reclaim
The wand'ring by destructive flame.

- 2 Bold arrogance ! to snatch from heaven,
Dominion not to mortals given ;
O'er conscience to usurp the throne,
Accountable to God alone.
- 3 Mad zeal ! that with hell-fury burns ;
The rights of God and man o'erturns ;
Whose blind presumption sanctifies
Murders, rebellions, plots, and lies.
- 4 Jesus, thy gentle law of love
Doth no such cruelties approve :
Mild as thyself, thy doctrine wields
No arms but what persuasion yields.
- 5 By proofs divine and reason strong,
It draws the willing soul along ;
And conquests to thy church acquires,
By eloquence which heav'n inspires.

648. S. M. MR. SCOTT. (O. B. 313.)

The Right and Duty of private Judgment.

IMPOSTURE shrinks from light,
And dreads a curious eye :
Thy doctrines, Lord, the test invite,
They bid us search and try.

- 2 Lord, to thy word we bring
A meek inquiring mind ;
And joyful at salvation's spring,
Refreshing truth we find.
- 3 With understanding blest,
Created to be free,
Our faith on man we dare not rest ;
Subject to none but thee.
- 4 O Lord our spirit lead,
With soundest knowledge fill !
From noxious error guard our creed,
From prejudice our will.

- 5 The truth once learn'd impress
Deep on our yielding heart;
And help us firmly to possess
'Gainst all seducing art.

649. C.M. MR. JOHN BERRIDGE. (O.B. 201.)

Wedding Hymn.

- 1 SINCE Jesus freely did appear,
To grace a marriage feast;
O Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest!
- 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands,
Their union with thy favour crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.
- 3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best!
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.
- 4 In purest love their souls unite,
And link in kindly care;
To render fam'ly burdens light,
By taking mutual share.
- 5 True helpers may they prove indeed,
In pray'r, and faith, and hope,
And see with joy a godly seed
To build their household up.
- 6 As Isaac and Rebecca give
A pattern chaste and kind;
So may this new-met couple live
In faithful friendship join'd.

650. C. M.

The Lord's Prayer.

- 1 **O**UR Father, high enthron'd above,
With boundless glory crown'd;
Fountain of light, and life, and love,
To thousand worlds around.
- 2 Supremely honour'd be thy name,
By ev'ry grateful mind;
Whether a pure ethereal flame,
Or yet in flesh confin'd.
- 3 Erect thine empire, gracious king,
And spread its power abroad;
Till earth, and all her millions sing
The praises of their God.
- 4 O be thy will on earth obey'd,
As 'tis obey'd above!
And the profoundest homage paid,
With all the joys of love.
- 5 Each rising day renews our want,
That want, O Lord, relieve!
And with our food thy blessing grant,
By both thy creatures live.
- 6 Our debts are grown immensely large,
But, Lord, efface the score!
As we a brother's debts discharge,
And never claim them more.
- 7 Into temptation's poison'd air
O never let us stray!
Guard us from evil by thy care,
Through life's endanger'd way!

- 8 Thine is the kingdom, Lord, by right
Unbounded and supreme ;
And thine the all-sustaining might,
And glory's peerless beam.
- 9 "These are for ever thine," in songs
Heaven's blissful myriads cry ;
"These are for ever thine," our tongues
In humbler notes reply.

651. L. M. MR. BUTCHER.

On Public Worship.

- 1 **F**ATHER of all! where shall we find
A temple suited to thy praise?
To thee, the uncreated mind,
What worthy altar shall we raise?
- 2 We'll call a multitude around,
And gladly seek the house of prayer;
There thy salvation we have found,
And still, O God! we'll seek it there.
- 3 From breast to breast the holy flame
Shall kindle round the sacred place;
At once we'll hymn our Father's name,
At once we'll seek our Father's face.
- 4 Devotion loves in such a scene
To spread her Maker's praise abroad,
Though well she knows how poor and mean
Her noblest notes to such a God!
- 5 In our own houses we will raise
The daily hymn, the pious prayer;
But still to give our *highest* praise,
We'll to thy *public courts* repair.

- 6 There, heavenly Father ! condescend
To meet us with peculiar love;
And when the hymns of earth shall end,
We'll give thee nobler hymns above!



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THE Editor judged an *alphabetical* Index unnecessary, in consequence of the attention he has paid to the arrangement of the Hymns under their respective classes, and of the care taken in fixing such titles as are descriptive of their real character. The reader, therefore, need only refer to such a class, and he will find any particular Hymn with greater ease than by a copious alphabetical Index.

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